

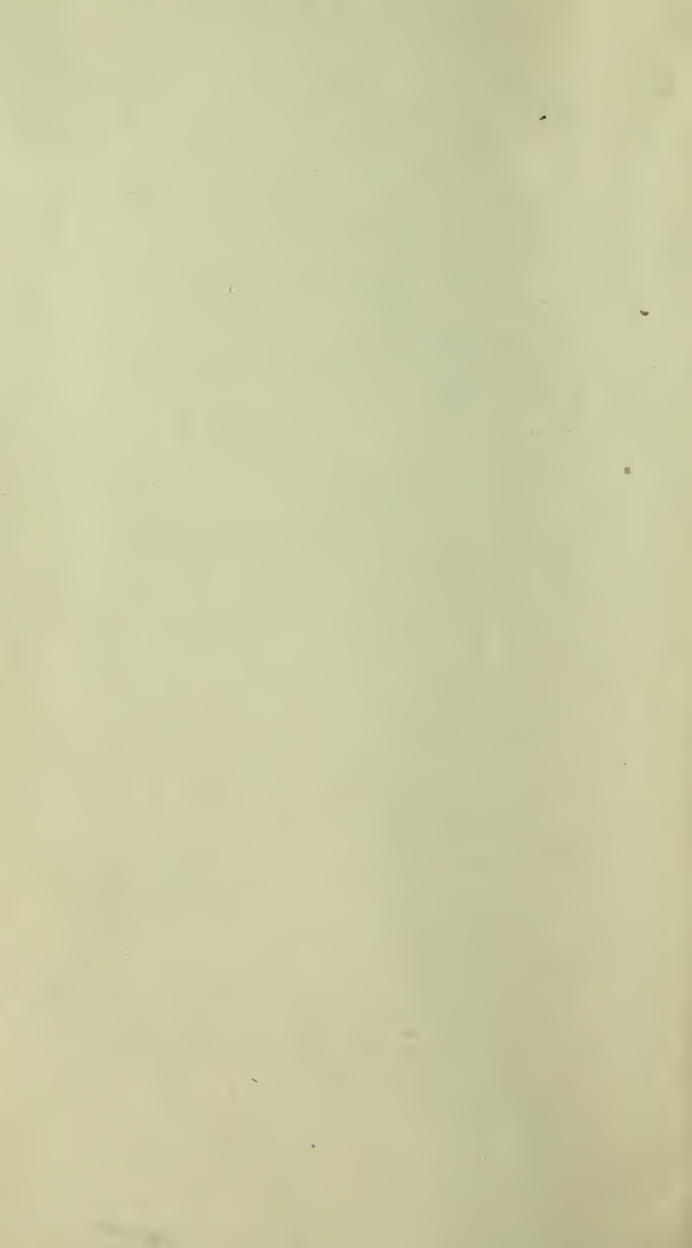
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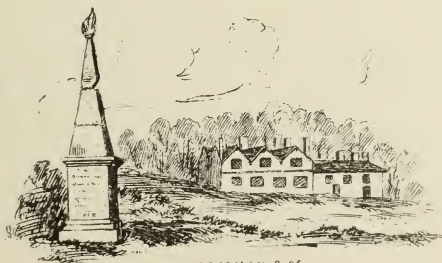
Holywell. 1831.

PUBLISHED BY J. CLARKE, RUTHIN.

BEAUTIES OF ALUN;
BEING THE
LIFE & LITERARY REMAINS.

IN WELSH & ENGLISH
OF THE LATE
REVP JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A. (ALUN)

CURATE OF HOLYWELL,
& RECTOR OF MANORDEIVY.



MAESGARMON P. 93.

Ruthin:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY I. CLARKE.

London:

H. HUGHES, ST MARTIN'S LE GRAND.

1851.



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W. Williams M.D.

Mold.

CEINION ALUN;

SEF

BARDDONIAETH, TRAETHODAU, AC AREITHIAU,

Y'NGHYD

A DETHOLIAD O LYTHYRAU A GOHEBIAETHAU

Y DIWEDDAR

BARCH. JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A., (ALUN,)

Curad Treffynnon, a Pheriglor Manordeifi, Swydd Benfro;

YN RHAGFLAENEDIG A

BYWGRAFFIAD, A BEIRNIADAETH AR EI YSGRIFENIADAU.

DAN OLYGIAD Y PARCH. G. EDWARDS, M.A., (GUTYN PADARN.)

RHUTHYN:

ARGRAFFWYD A CHYHOEDDWDYD GAN ISAAC CLARKE;

LLUNDAIN: H. HUGHES;

AC AR WERTH GAN Y LLYFRWERTHWYR YN GYFFREDINOL.

—
1851.

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TO THE

Ven. Charles Butler Clough, M.A.,

Archdeacon of St. Asaph, and Vicar of Mold,

THE WELSH PORTION OF THE WORKS OF

THE LATE REV. JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A.,

Is most respectfully inscribed.

THE prominent part which you took in developing the latent abilities of the Author of these "Remains"—the fostering patronage which you extended towards him whilst engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under the difficulties necessarily incident to his original humble position in life—the warm and undeviating friendship which prompted you to further his prospects in the course of his University career, as well as in his character of a Minister in the Church of England—the fatherly counsels which you were ever ready to afford him, and which tended so signally to mould his religious views and his intellectual studies—the incalculable benefits which you were thus instrumental in conferring upon the literature of his native country, enriched as it has been by the "Bard of Alyn"—and the ardent gratitude uniformly expressed towards you by the lamented Author, have pointed you out as the most fitting person to whom the Welsh portion of his "Remains" should be dedicated.

In the calm and, it is fervently to be hoped, protracted autumn of your life, it may not prove the least pleasant of the reminiscences which shall serve to shed their mild radiance around your path, to reflect that you have effectually contributed towards rescuing from oblivion the following effusions of a writer whose memory is enshrined in the affections of his countrymen.

I am, Venerable Sir,

RUTHIN,

Your obedient Servant,

1st March, 1851.

THE PUBLISHER.

59095 5

TO THE

Right Hon. Henry Lord Brougham,

WHO, IN HIS CAPACITY OF

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND,

Exhibited his appreciation of genuine worth and exalted genius,

BY THE EXERCISE OF HIS ECCLESIASTICAL PATRONAGE IN FAVOUR OF

THE LATE REV. JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A.;

And under whose immediate auspices, as President of "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," this distinguished Author so largely contributed to the Literature of his Country,

THE ENGLISH PORTION OF HIS WORKS

BY KIND PERMISSION,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

By His Lordship's most obedient Servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

P R E F A C E .

IN bringing before the public this volume, which contains the Literary Remains of a man of genius, a christian minister, and a poet, the Publisher owes a debt of gratitude for the liberal support with which he has met in his undertaking. The Author's reputation as a person of considerable literary attainments, who had struggled manfully in the pursuit of knowledge, under many circumstances of peculiar difficulties, and the sublime character of many of his productions, which had already appeared in print, made his countrymen anxious to see the whole of them collected and rescued from oblivion, and some account of his life presented to the world.

Several of the poems and essays having already appeared in some of the Welsh periodicals, are tolerably well known; but many of them were found lying among the papers of the author which had never seen the light, and would have been in a few years, probably, lost to the world. Among these were his longer poems, and the two essays on the Welsh language.

The task of selecting and arranging the various productions for publication devolved upon the Editor, the Rev. G. Edwards, M.A., of Minera, near Wrexham, who performed it with much ability and industry. The Biography is the joint production of the Editor and Mr. Isaac Lloyd, formerly of Mold, but now of Blackburn, who was one of Mr. Blackwell's earliest and most intimate friends. The Rev. D. James, M.A., F.S.A., of Kirkdale, Liverpool, also, rendered much valuable assistance towards completing this portion of the work.

The history of a man of talent, who in spite of difficulties attains to reputation, and becomes the architect of his own fame, must in every age and country be both interesting and instructive. And in our own country at present, it is peculiarly so. Much interest has of late years been excited in other parts of the kingdom respecting the peculiar position of the Principality, and the slender means afforded in it to men of humble origin to advance in the world, and compete with those of the same class in other portions of the kingdom. Owing to this, native talent in Wales is often destined to weep unknown, or under the most favourable circumstances, to range within narrow limits.

The Eisteddfodau, and the Welsh periodicals, have done much in turning the attention of Welshmen to literary pursuits during the last fifty years. Books of every description have multiplied tenfold, since the Welsh language began to be cultivated, and used as a medium of instruction by means of the press. The people have also profited far beyond what could have been anticipated from the instruction they have thus received. We are well aware that many persons of great eminence entertain a prejudice against every attempt that is made to diffuse knowledge among the Welsh by circulating among the lower class books published in their own language. They are anxious to see the Welsh language abolished, and look upon it as a barrier to the improvement and advancement of the people. But supposing that the Welsh may become a dead language at some future period, are those among the inhabitants of the Principality who know no other language, to live and die in ignorance of every thing which concerns their spiritual and temporal welfare, whilst this change of language is taking place? And if they retain their own language, whilst they acquire another, it may be difficult for the most prejudiced of men to find much fault with such a course. The best way to spread the knowledge of English in Wales is to create a desire for knowledge among the inhabitants, through the medium of their own language. It is not necessary, nor even practicable, to abolish the Welsh to enable every individual in the Principality to learn English. We are glad to find that this opinion is daily gaining ground among parties of influence and station in the country. The names of our Gracious Sovereign and Her Royal Consort often adorn the subscription list appended to a Welsh book, and such a mark of Royal favour has been kindly extended to the Publisher of the present volume. Our leading gentry, in most instances, are ready to encourage the publication of works of merit in the Welsh tongue. But there is still one great draw-back in the fact that many of them are not able to read such works, nor form an opinion of them. We hope, however, ere long to see every individual connected with Wales, let his station in society be what it may, well versed in the language of his country. This will be one powerful means of uniting together various classes in society, and of healing that source of uneasiness which has given rise to religious dissensions and political animosities, by separating the rich from the poor.

It would be useless to say that Wales does not possess native talent in an equal degree to any other portion of this kingdom, but it must be allowed that it has not had fair play; the country has

been overlooked and neglected. We trust, however, that better times are in store, when the Principality will, at least, have the same advantages as other portions of Her Majesty's dominions enjoy. We think we already see a bright point visible at a distance, foretelling the dawn of a brighter day. Then a Welshman shall not be obliged to leave his native land, and swell the list of eminent characters elsewhere, in order to ascend the arduous path which leads to the temple of fame; and Wales shall not be regarded by our neighbours as a kind of Boeotia, which, though it may produce a Pindar and a Hesiod, derives little honour from the event, which is almost looked upon as an unexpected occurrence. At a time when the remains of ancient days, in every part of the world, have become objects of curiosity,—when the inscribed monuments of Scandinavia and Northern Europe are examined and deciphered,—when the heaps of sand where Nineveh once stood, are dug up and removed to bring to light the relics of former ages which lie concealed, is it in any way a matter of surprise that Welshmen are unwilling to cast away a language which is a finer monument of antiquity than any of these, and was in existence ages before them? It has been handed down to us through all the revolutions of ages, in which empires, nations, and other languages have perished; and has been consecrated by the harp of the minstrel and the pen of the poet.

The inhabitants of Wales have always distinguished themselves as poets and musicians; and music and poetry were reckoned among them as two of the seven privileged sciences, (*saith celfyddyd freiniawl*.) The aspect of the country, as well as its historical and antiquarian remains, must still have powerful influence upon the minds of the inhabitants, and furnish them with sublime ideas, the very source and essence of poetry. The country abounds with monuments of ancient times, and traditions handed down from the remotest periods; and when the human mind makes these the subjects of its contemplation, it will be tempted to leave present objects, and travel over the limits of probability into the mist of ages, where poetry is inevitably the fruit of its meditations. The Cromlechau, and other rude structures of the Druidical period, the plain on which the battle of liberty was fought, and the mountain pass where the patriot took his last stand when spreading terror and confusion through the ranks of the foe, must exert a powerful influence on the minds of a people who live among them, and feel a strong national interest in all the events connected with their history. Add to these the natural scenery of the country, its mountains

towering to the sky, robed in clouds and surrounded by terrific grandeur, where imagination would naturally fix the home of the thunder and the dwelling place of the storm. Even a tame description of these objects must breathe the spirit of poetry. This is sufficient to account for the first effort of genius among the lower classes in Wales generally appearing in an attempt at versification, as was the case with our author. And it will much depend upon outward circumstances what turn such a mind will take in after life. This view of the subject will naturally prepare the reader to appreciate more fully the Biography which follows, as well as the contents of the whole volume.

Some apology is due to the reader for the mixed character of the volume, and the introduction of so much English into what might be styled a Welsh book. But very few persons, who read works of this nature, are so ignorant of English as not to derive some benefit from it. The reading portion of the Welsh people are now generally acquainted with English, or in a way to become so; and the literature of the country must gradually enter upon English ground, or languish and die.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances over which he had no control, the Publisher regrets that the work has been so long delayed; he trusts, however, that its appearance, though not so soon as expected, will be equally hailed by all his countrymen.

RUTHIN, St. David's Day, 1851.

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BARDDONIAETH.

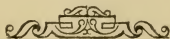
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A BRIEF MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. JOHN BLACKWELL.

THE subject of this Memoir was born at Mold, in Flintshire, about the close of the year 1797. His parents were persons in the humble walks of life, and he himself passed a great portion of his early days in obscurity, and had but few advantages towards attaining that position in which he closed his earthly career.

It has been remarked with no less philosophic truth than poetical elegance, that "the child is father to the man." For in the prattling joyousness of infancy, in the more active glee of budding youth, and in the unrestrained confidence of the domestic circle, we find the germ of the future man, and the first dawn of original genius. And as we see in the child a miniature of those features which ultimately expand and characterise the individual, so we often discover in childhood certain indications of the future celebrity of the man of eminence.

This was preeminently exemplified in the life and character of John Blackwell. The ardent love of knowledge, so conspicuous in his earlier days, assumed in after life the aspect of a settled passion, the gratification of which constituted one of his greatest enjoyments: and

the kindness of disposition, which beamed from his countenance in childhood, was more and more developed as he advanced to years of maturity, until ultimately it became one of the most marked and attractive features in his character. The cordial sympathy which suffering or distress always elicited from him, when he was yet a stranger to the trials and cares of the world, matured in time into a feeling of universal philanthropy and benevolence. The tenderness of filial affection, which shone forth during his youthful years, ripened into a degree of reverence towards his parents, even after his elevation to a higher sphere in life:—a circumstance as rare in its occurrence, as it is delightful to contemplate. Neither wordly honour nor social distinction could ever tempt him to forget the obligations imposed by “the first commandment with promise.”

And even in the minor points of his character there was an equally singular degree of correspondence between John Blackwell as a child, and the same individual when he had become the “observed of all observers,” as a poet and an orator. When a child, his reading was of a desultory and discursive character; and those who knew him in his later years must have recognised the same peculiarity. Had he perseveringly applied himself to any specific department of study, there can be no doubt that his intellectual powers and penetrating mind would have enabled him to achieve far higher literary and scientific distinctions than it is our province to record.

These characteristic features, however, will be more naturally developed as our narrative proceeds. At present it is our more immediate object to place before the reader as many particulars relating to the early life of Mr. Blackwell as may be gleaned from his earlier correspondence, or furnished from memory by his most intimate friends and acquaintances.

Of his family little is known, beyond the fact that his father's progenitors must have settled in Wales at the time when a general emigration of miners took place from Derbyshire to Flintshire. Of this occurrence we have no authentic record, but tradition leads us to the belief that their number must have been considerable; and this is strongly corroborated by the fact that there are many grave-stones in the church-yards at Mold, Llanferres, Cilken, &c., recording the interment of a large number of persons who bore English surnames, and those chiefly of Derbyshire origin. But Mr. Blackwell's immediate ancestors on both sides spoke Welsh, and his mother was a native of Llangwm, in Merionethshire.

His parents, Peter and Mary Blackwell, resided in an humble cottage at a place called Ponterwyl, close to the town of Mold. His father was a collier; and being a man of steady habits and great industry, he was placed in a condition considerably better than that of most individuals pertaining to the same class. His mother was also a very frugal and diligent woman, which tended still further to augment the domestic comforts which this worthy couple enjoyed, and in which their hopeful son participated during the earlier period of his life.

Peter Blackwell, if we consider his situation in life, was a man of great attainments. A vigorous understanding, united to great firmness of character, qualified him to be a kind of adviser to many of his neighbours, who occupied a much superior position in life. Though not a man of many words, what he had to say on any subject within his reach was always entitled to attentive consideration. His naturally sound common sense invested his opinions on most topics of general discussion with no ordinary degree of authority; and the subsequent literary career of the son was very materially influenced by the excellent example and profitable instructions of his worthy parent.

Nor is less honour due to the name of his beloved mother, by whom he was tenderly brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Mary Blackwell was a consistent christian, and had a very extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. She belonged to the Calvinistic Methodists, among whom her husband also was a constant and attentive hearer. The tender affection of his mother formed one of Mr. Blackwell's chief sources of encouragement in the prosecution of his studies, during the period when his mental powers began to develope themselves. It was natural that a person of her discernment should take pride in fostering and cultivating a genius so precocious, and in stimulating intellectual powers so promising as those evinced by her son. The Bard whose sweet strains, after he had emerged from his original obscurity, enraptured his countrymen with delight, owed much of his celebrity to the maternal caresses with which his juvenile efforts had been rewarded.

As Mary Blackwell belonged to a religious sect which considered it a duty of paramount importance that the children should attend the same place of worship as their parents, the son was conducted at a very early age to the chapel frequented by them, as well as to those private meetings where the professing members met to discuss the subject of christian experience. And a large share, no doubt, of his Scriptural knowledge and his first religious impressions may be traced to this source.

But in adverting to this circumstance, it may not be irrelevant to add, that the Calvinistic Methodists were not, at that period so widely separated from the Church of England as they have become of late. When Mr. Blackwell was a child, it was by no means an unusual thing for many of the older members belonging to that body of Dissenters to attend the services of their Parish Church, once at least every Sunday; and many of the brightest

ornaments among them were often to be seen as devout communicants within its walls. The same spirit may prevail yet to some degree in a few of the most primitive parts of the Principality. Under such a system, Mr. Blackwell was not likely to imbibe any prejudices against the national religion. In fact, there was very little encouragement given then to such prejudices among the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales. Attachment to the Church was considered perfectly consistent with a rigid adherence to the discipline of that sect; and such attachment Mr. Blackwell evinced at an early period. He, like many others, could not forget that the brightest luminaries who had contributed to the revival of religion in the Principality, had received episcopal ordination, and that many of the most eminent of them never wished to be considered as separatists from the Church. His predilection in favour of the ministry of the Established Church may thus be traced, in some measure at least, to the Catholic spirit which prevailed among his early associates. In a letter to the Committee of the Welsh Church in Liverpool, he entered into the question at large, and stated, that "long before the idea of his being elevated to the Clerical function had received a shadow of existence, he had resolved to live and die an humble worshipper at the altar of the Church."

In enumerating some of the advantages which Mr. Blackwell may have derived from the religious connexion of his parents with the Calvinistic Methodists, we must not forget the privilege of attending the Sunday School held in the chapel adjoining the house in which he was born. The Sunday School system had long been established in the Principality, and it was justly looked upon as one of the most powerful and efficacious adjuncts to the christian ministry. The instruction communicated was not generally of a meagre and superficial character. It was not

the mere knowledge of reading that was acquired ; but the children were carefully instructed in Scriptural truths, and the whole scheme of redemption was often expounded in its various relations by some of the most able and experienced among the elders. And whilst the doctrines of the Bible were unfolded, the practical duties of christianity were also inculcated with equal assiduity. The children were called upon at stated periods to repeat large portions of the Scripture from memory ; and, as might be expected, a boy of such bright promise as John Blackwell was not behind his companions in so edifying an exercise of his mental powers. He thus acquired a great store of Scriptural knowledge when very young ; and could repeat chapter after chapter of the Bible with such accuracy as plainly shewed the tenacity of his memory, and with such appropriate emphasis and expressive feeling as fully manifested the penetration of his mind, and the early maturity of his judgment.

On many occasions he was called upon to repeat large portions of the Bible before the congregation in the chapel ; and was often invited to the neighbouring towns of Northop, Holywell, &c., to give similar proofs of his retentive faculties. At these times, his modesty and amiable deportment, as well as his readiness to comply with the wishes of his friends, were as much the topics of admiration as were his powers of memory, his fervid elocution, and his deep earnestness of soul. He was also frequently called upon to recite pieces of sacred poetry, in the same public manner,—a call to which he always responded with the utmost alacrity, for poetry was the very element in which he delighted to breathe.

In this way were laid the foundations on which was raised the fabric of his bardic fame. The youthful aspirant, who delivered with energy and pathos the beautiful hymns of Williams of Pant-y-celyn, was the rising poet on whose

thrilling accents the thousands assembled at our *Eisteddfodau* hung with rapture, and around whose brow the hand of beauty had so often to entwine the laurel-wreath of successful competition. Little did the humble miners and the rustic operatives of his native place then imagine that the "wonderful boy," who used to be enticed to their firesides, to unfold to them the treasured lore which he had acquired, would in after years become one of the most distinguished among the literati of Wales, and the honoured guest of its leading gentry.

The other incidents of Mr. Blackwell's childhood were not of such a character as to call for extended remark. His dutiful behaviour at home, and his quiet and accommodating disposition among his playfellows, caused him to be looked upon as a pattern to the children of the neighbourhood, and earned for him many a trifling token of approbation from those who had opportunities of observing his conduct. As a proof of his kindness of heart, and his sympathy with the suffering portion of his fellow-creatures, a pleasing anecdote is related of him. One afternoon, as he was returning from school, a lady who had frequently noticed him, called him to her door, and after her custom, plied him with numerous questions, some of which she thought beyond his years, but he gave to all of them the most suitable and intelligent replies. On parting, she gave him a sixpenny piece as a token of her approbation. Of this present he was very proud; but before he reached home he met with a poor boy begging, whose appearance excited his compassion, and whom he began to question as to the cause of his distress. He soon found that he was an orphan, at a great distance from home, and so destitute as to be without the means of paying for a night's lodging. This was enough for little John Blackwell. His heart began to melt, and a voluntary sacrifice was made of the sixpence. The money was spent in buying food for the

destitute wanderer, for whom a lodging was procured in a hay loft belonging to the Star Inn at Mold. The young philanthropist, then about nine years of age, met with an ample reward in the satisfaction of his own conscience, and the approving smiles of his mother.

His natural gentleness of disposition, his ready and cheerful obedience to his parents, and his early manifestation of intellectual superiority, rendered him a favourite with the circle of his acquaintance, which, owing to his obscure origin, was at first necessarily confined to the humbler classes of his native place. But as his fame extended, the list of his patrons increased; and the more thoughtful and better educated amongst the tradesmen of the town took great delight in supplying him with such books as were adapted to his taste and capacity. The contents of these he devoured with avidity. From his very boyhood he possessed the most insatiable appetite for reading; and could find delight in the perusal of all kinds of books. The book-shelves of one neighbour after another were exhausted, and his mental hunger remained undiminished. History, travels, memoirs, works of fiction, and especially poetry, became successively as they offered themselves, the subjects of his ardent perusal. On one occasion, Mr. Griffiths, the Currier, one of his earliest patrons, lent him the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, thinking that such a supply of mental food would surely glut his voracity for a time: but it only increased his desire for more. Incessantly, day and night, did he turn over the closely printed pages of that voluminous work, until he reached the conclusion. At that point, he experienced somewhat of the sensation which depressed Alexander the Great when he lamented that "he had no more worlds to conquer."

It must not be inferred from what has just been stated, that he was a mere rapid and superficial reader. He read

as much for information as for pleasure; and what he read was carefully digested. An extraordinary memory enabled him to appropriate to his own use the literary stores to which he had access. Whatever he read, he made his own, as far as his previous acquirements enabled him to understand each subject. And when his understanding was at fault, his eager applications for instruction, which were never disregarded, generally resulted in increased information.

We are not aware that Mr. Blackwell ever enjoyed the privilege of a regular course of scholastic instruction in his youth. Whether such a course would have proved advantageous to him or otherwise, is a question that admits of considerable doubt; at all events its solution is next to impossible. The "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" is often the precursor to a larger amount of literary fame or scientific renown than usually falls to the lot of those who have been brought up in the lap of affluence, and who have enjoyed all the means and appliances of a liberal education: just as the largest fortunes are generally realized by those to whom indigence has supplied the original stimulus to exertion, and in whom industry, the child of necessity, forms the ever active means of progressive accumulations.

But here we must observe, that the difficulties to be encountered by persons of that description in Wales, are far more formidable than in England. Until of late years there were scarcely any means of education provided for the lower class except Sunday Schools, and a few Charity Schools established by Madam Bevan. And at present the provisions made to effect that object are in many parts of the Principality almost worthless, and in others none of any kind exist. Wales, until very lately, had been well nigh forgotten, and more neglected than any part of the kingdom. The language also is a barrier

which separates the lower class from participating in the advantages derived from the literature of England, and cheap books published in the English language. Before a young man in the humbler walks of life can see day-light in the world of letters, he must master what to him is a foreign tongue. It is true that many useful works are now being published in the Welsh language, which will be of great service to the lower class, by creating among them a desire for more knowledge, and inducing them to seek it beyond the limits of their mother tongue.

At the early age of eleven years John Blackwell was apprenticed to William Kirkham, shoemaker, by whom he was instructed in the "craft and mystery" of a trade which has numbered among its followers several of the most distinguished literary characters of Great Britain. Mr. Kirkham was a member of the religious denomination to which Mary Blackwell belonged; and it fortunately happened in this case that he was not only fond of poetry, but was himself a poet of no inconsiderable merit. Many hymns which he composed prove his title to be enrolled among the "sons of song." John Blackwell's only sister, Tabitha, was married to Mr. Kirkham's son, Edward, who also followed his father's business. She is now living, as well as her husband, and they occupy a respectable position in the town of Ruthin.

While the subject of our Memoir remained under the tutelage of Mr. Kirkham, his poetic *furor*, so far from sustaining any check, derived a fresh impetus from the example and encouragement of his master: and whilst he continued to exert himself with conscientious industry in acquiring a knowledge of his trade, his studious habits were as unrelaxing as ever. During the four years of his apprenticeship his mind was actively bent on new conquests in the regions of literature. To him the adage "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," admitted of no application, for the discus-

sive range of his thoughts embraced almost every topic within the reach of a mere English scholar; and on most of these his information was both correct and extensive. It may, perhaps, be added, that the sedentary and social character of his occupation tended considerably to his mental improvement.

But a period in our author's history had arrived to which he had long looked forward with earnest expectation. About the age of seventeen he became a journeyman, and was thus enabled to set aside some portion of his wages for the purpose of buying books which should be his own. This was an important era in his life. Patiently did he toil in order to realize the means of accomplishing an object so dear to his heart. His savings were carefully laid aside until they accumulated to such a sum as justified a journey to Chester, to which city he would travel with a crust of bread and cheese in his pocket. These excursions were always made on foot, in order to economise the funds at his command. He generally made his way to Mr. Swarbrick's shop, in Bridge street row, where a very large collection of second-hand books was constantly on sale. These he turned over and examined with care; and whenever he came to a copy of some standard work which, from its worm-eaten appearance and decayed condition, promised to turn out a cheap purchase, he put it aside, and thus prosecuted his search from shelf to shelf until he had collected such a number as he thought would exhaust his funds. For these he would bargain in the lump, obtaining generally a trifling discount upon the aggregate price. When his purchases were completed, he would take up his bundle and trudge his way homewards, clutching his newly acquired treasures with the tenacious grasp of a miser, when his money-bags are replenished. Sometimes, when the weather permitted, he would occupy the whole journey in the perusal of some

long-wished-for gem, of which he had just become possessed.

It was at this period, and by these means, that John Blackwell formed the nucleus of a library, which, after his ordination to the ministry, acquired an extent and variety such as rarely fall to the possession of a poor Welsh Curate. It was, no doubt, materially augmented by subsequent donations from clerical and other friends; but the bulk of the English works which adorned his shelves at Holywell were purchased out of his hard-earned savings at Mold. After the age of eighteen he became, to a limited extent, a master tradesman, when his profits increased, and his surplus funds enabled him to visit Chester at less distant intervals. With more ample means at his command, his purchases were of a more ambitious character. He could now look without apprehension at a handsomely bound book, and he was seldom staggered at the price. He was thus able to procure un mutilated copies of the great poets, his favourites,—Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, &c., to which he added the Essayists, the leading historical authors, a large assortment of theological writings, and a tolerably extensive list of works of a scientific and critical nature. He was particularly fond of Reviews, as these frequently supplied him with the “pith and marrow” of works which were too expensive to be accessible to him, or too evanescent in their interest to render a purchase desirable.

While the subject of our Memoir was thus increasing his stock of standard works in English literature, his zealous search after literary productions in his native tongue was still more evident. Occasionally, he met with copies of valuable Welsh works during his peregrinations through the second-hand book shops at Chester, and, if not previously in his possession, a purchase was almost inevitable. Many presents of Welsh publications were also made to him, by townsmen and others interested in

his career. He was at the same time a liberal supporter of the Cambrian press. Most of the leading periodicals, such as *Goleuad Gwynedd*, *Seren Gomer*, *Gwyliedydd*, &c., he took in regularly, from their first appearance; and such as his means did not allow him to purchase, he would borrow from parties who were subscribers, reciprocating the favour thus conferred by loans from his own library. Of works on Welsh archæology he was passionately fond, and these he was very ambitious to add to his collection. As these, however, were frequently out of print, or published in an expensive form, he generally contrived to find out the fortunate possessors of such treasures; and the discovery was always followed by a request that he might be allowed the privilege of a perusal. His collection of works on Divinity abounded with native productions, whilst the bardic lore of Wales formed an especial object of pursuit; and in the latter department his acquisitions were singularly attractive in their extent and variety.

The expedients to which he resorted in order to increase his stock of Welsh Poetry are worth recording. He would sometimes take a long walk into the country, penetrating into the most remote and secluded hamlets; and, entering various farm houses and cottager's dwellings on his route, he would engage the inmates in conversation on topics of local interest, from which he would imperceptibly glide into the more favourite subject of Welsh poetry, carefully introducing the inquiry, 'Whether any Bard lived in the neighbourhood?' If he received an affirmative reply, he usually contrived to make his acquaintance before he returned home: but if he found that the region was "with Bards unblessed," his next object was to ascertain what books of poetry existed in that locality. If he met with anything new, he made an immediate purchase, whenever practicable. In this way he obtained many of the older works in his library, and not a few manuscripts fell

into his possession. During these interesting excursions his attention to the aged of both sexes was strongly manifested. From the old he knew he could draw much information which was not to be found in books. Many a wild and ancient story—many an epigram or stanza—many a strange tradition, replete with all the interest of the most romantic fiction—and many a terse saying or wise proverb did he thus collect, of the existence of which there was no record save in the memories of the “hoary chroniclers” whom he met with in “the lone cot by the way-side,” or on the heath-clad hills which fringed the boundaries of his native county. The treasures thus recovered, he instantly committed to paper, many of which, no doubt, have by this means been preserved from oblivion. These remarks will serve to illustrate several of the allusions contained in his correspondence. It would be very desirable if a general and simultaneous effort could be made thus to rescue from oblivion the unwritten legends of Wales. From such a source ample materials might be obtained to identify the traditions of the Welsh with those of other primitive nations.

It has frequently been remarked as somewhat singular that, with all his varied acquirements—the extensive range of his reading—and the undoubted poetical genius which he possessed, Mr. Blackwell seldom committed his productions to the press until he had nearly attained the twenty-fifth year of his life. His acquaintances knew that he had written much previous to that period. Many of his poetical effusions were freely exhibited to his friends, among whom there could be but one opinion as to their general excellence. They were as much pervaded by the true fire of genius as those more elaborate pieces on which his subsequent renown was based. In fact, he was frequently importuned to send his poetry to some of the periodicals of the day. He was warned not to “put his light under

a bushel," and reminded that it was the characteristic of an unprofitable servant to "hide his talent in the earth." This abstinence from publication, however, did not proceed from any mawkish sensibility on his part. There was no childish dread of adverse criticism involved in the matter. A just estimate of his own powers must have convinced him that his contributions would be considered far above mediocrity. The true cause was stated unhesitatingly by himself to a few of his confidential friends. Conscious of his original disadvantages as regarded a liberal education, he felt disinclined to commit himself until the process of self-improvement had enabled him to attain a degree of elegance and polish which would at once place him in the foremost ranks of the "sons of song." If he failed in attaining that degree of eminence, he still felt assured that his efforts must place him above many of his contemporaries. The sequel affords abundant proof of his discretion and prudence in the course which he thus pursued.

The preceding remarks will suffice to account for the paucity of Mr. Blackwell's productions prior to the year 1823, when he burst out like a meteor in the night, and became at once an object of general curiosity and admiration as an author. No manuscripts of an earlier date are to be found, as many of them were destroyed, and others entrusted to friends under a promise of not giving them publicity. It is sufficient that his public career, (alas! how brief when compared with the term of his previous seclusion!) was signalized by many splendid compositions, which will be read and admired as long as the literature of his fatherland endures.

From the age of eighteen to that of twenty-five, he appears to have had an ulterior object in view, in the prosecution of his studies, independently of the fame or reputation which he might feel justified in anticipating from

the exercise of his poetical talents. That object, as afterwards more publicly avowed by himself, was known to some of his most intimate companions to be the exercise of the ministerial office in connexion with the Church of England. This was the great end at which he aimed. Nothing, certainly, at that time, could appear more unlikely than the attainment of this fond hope; but he had a presentiment that circumstances would lead to its ultimate consummation. With this persuasion to animate him, he persevered in his application to such a course of reading as would prepare him for the more effective discharge of that spiritual function to which he so ardently looked. When his daily avocations required a closer degree of attention than usual, he would frequently request some of his most intimate friends to sit down with him in his workshop, and read one of his favourite authors. While this was done, he would frequently take occasion to explain every difficulty that occurred as the reader proceeded. He had a degree of meekness and gentleness in conveying his instructions to those around him, which gained their affection and respect, and he displayed much skill in divesting every subject of its mystery, and making it palpable to the understanding.

As his local reputation expanded, his humble dwelling became the frequent resort of such members of the bardic *corps* as resided in his native county. No visitors could be more welcome. The conversation which ensued upon such occasions was of a highly attractive and interesting character,—replete as it was with allusions to the ancient minstrelsy and poetic genius of Wales, and abounding in criticism upon the works of those master-spirits, whose immortal strains have so largely contributed to the preservation of our language and nationality. The bards of Wales have their friendly intercourse in different localities, and meet together like their brethren in

England in days gone by, whose gatherings are often described in the Life of Dr. Johnson, and other eminent characters of that period. The latter met to discuss the literature of the day, and other important topics, at Will's Coffee House or some such place; but our humble bards hold similar meetings in the shoemaker's workshop, or a small public house in some retired corner, or in a back street in the outskirts of a town. During these congresses of bards in Mr. Blackwell's time, the poetry of Wales, and its bardic remains, the literature within the narrow circle in which they moved, containing the news circulated among them by some of the Welsh monthly periodicals, were the matters they had generally to discuss. The rules of Welsh poetry also formed a topic of discussion, and our author was ever ready to render his assistance in explaining the peculiarity of the alliterations, and other complicated difficulties belonging to the bardic institutes and poetry of Wales. Though he himself at that time confined his poetical effusions chiefly to those metres known as the "twenty four canons of Welsh poetry," and shewed considerable skill in this species of writing, as many of his compositions will attest, yet he never hesitated to express his candid opinion that the system of consonancy, so peculiar to the poetry of Wales as a characteristic feature, had an inevitable tendency to trammel the genius of the poet. The frequent use of expletives, the perpetual recurrence of the adjective, the strained nature of the rhythm, the necessity that frequently arose for rejecting the most suitable and natural expression in favour of another that possessed the requisite number of consonants, were among the principal objections which he would urge against the common system of Welsh prosody. If any novice among his friends seemed to congratulate himself on having hit upon a strong and beautiful *cynghanedd*, he would instantly temper the

feeling of exultation by asking whether the language chosen was the most suitable to convey the idea intended, and suggesting, at the same time, some more happy turn of expression which completely threw into the shade the bristling array of consonants, on which his disciple had endeavoured to base his reputation. Nevertheless in all Mr. Blackwell's poetical efforts in these metres, a flowing ease is observable, and he never fails to invest the creations of his fancy in a rich drapery of beautiful and appropriate language.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of any poet of great eminence in Wales, to escape the envy of his compeers in the same degree as Mr. Blackwell. This was undoubtedly owing to his bland and conciliating manner—to his modesty, which constantly restrained him from assuming the superiority which was his legitimate claim—and to that intense cordiality of feeling, which ever prompted him to recognise merit, however humble, and to treat it with favour. In whatever society he was placed, it was less his ambition to shine than to be beloved.

Among Mr. Blackwell's acquaintance at Mold were several young men occupying a more elevated position in society than himself, from whom he derived much valuable assistance in the prosecution of his studies. His intercourse with these young gentlemen led to the establishment of a debating society, at which essays were read, and speeches delivered on a variety of instructive and edifying subjects. These exercises proved of great utility and importance to him, particularly in improving his qualifications as a public speaker—a point which he steadily kept in view during the period of his comparative obscurity. The ability which he displayed at the meetings of this society gave a sure presage of his future eminence, whenever the period should arrive for his occupying a more prominent place in the eyes of the

world. From this early period the characteristic clearness of his speeches was generally remarked. Whatever subject he handled, however dry or difficult it happened to be, and however eloquent the language which he employed in its illustration, the great and pervading charm of his addresses was, that he made every thing plain to the most ordinary understanding. There was no mystic uncertainty nor elaborate verbosity in any of his speeches; all was clear and intelligible to the meanest capacity. His periods flowed with all the sparkling transparency of one of his own loved mountain streams, and like that also made sweet music as they flowed. In short, he never lost sight of the maxim, that simplicity was the essential element of true sublimity.

The *Cymreigyddion Societies* were at that time established in most of the towns and villages throughout the Principality. And though they had many faults, especially when the members met in public houses, yet they proved of great advantage to many talented young men, who attended the meetings for the sake of mutual instruction and improvement. They discussed various subjects of national and local interest, which led those who took part in the debates to read and search different works to prepare for the occasion. Subjects were often proposed, and premiums offered for the best compositions in prose and verse, and an annual meeting held on St. David's day, when those premiums were awarded to the successful candidates, in the presence of a large assembly of people, among whom many of the leading families in the neighbourhood often used to attend. These societies, like many other things of the kind, proved beneficial to some, and injurious to others.

As Mr. Blackwell advanced in life, and his intercourse with the world extended, his dislike of his original calling became inevitable. Not that he repined at the dispen-

sation of Providence, or had not learned in “whatever state he should be, therewith to be content;” for envy never formed a perceptible ingredient in his nature, nor did pining fretfulness find a lasting abode in his bosom. He pursued his daily avocations with becoming industry and perseverance. But he could not conceal from himself that the business which he followed did not afford him the most distant prospect of ever realizing his ardent aspirations to enter the ministry. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” And though little of this was indicated in his correspondence or other writings, it was often freely confessed to those who were entirely in his confidence. He sincerely bewailed the loss of time—of the most precious period of his existence—which was taking place, whilst he was thus debarred from that scholastic preparation which he considered necessary to qualify him for the ministerial office. The time which he had devoted to acquire a knowledge of Welsh and English literature would have been more than sufficient to render him also a proficient in the learned languages. But he had no help nor assistance to direct him in such studies. Up to the twenty-fifth year of his age he was entirely ignorant of the rudiments of Latin. This consciousness of his deficiencies preyed upon his mind, and caused him to feel dissatisfied with a business which promised him neither present relief nor ultimate reward. The time, however, was approaching when the helping hands of friends were to cut the gordian knot, and to liberate him from a thralldom which he felt to be as intolerable as it was profitless.

The year 1823 was the most eventful period in Mr. Blackwell’s history. At the commencement of that year he first visited the *Ruthin Cymreigyddion Society*. A hearty welcome was given to the young Bard from Mold on his first appearance at their meeting; and he soon succeeded in gaining the good opinion of all the members

present. His speeches at this and subsequent meetings were characterized by fervid eloquence, and the pieces of poetry which he recited were thought to possess intrinsic merit. The strong predilection which he manifested towards his native language, combined with his poetical genius, soon led to his selection as Bard of the society: an appointment which reflected as much credit upon the members, as it did upon the individual of their choice. On St. David's day, in the same year, a local *Eisteddfod* was held at Ruthin, under the auspices of this society. Prizes were offered on a variety of subjects, and Mr. Blackwell appeared as a candidate. He entered upon the arena of competition like a veritable giant,—conscious of his powers, and ready to grapple with the literary wranglers of the Principality. The result proved that he had neither miscalculated his strength nor over-estimated his abilities. On this occasion the society had the primary honour of rewarding him with a medal, for the best Ode on the “Birth of Edward II,” and another prize for an oration on the “Excellencies of the Welsh language.”

About the month of May in the same year, another *Eisteddfod* was held at Caerwys, when he again carried off two prizes,—one for an Essay and another for a Poem. About the same time he became acquainted with the Venerable Archdeacon Clough, Vicar of Mold, and the Rev. Richard Richards, then of Caerwys, but now of Meifod,—two gentlemen to whom several other young men of abilities in North Wales are indebted for many acts of kindness. The efficient patronage and kindness of Archdeacon Clough, in particular, assisted Mr. Blackwell materially in obtaining his long-cherished hopes of entering the Ministry. The sentiments of gratitude which he always expressed towards this distinguished ornament of the Welsh Church, whilst they shewed the value of the services which he had rendered to him, exhi-

bited his feelings of gratitude in a most agreeable light.

The Mold *Eisteddfod* followed in autumn, where he gained a third victory. The chair prize for the best Ode on "Maesgarmon" was awarded to him, and another for the best oration on "Unity and brotherly love." For the former there were thirteen competitors, among whom were several bards of acknowledged reputation. The President of this meeting was Lord Mostyn, (then Sir Edward Price Lloyd, Bart.,) by whom our poet and orator was highly complimented. After the general proceedings were brought to a close, a majority of the gentlemen present assembled at the Leeswood Arms Hotel, where a public dinner was held, to which, in compliance with a time-honoured custom, the successful bards, harpers, and singers were invited. Among the most conspicuous of the guests was Mr. Blackwell, whose powers were put to a fresh trial during the evening. He was called upon to address the meeting, without any previous preparation, which he did in English, with such power and felicity of expression as to draw forth many a hearty cheer from the audience. The Chairman also elicited from him a brief history of his early life and circumstances, and was not a little astonished to find that a man of such brilliant parts and superior address had never risen above the drudgery of a shoemaker. His Lordship told him that some steps would be taken to place him in a situation more congenial to his literary pursuits. A meeting was consequently held the following day, to consider what would be the most eligible steps to be taken to promote the interest of the successful bard. He himself expressed a wish to be educated for the Ministry, if his deficiency in classical knowledge did not interpose an insuperable barrier against the accomplishment of his wishes. Before the meeting separated, it was unanimously agreed that it was advisable to raise a fund to give Mr. Blackwell a collegiate education,

as a preliminary to his entrance upon the work of the Ministry. A list was opened upon the spot, and a considerable sum raised in the course of a few minutes. Archdeacon Clough was appointed treasurer, and arrangements were made for placing Mr. Blackwell under the tuition of some Clergyman, preparatory to his entering the University. He remained at Mold, acquiring a knowledge of his Latin Grammar, until the beginning of Jan. 1824, when he removed to Berriew, and became the pupil of the Rev. Thomas Richards.

Here, in connexion with this eventful period of our author's life, we may be allowed to take a brief notice of *Eisteddfodau*, or Bardic Congresses, which are institutions peculiar to the Principality. Their chief object is to encourage the Welsh language, and to keep in active operation a strong feeling of nationality, by encouraging the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of Wales. And they have been the means of spreading knowledge, and of bringing under the notice and patronage of the wealthy, such instances of genius, worth, and erudition, in humble life, as might otherwise have languished in hopeless obscurity. They are of ancient origin, but somewhat modified of late to meet the circumstances of the times. They had been discontinued for ages, until about the year 1819, when a plan was set on foot to revive them, during a visit paid by the late Bishop Burgess to the Rev. John Jenkins, Vicar of Kerry, in Montgomeryshire. Since that time a considerable number of *Eisteddfodau*, both provincial and local, have been held in the Principality. These periodical gatherings have been productive of signal benefit to the cause of Welsh literature, by promoting a spirit of enquiry into the antiquities of Wales; and many important relics of days gone by have thus been drawn forth from secret recesses in which they had been concealed for ages. They have also stimulated the genius of our

countrymen, by distributing liberal rewards for the best compositions in prose and verse ; and have been the means of uniting all classes of the community—high and low, rich and poor,—in one common bond of brotherly feeling and regard. They have opened to the poor, plodding, persevering Welsh scholar, as in the case of Mr. Blackwell, an avenue to the honours and distinctions of the world ; from which such men would have been otherwise inevitably excluded ; and some of the brightest ornaments of the pulpit and the bar have reason to attribute their advancement to their present position in society, to the success which attended their labours whilst competing for distinction and honour at our *Eisteddfodau*. Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the utility of preserving and cultivating the Welsh language, and of bringing before the public those ancient records and monuments of antiquity belonging to the Principality, there can be no doubt of the beneficial effect of stimulating native talent, and of bringing to public notice a genius that might be otherwise buried in oblivion. In this respect our *Eisteddfodau* have already proved of great benefit ; and if they met with more encouragement, and were somewhat modified to meet the spirit of the day, they are calculated to do much for Wales. When ancient customs are revived, modern improvements must be considered, and they ought to be adapted to meet them. In the case of recent *Eisteddfodau* we find this spirit gaining ground. Prizes are offered for English compositions as well as Welsh, and for various works of art as well as for music and poetry.

From the time of Mr. Blackwell's removal to Berriew in 1824, his history begins to assume the character of an autobiography, as his extended correspondence furnishes a continuous narrative of the leading incidents which marked his subsequent career through life. The society

in which he is henceforward found mingling is generally superior in position and attainments to that in which the earlier portion of his life was spent. The sphere of his acquaintance amongst the literati of Wales became more extended, while his own talents were in the same degree, more widely appreciated. With increased leisure, his opportunities of doing good were necessarily augmented, and these chances he never thoughtlessly neglected. The intervals of rest from his classical studies, if not occupied in the interchange of thought with his old friends and acquaintances, were rendered subservient to the promotion of his native literature. His pen was hardly ever idle. One most admirable feature also in his character was his undeviating fidelity and attachment to all those individuals who among his original acquaintance proved worthy of his regards. His affection towards such was of an overflowing character, and prompted him to seek opportunities of benefiting them instead of waiting for applications to that effect.

Shortly after his removal under Mr. Richards's hospitable roof, in writing to one of his old friends, he said that his lot had fallen in religious and kind family, and that the change had been more beneficial to him than anything that had happened during his life. "Having escaped," he continued, "from the sound of revelry, which at Mold was ready to stun me, I here find leisure to consider my ways. Conscience, having long slumbered, begins now to array her terrors against me. I find in my Bible fresh consolations, and the throne of grace as in former times. And perhaps a 'less than the least of all the saints,' and a 'bruised reed' may yet be made of one so defiled as myself." In another letter dated from the same place February 10th, he said—"If there be a place in the world which would make me forget the fireside by which I first began to crawl, and the scenes of amusements

during childhood, or diminish my longing for numerous and kind friends, and above all, for my most affectionate parents—this is the spot most likely to do so.”

From all his letters and correspondence we find an undeniable proof of his warm attachment to the friends of his youth. Their sufferings ever caused a corresponding pang in his own bosom; and their prosperity kindled a glow of delight in his own heart. When the cold hand of death was laid upon any of them, he was always ready with a tear of regret and a song of mourning. But as might naturally be expected from such an affectionate disposition, the welfare of his parents, still struggling with the cares and difficulties of their original position, aggravated as these were by the almost uninterrupted ill health of his mother, formed the subject of his constant anxiety. A selection from these letters will be found in another part of the volume. Many of them are written in Welsh, especially those to his parents, Mr. E. Parry, and Mr. I. Lloyd.

During his sojourn at Berriew, he became acquainted with several eminent characters, who resided at that time in the neighbourhood; amongst whom were the Rev. J. Jenkins, of Kerry, the Rev. Walter Davies, then of Manafon, the Rev. D. Hughes, of Llanfyllin, and Mr. Richards's family at Darowen. From his letters to Mr. Jenkins, it appears that he found in him a kind friend and one ready to supply all his wants. But the time he could devote to the society of his friends must have been limited, for he had to acquire a sufficient amount of classical knowledge to enable him to enter at Oxford in about nine months after he went to Berriew. And during the same period he supplied several papers to the '*Gwylledydd*' and other periodicals, and composed his long and masterly Essay on the "Welsh language," for the Welshpool *Eisteddfod*. When we mention the slender preparation with

which he entered upon an University career, the highest distinction that could be expected from him was, that he would go up for his degree at the regular time. And this he accomplished. To enter upon a new course of life at an advanced age, and to run the race with men who started in the morning of their days, is a more difficult task than most people imagine, and very few have the courage to attempt it, and fewer still have the abilities and perseverance required to bring it to a successful termination. Wales has always more or less abounded in young men similarly circumstanced to Mr. Blackwell,—young men, who, though born in humble life, and nurtured in poverty, have ardently cultivated their native literature, and attained to considerable eminence as poets and essayists. Many of these live and die without ever emerging from their original obscurity, strongly reminding us of the beautiful words of Gray—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Others again attain a transient name as competitors for prizes at some of our minor *Eisteddfodau*, contenting themselves with the limited applause that follow their success in such trials, and allowing their talent thenceforward to remain idle and unimproved. And a few possessing a larger amount of ambition, and having their energies directed to more useful purposes, acquire for themselves historical renown commensurate with the advantages they enjoyed. But of the gifted young men who thus earn a distinguished position in the eyes of their countrymen, how few there are who meet with such kind friends and patrons as the subject of this Memoir, or who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them to improve their station in life!

At the Powys *Eisteddfod* which was held in September, 1824, Mr. Blackwell gained the prize-medal for the best Essay, in Welsh, on the "Welsh language,—its excellency, the advantages of cultivating it, and the most likely means to ensure its perpetuity and success;" together with one or two minor prizes. The closing months of the same year he spent in the diligent prosecution of his classical studies, as the period was approaching when it had been arranged that he should commence keeping terms at the University.

He took his residence at Oxford, early in the month of December; and when once settled down in his rooms, surrounded by his favourite authors, we find his mind expanding from day to day, as is fully evidenced by his subsequent productions. Though ardently engaged in that peculiar course of reading which became necessarily incumbent upon him at the University, he appears to have found time to enter earnestly into every topic of current interest connected with Welsh literature. Hence the anxiety evinced in most of his letters to be informed of every movement which took place in the Principality, especially in reference to the various *Eisteddfodau*. During his stay at College, he gained many friends, for his manners were popular, and his conversational talents great, which rendered his society much sought after. His greatest difficulties in his studies he found in the elementary part of the learned languages. He seemed to despise such drudgery; and his mind, bounding over the ordinary routine of instruction, rushed eagerly into the higher regions of literature. He felt that he was too old when he entered College, and his preparation too superficial, to make himself critically acquainted with Greek and Latin, so as to be able to cope with those who had been systematically trained from childhood in the best schools in the kingdom. Under these circumstances he was not likely to signalize

himself as an accurate classical scholar, nor to aim at any further distinction than to be able to pass the ordinary examinations. In a letter to the late Mr. Garnons, he expressed his feelings on this subject, when he said "The only thing that gives me a moment's distress is the idea that, with every diligence, my attainments may disappoint the expectations of my friends. There are a few who think that every one who dares to sin against the '*ne sutor ultra crepidam*,' ought to be a Bloomfield or a Gifford. I will not insult the judgment of my patrons by saying, that the individual of whose abilities they have thought favourable, is entirely destitute of talent; yet, I can hardly hope, in four short years, to surmount the disadvantages of my youth, and gain academical distinction. To him, who in his twenty-sixth year learnt his Greek alphabet, a first class at College must be a hopeless aim; while an University prize must be beyond the reach of one who merely began to speak English about his twentieth year. Aware of these circumstances, the friends whom I consult have advised me to collect (should necessary studies allow me leisure) as much as I can of such information as will be useful to me in the sacred office I shall be called upon to fill."

From the Rev. A. B. Clough, now Rector of Braunston, (a brother of the Venerable Archdeacon Clough,) at that time one of the Tutors of Jesus College, Mr. Blackwell experienced much kindness and assistance. And this gentleman, in conjunction with his brother, managed the funds raised for his support at College, and regulated and settled all his expenses during his residence at Oxford. In speaking of Mr. Blackwell, this gentleman observes "that no man ever possessed a deeper sense of gratitude for favours conferred on him, and no man was more anxious to devote the means with which Providence had blessed him, in promoting the comfort and best interests

of those who were nearest and dearest to him. Had his life been spared he would have been no less eminent for his unbounded generosity to such as needed his aid, than for the literary effusions of his powerful mind. In short, I regarded him even more for his heart than his head."

In another letter to Archdeacon Clough, soon after he had gone to Oxford, he mentions several topics introduced in his letter to Mr. Garnons, and states, "I am sorry to say that my progress in the classical languages continues to be much slower than I expected. This might be occasioned, in some measure, by my being yet under the necessity of recurring to rules and rudiments. Still I have not been an idle student. I should be the most miserable of mortals if my attainments would at last prove unsatisfactory to my generous patrons. If application can ensure me a respectable pass, my dirge shall not be sung. It has often grieved me, that owing to my backward state, I have been a source of so much trouble to your worthy brother. His kindness to me has been unexampled. For his, and your disinterested exertions in my behalf, I have only my thanks to offer. Should it be possible for me to say with Horace, '*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*,' I know whose names I would inscribe on the base and apex."

During the first year of his residence at Oxford, Mr. Blackwell found time to become a candidate for one of the prizes offered by the *Ruthin Cymreigyddion Society* for a Welsh translation of Pope's Messiah. This translation is noticed in another place. The prize was divided between him and the late Robert Davies, better known as the "Bard of Nantglyn;" which Mr. Blackwell looked upon as a much greater honour than if the whole prize had fallen to his lot in the absence of such a talented competitor.

Next year we find him busily engaged in preparing for

his 'little go' examination; and in most of his letters he expresses much anxiety at the prospect of this coming trial. In a letter to Archdeacon Clough, however, dated March 18th, he takes rather a brighter view of it than in some others.—“In the latter end of May” he says, “(*Deo volente*,) I shall go up for my minor examination, tolerably confident of success; and will trust to my Logic and Horace after another revision. All my hours are now taken up with Latin composition and Homer. I have read eleven books of the latter,—the eleventh I read over in two days.”

In a very interesting letter addressed to his parents some time after he had settled at Oxford, he tells them how he employed his time, and relates his own feelings at that period, in a very simple and artless strain. The following translation forms a part of it.—“Instead of an apology for such a long silence, I will give you a short account of my mode of living. In endeavouring to cope with those who had all the advantages of education in early life, I must be very diligent with my studies. To acquire languages is a dry and barren work; and to one in my circumstances, for want of better early training, it is a very difficult task. For the first time in my life, I find that ‘much study is a weariness of the flesh.’ Confinement does not, as yet, affect my health; but a friend of mine, who read much less than I do, went home yesterday, having overworked himself. I have naturally a strong constitution, but I am obliged to walk some distance every day, in order to take proper exercise. There was a general examination here lately of all the members of our College. I got through better than either my Tutors or myself anticipated. But before Michaelmas next I must pass through a more fiery ordeal than I have yet experienced; and must be examined before the whole University as to my knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Logic. I must also

be able to write Latin as readily as Welsh. I often tremble in thinking of the day of trial, especially when I find so many, who were brought up from infancy in the best schools, unable to get through. My dependance is mainly upon that over-ruling Providence which has hitherto been so benevolent to me.—You will be gratified to hear that I, together with about half a dozen of my fellow-students, have succeeded in establishing a small Missionary Society in our College. We also meet together alternately in each other's rooms, on Sunday evenings, to read the Bible and pray. Last Sunday evening they all met at my rooms. When the sound of revelry comes to our ears, from other rooms, we can say 'Thou hast put gladness in our hearts more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.' ”

During the third year of his residence at Oxford, he was called, in the month of August 1827, to soothe the dying moments of his respected father, whose remains he followed to the grave. And, in about sixteen months afterwards, his beloved mother claimed from him the same mark of attachment. No considerations of expense or inconvenience could prevail upon him to forego the melancholy pleasure of coming from a long distance to attend at their bedside, and administer to them the consolations of that religion which he himself had often experienced as his greatest comfort. He bestowed upon the bodily remains of both his parents a respectable funeral. Their death produced a deep impression upon his mind, and caused him to prepare, with greater earnestness than ever, for that high vocation which awaited him as an ambassador of Christ, and a minister of the everlasting Gospel.

He passed his final examination at Oxford in May, 1828, and in a letter to the Rev. J. Jenkins, dated May 31st, he begins thus,—“The anxiety, which for some months past disturbed my days' enjoyment and my nights' rest, is now

over. I passed my examination yesterday, and I shall take my degree on Thursday.”

In the year 1827, great exertions were made by several of Mr. Blackwell's ardent friends and admirers, to secure to the new Welsh Church, dedicated to the patron saint of Wales, then in course of erection at Liverpool, the benefit of his great talents as its minister. But many circumstances combined to render these efforts unsuccessful. The chief of which were, that he was not yet ordained, and the prior claims which the Rev. R. Davies, then Rector of Gwaenysgor, possessed to the notice of the Trustees,—that gentleman having on more than one occasion rendered valuable assistance to the cause of the Welsh Charity Schools in that town, by officiating and preaching at the anniversary services on their behalf. The unsuccessful efforts thus made by Mr. Blackwell's friends had the effect of strengthening his resolutions to devote himself to the ministry amongst his brethren in the Principality. This was the peculiar field of labour to which he had always aspired, as most consonant to his own feelings, and most likely to prove conducive to the welfare of immortal souls, and the glory of his Lord and Master.

Having at length passed his final examination and taken his degree at Oxford, his probation was gone through, and his mind was thus relieved from an almost intolerable load of anxiety. For he was deeply conscious of the responsibility of his position, being dependent upon the patronage and support of friends who had given him credit for the possession of extraordinary talents, and as the object of keen scrutiny to envious and captious rivals, who would but too readily exult over his discomfiture and prostration. About this period, it appears from his correspondence with the Rev. J. Jenkins, some of his friends were anxious that he should undertake the Editorship of the “Cambrian Quarterly Magazine,” published in London.

This he modestly declined from several considerations, and, amongst other things, he urged a consciousness of incapacity which he but too deeply felt. The above patriotic gentleman also proposed that he should remain at Oxford for a few years, for the sake of mental improvement; but it appears that his other friends and supporters wished him to reside in some part of Wales. The four Bishops of Wales were at that time anxious to have some approved Annotations on the Bible translated into Welsh, for the use of churchmen, and Mr. Blackwell had been selected as the translator. The Annotations of Bishop Mant had been fixed upon; but from some cause or other, this desirable object was never accomplished.

In the autumn of 1828, Mr. Blackwell attended the Royal *Eisteddfod* held at Denbigh, where he acted as one of the Judges upon several of the compositions sent in. He also received a premium, which had been offered some time previously for the best Elegy on the "Death of Bishop Heber." The prize was given by a gentleman unconnected with the committee of the *Eisteddfod*, though its award took place at that meeting. His appointment as one of the Judges upon the occasion necessarily precluded him from becoming a candidate for any of the prizes offered by the Committee of the *Eisteddfod*. He was invested with a medal as the proxy of his old friend and fellow-student, the Rev. Evan Evans, now of Ince, who was declared the successful candidate for the chair prize, "Belshazzar's feast." Mr. Blackwell was conducted to the Bardic chair amid the shouts of the assembly, and returned thanks for his absent friend in most eloquent, feeling, and affectionate terms, nearly as follows,—

I REGRET, that on this occasion, I am only a representative. My academical avocations, and the task imposed upon me as one of the adjudicators, would not allow me to aspire to any higher character; but I am glad that I now stand as the representative of a school-fellow and a friend, who, like myself, is indebted to a benevolent

hand for an introduction to the light of public notice from the obscure paths of life. I shall take care to tell him of the applause with which his name was greeted, and that by the badge with which I have just been invested, his country has enlisted him in her service—that from henceforth every throb of his heart, and every faculty of his soul, is exclusively to be dedicated to the literature and the general interests of his native hills. Many things conspire to make this one of the happiest days of my life. I am surrounded by Beirdd and Ofyddion, whom I venerate, and by Patrons, to whom I owe every thing in life. I wish such a day would last a hundred years. At these meetings, the patrons and the patronised come in collision—here the patrons greet their proteges with approving smiles, and the patronised, after sitting and toiling at magazines and their pamphlets, ‘report progress and ask leave to sit again.’ It is a fact not generally known beyond the confines of the Principality, that our monthly press issues out no fewer than fourteen periodicals, and, what is an anomaly in the history of literature, to the pages of these the peasantry are almost the only contributors. And what has been the result? Look to our cottages; there is scarcely a shelf without its magazine and its Bible. Indeed were I requested to point out the most striking feature of the Principality, I would not speak of the wooded glen that echoes the sounding cataract, or the blue lake that chequers the mountain scenery. I would mention none of Nature’s beauties—nor would I allude to the stupendous works of art that link our shores—I would fix my finger upon a bold, virtuous, and intelligent peasantry, who love their God and honour their king,—a peasantry with whom justice has sometimes to adjust her balance, but seldom to exert her sword. Should one thing more than another make my present situation pleasing, it is that I am seated in a chair—the spoil of one of *Twm o’r Nant’s* bardic contests—but I am sorry that even this classic station has not enabled me to return in a better manner the greetings with which, as my friend’s *locum tenens*, you have been pleased to receive me. (*The speaker was frequently greeted with the rapturous applause of the assembled thousands.*)

On the 25th of January 1829, Mr. Blackwell was ordained to the Curacy of Holywell. He entered upon his duties with a firm determination, in reliance upon the blessing of God, to “spend and be spent” for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the flock committed to his charge. His ministrations were singularly successful; and he soon attained a degree of popularity amongst his parishioners fully commensurate with the bright promises held forth by his previous celebrity in the walks of literature. The

The winning grace of his eloquence—the simple, pathetic, but elaborate style of his sermons—the terseness and epigrammatic point of his language—and the deep and pervading earnestness of his manner—all combined, to enthral his audience, and to cause them to “hang with rapture on his lips.” Whether in thundering forth the terrors of the law—in awakening the consciences of those who had been long hardened in a course of sin and rebellion—in whispering peace to the trembling suppliants at the bar of violated justice—in pouring the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit of the penitent—or in unfolding the glorious and inestimable promises of the gospel of salvation—he discharged the high and ennobling functions of an “ambassador of Christ” with a zeal, fidelity, watchfulness, and perseverance, which elicited the approbation of pious men, and were accompanied by an abundant blessing from the “Author of every good and perfect gift.” But it was amongst the poor, in an especial manner, that the usefulness of Mr. Blackwell’s ministry was most conspicuous. The heartfelt interest which he took in all their affairs—the sympathy which he evinced towards them in all their trials and sufferings—the cheerful alacrity with which he exerted himself to relieve their temporal wants—the meekness with which he reproved their faults—the encouragements which he afforded them while walking in the path of duty—and his labours “in season and out of season,” at the bed of sickness and over the dying couch—won for him a title than which none can be more dignified or honourable—that of being “the poor man’s parson.”

During his residence at Holywell, he contributed largely to the columns of the ‘*Gwyliedydd*,’ a publication conducted on Church principles, and which was rendered essentially subservient to the spread of sound information amongst the middle classes in the Principality. Most of

his communications to this and other periodicals were disguised under a variety of fictitious signatures, so that the identification of the whole of them becomes a matter of considerable difficulty; but, in respect to a large majority of them, the traces of that master-hand that could wield the weapons derived from the inexhaustible arsenal of his native language with such irresistible power, were too evident to leave a momentary doubt as to the authorship.

We should not here forget to mention, that in the month of August, 1832, Mr. Blackwell attended the *Eisteddfod*—a truly *Royal* one—which was held at Beaumaris, of the compositions produced at which he was appointed one of the adjudicators. On this occasion, he was invested by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess (now Queen) Victoria, with a medal for the best extemporaneous Epigrams ‘On the marriage of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart.,’ the President, and had the honour of being formally introduced to their Royal Highnesses. On the second day of the proceedings, after reciting the successful composition, he advanced to the front of the platform, and addressed the assembly to the following effect:—

THE absence of the gentleman who was expected to address you, (Mr. Price of Crickhowel) has induced some of the committee to request me to say a word on the subject of our meeting, in addition to what has been already so eloquently said. The objects of our *Eisteddfodau* are misrepresented, because they are misunderstood. It is said, that in endeavouring to preserve the peculiarities of our nation, we take a course that is likely to foster among our people a feeling of jealousy towards our fellow-subjects, and discontent with our rulers. But no accusation can be more groundless than this: no, we do not meet to mourn over the ruin of our independence, or to deplore the circumstances that led to our union with England. On this point we may adopt the language of Vaughan of Hengwrt, “We have been deceived to our advantage, we have suffered a loss to our gain.” We have no reason to clamour for “repeal.” A Descendant of our native princes fills the British throne,—and I am grateful to that Providence which has directed the footsteps of the Princely Heiress of that throne towards our green hills at this aus-

picious season ; and here in the eye of the sun and in the face of light, we confirm the ancient contract, that as long as blood flows through the veins of an ancient Briton, loyalty and attachment to the house of Brunswick will flow likewise.

It is also said, that our object through *Eisteddfodau* is to check the progress of the English language. If such had really been our object, we have truly adopted the most unlikely means for accomplishing our end, while we excite a thirst for information among our people. Much more English has been heard in Wales during the last twenty years—the age of modern *Eisteddfodau*—than had been learnt during the preceding fifty years. There are many of the best friends of the *Eisteddfodau* and of the Principality who would wish to see the English the vernacular language of our hills. The English is now the language of the island's commerce ; it is the language of our courts of justice : and while we live under the same laws and government, and have but one common interest with our fellow-subjects it were well if only one language prevailed. But how is this to be accomplished ? In looking back through the mist of years we find that in the seventh century Offa's dyke formed the boundary between the Welsh and English languages as vernacular : it is no more than a boundary yet. In looking around us on the aspect of things at the present moment we see no prospect of the speedy extinction of the Welsh language. It is still the language of our cottages, of our best and tenderest affections, and of our religion. Much more than one half of our population understand no other as the channel of any moral information, and the case is likely to be so for centuries to come. A nation does not change its language in a day ; yes, centuries have passed over since this work of change has commenced, and centuries must yet pass over and leave the work unaccomplished. But in the interval, while this process of changing the language is going on, what is to be done with our people ? Are we to make no effort for their mental improvement through the only medium by which they can profit ? Shall we allow them to sleep in the shade of ignorance ? Are they to elapse into barbarism until they learn another language ? Are the press and the pulpit to be sealed up, and is native talent to be silenced, until they can speak in another tongue ? During the last eleven centuries Welsh has lost but little ground. Many have learned English but they have not forgotten the language of their forefathers. Let it be granted that the English might be made the vernacular language of the country at the end of three centuries to come, what is to be done during the interval, if no effort is made to instruct them through the language they understand. Are they to sink into the grave ignorant of their duty to God and man—ignorant of the obligations of this life—and ignorant of the hope of another ? Common worldly policy is but a cold-hearted principle, but it forbids this. If all higher notions were wanting, common policy would say that while we lead our youths to the deeper fountains of intelligence which is found by means of the

language of our fellow-subjects, we should also cultivate the language of our forefathers as long as it remains the only medium of useful information to the majority of our countrymen: such were the motives of the founders of modern *Eisteddfodau*, such are still the motives of those who support them.

But it may be asked why are extraordinary meetings of this kind held among us? We conceive that the poverty of our land, which would check much literary enterprise, and the smallness in number and the scattered character of our population, render them necessary to arouse and keep up national talent and energies. And what has been the result of this attention to native literature and vernacular instruction? I remember well the interest excited when our eloquent friend, Mr. Price, of Crickhowel, (whose absence to-day we deeply regret,) at the Brecon *Eisteddfod* in 1826, threw down upon the platform specimens of six or eight Welsh monthly periodicals. The number of our periodicals is now increased to eighteen, and they still possess the same characteristics. Almost all are supported by the peasantry, both as writers and readers. The Welsh press has produced lately a second edition of a large Welsh-English Lexicon, by the first of our Celtic scholars, Dr. Pugh. *Paradise Lost* also has been translated by him, who alone was able properly to accomplish the task; and as a proof of the reading propensity, it may be mentioned that of a Welsh work on the New Testament, now being published in monthly numbers at Mold, no less than 8000 copies are sold. Next year we hope to commence a Welsh Cyclopædia. We trust, under the patronage of the London Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which, through the instrumentality of Mr. Ker, have lately evinced considerable interest in the welfare of the Principality. As a proof that *Eisteddfodau* have not been useless, it may be mentioned, that to the Wrexham *Eisteddfod*, in 1820, only 74 compositions in the whole were sent in for adjudication. At this *Eisteddfod* no fewer than 300 have been received. Every cottage has its reader; every hamlet has its bard; every market-town has its press; and that press has been hitherto kept pure, unpolluted by any immorality, unsullied by any impiety. It has hitherto worked so well, that at the present moment our cottage library is pretty well furnished. But there are higher and nobler results arising from the cultivation of native literature, and these are found in the improvement of our national character. In days of sedition and threatened anarchy, the Principality has been always tranquil and happy as a Goshen. Our peasantry are loyal, quiet, and industrious; they are growing in intelligence, and are growing in moral worth. Our hearths, if they are not filled with plenty, are filled with contentment; our prisons are empty. Mark the genuine peasant of our hills—if we mistake not, there is an impress of moral dignity upon his brow. Though inferior in intelligence to none in the same rank, yet concerning things beyond his sphere he meddles little. He knows little of political economy; he leaves things that he considers above him

to wiser heads ; he does not look much into the machinery of governments to see if every wheel is in its proper place. In saying this we have no political bias, we only describe the character of our peasantry, who, however unlearned they may be in other sciences, are learned and exemplary in all the duties of their stations ;—they fear their God,—they honour their King.

But an ancient Briton feels that he condescends rather low in arguing this point respecting the cultivation of his native literature upon utilitarian principles merely. Every nation has some distinct peculiarities. We have ours ; and as long as the cultivation of these does not make us worse subjects or worse men, there can be no harm in maintaining them. Is not nationality, and even national vanity, very frequently the root of patriotism ? and if this maintenance of national peculiarity be allowed to any people, it must be allowed to ourselves. The mountaineers of every country are notoriously attached to the customs and even prejudices of their fathers. There throbs a heart and there beats a pulse in the mountains far more warm and bounding than can be found in the plains. This may be owing in some measure to physical situation : the light and shade, the mossy summit, the deep blue and clear sky, the curtain of white and trailing mist which evening draws around the couch of the mountain spirit, the dancing stream, the bounding waterfall ; all these scenic witcheries must and do give a spring and elasticity to the soul not to be found in the lowlands. But this is not all : in these peculiarities, also, we find the traditions which were fastened first and deepest upon our infant memories. In them we find proof of the antiquity and distinctness of our race. The origin of the Cimbric nation and of the Cimbric language, eludes the keenest glance of the antiquary. He cannot carry his researches beyond a time when these customs were established, when these traditions were tales of old. Other languages can be traced to their origin,—other nations may have grown old in the company of time ; but the genius of Cimbric nationality and Cimbric lore has grown old, and her bards and minstrels were bald and blind with years, before history had ever commenced her chronicles of the Western World. And that which has not only its maturity, but its old age, beyond the perceptions of men and the recollections of time, must be immortal.

Some time after Mr. Blackwell settled at Holywell, an incident took place which introduced him to the notice of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Brougham,) and led to his promotion in the church. We cannot better detail the particulars connected with this part of his history than by inserting the interesting narrative of the circumstances, kindly furnished by H. Bellenden Ker, Esq., of Lincoln's

Inn, London, who, at the time referred to, was one of the Commissioners appointed to determine the boundaries of the Welsh Boroughs, under the Reform Act. The following is Mr. Ker's communication to the Publisher:—

SIR,

Lincoln's Inn, Oct. 10, 1849.

In answer to your letter requesting that I would state the circumstances which led to the bringing the late Mr. Blackwell under the notice of Lord Brougham, I should state, that while at Holywell as a Commissioner for fixing the boundaries of the Boroughs, for the purposes of the Reform Bill, it was necessary to make some enquiries; and finding the Vicar disinclined to afford me the requisite information, I was advised to call on Mr. Blackwell, who was then the Curate of Holywell. I was much struck by his talents, his simplicity, and the earnestness with which he spoke of his duties. On my return to Coed-du, near Mold, the residence of my friend Mr. John Taylor, I mentioned the opinion I had formed of Mr. Blackwell's talents and attainments,—reproaching Mr. Taylor and the neighbouring gentry for their ignorance of such a remarkable person. I soon discovered my error, and found that Mr. Blackwell was a native of Mold; that his merits had early been discovered by persons far more capable of estimating them than myself; and that he had by their liberality been sent to Jesus College, Oxford.

Having long enjoyed the friendship of Lord Brougham, and well knowing that no case similar to that of Mr. Blackwell was ever brought under his notice, without his eagerly using all means in his power of affording help, I forwarded to his Lordship a statement of the case, accompanied not only by my own notions of Mr. Blackwell's merits, but supported by the ample testimony of others. The answer was, "that Mr. Blackwell should have the first vacant living in North Wales which was in the gift of the Chancellor." I believe Lord Brougham was not at the time aware that his patronage in North Wales was very limited; and therefore the friends of Mr. Blackwell expected little from this. The first Welsh living that did fall vacant was that of Manordeivy, in South Wales. Mr. Blackwell was not forgotten, and though the promise was of a living in North Wales, and although I have reason to know application was pressed on the Chancellor from the highest quarter, for this very preferment, the offer was made to Mr. Blackwell, as soon as it had been ascertained that there was no objection as to language, &c., to his undertaking the duties of a living in South Wales.

When I first forwarded to Mr. Blackwell, Lord Brougham's promise, he wrote a letter to his Lordship, which I fear is lost. I well recollect that its elegance and simplicity was much admired, and that it was shewn by Lord Brougham to the late Lord Grey, who observed that its epistolary merit was inferior only to Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield.

When the intended appointment was communicated to Mr. Blackwell, although on the receipt of the promise he had felt no hesitation about accepting any preferment; yet when the time arrived for him to leave Holywell, where he felt he was doing much good to a large number, he hesitated, and at last was only persuaded to accept it after visiting Manordeivy, so as to judge how far his services might be useful; and on condition that he should be allowed to remain for some time longer at Holywell, in order to conclude certain duties which he had undertaken. I should mention that his appointment was in nowise connected with party politics, and I know that no enquiry was made on that head: as far as I remember, I think I heard afterwards that he was a Tory.

Either from my not clearly understanding the name of the new living, or from its not being very plainly written, Mr. Blackwell, when he made his visit of inspection, was sent by me to a place with a similar name in another county; and on arriving there found the Incumbent in excellent health, and somewhat surprised at the inopportune appearance of his successor. It was not till after his return to Holywell that the mistake was explained. I wish I could find the letter he wrote to me under his disappointment. Nothing could be more gay and kind; and, having experienced great hospitality from the Incumbent, he expressed great pleasure to find that he was alive, though he thereby, as he supposed, lost his preferment.

I remain,

Your very faithful servant,

To Mr. I. Clarke, Ruthin.

H. BELLENDEN KER.

After many efforts were made by his parishioners at Holywell to induce Mr. Blackwell to protract his stay amongst them, the time at length arrived, when he felt constrained by a sense of duty to bid them an affectionate farewell, and to assume the pastoral charge of the parish of Manordeivy, in Pembrokeshire. The manner in which his labours at Holywell had been appreciated will be best ascertained by a reference to the proceedings which took place at a public breakfast, to which he was invited by a number of his friends, on the eve of his departure, and at which he was presented with a suitable memorial of regard and esteem, for the exemplary discharge of his duties while Curate. This splendid testimonial was presented to him in the presence of a large number of his friends and

parishioners, and consisted of a splendid tea service. One of the salvers bore the following inscription:—

A TEA SERVICE,

Consisting of Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Sugar Basin, and Cream Ewer,
together with this and a corresponding Salver,

WAS PRESENTED TO THE REV. JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A.,

CURATE OF HOLYWELL,

By a number of his affectionate Parishioners and Friends, as a small token of their Gratitude and Esteem. Esteem for his character as a Friend and a Minister of the Gospel; and Gratitude for the zealous, conscientious, and truly pious manner in which he discharged his duties during four years residence in this Parish.

Holywell, 26th February, 1833.

In presenting the testimonial, Mr. Mostyn, as chairman of the committee of management, addressed the company to the following effect:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Before we proceed to the business of the day, allow me to express the gratification I feel in witnessing so numerous and highly respectable an assembly. We are met to compliment a person whose unquestionable talents have long rendered him an object of admiration,—not to us only, who have been so intimately connected with him,—but to the Principality at large. He has contributed much to the promotion of his native literature, but it was left to Holywell to reap the fruit of his consummate talents, his Christian virtues, and activity and diligence, as a Christian minister. The duties of a minister are not confined to the church alone, but are multifarious; and, that this is the opinion of Mr. Blackwell himself, his past conduct affords the most convincing proof. During the time he has been amongst us, we have seen him employed in almost every species of active benevolence. In the early part of his career in this parish, I well remember his activity during a severe winter; when the distresses of the poor called for the consideration of the more opulent, his services were most valuable. After this, follow him to the Clothing Club,—an institution from which so much good has already arisen to the poor of this parish, and from which much more is likely to accrue:—witness him here spending his valuable time in contributing to the comforts of our poorer neighbours, and administering to their wants where they were most deficient. Then call to mind his exemplary and Christian-like conduct during the time that that frightful disease—the cholera—was making its ravages amongst us:—on these occasions he was continually at his post, soothing and consoling the dying moments of many who had become victims of that dreadful malady. But time would fail me, were I to enumerate all the interesting and leading features of Mr. Blackwell's character and conduct during the time he has been amongst us.

Mr. Mostyn then addressed Mr. Blackwell, as follows:—

REVEREND SIR,—You are aware that a subscription has been entered into, by your admirers and well-wishers, to present you with some suitable testimony of their esteem for the meritorious manner in which you have performed your duties whilst Curate of Holywell: the amount of the subscription has been devoted to the purchase of this service of plate. The Committee of management have chosen me as the organ, on the present occasion, of presenting this mark of their esteem—a duty which I feel the highest pleasure in performing. I, as an individual, can lay no claim to the merit of instituting it: it originated amongst those who are the best judges of your deserts—your nearer neighbours and fellow-townsmen. I consider it to be a just compliment to yourself, as also to our excellent and worthy Vicar, who was so happy in the selection of you as his Curate. The simplicity of the pattern is a proof that it is not intended as an ostentatious shew. With regard to yourself, this is a testimony that it cannot be said of you in the words of the poet,—

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

You will therefore accept of this as a reward for the meritorious, conscientious, and truly pious discharge of your arduous duties as Curate of Holywell. Before I conclude, I beg in the name of those whose poverty precluded their contributing to the purchase of this memorial—in the name of the poorer classes, I return you my heartfelt thanks for the interest you have invariably exercised in their behalf. And in conclusion, I beg to offer up an humble prayer to that God who has protected you hitherto, that He may grant you health, long life, and prosperity.

Mr. Blackwell spoke in reply as follows:—

MR. MOSTYN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You will easily believe me, that the kindness you have shewn me this day, has left me without words to express what I feel. The friendly disposition which you have displayed towards me for the last four years, is this day crowned with a splendid memorial of your regard. Though I am fully conscious that I have no merit which could claim such a token, still I accept it, and I accept it in some degree as a proof of your attachment to the Church of England, in the person of one of the humblest of her ministers. You cling to her in her adversity,—in these days of rebuke. When calumny makes her the object of bitterest attack, you rally round her standard. With regard to many calumnies, our venerable church can afford to wrap herself in the mantle of her integrity, and smile at them. The arrows of her enemies recoil upon themselves. Still it is impossible in the rolling of years for any establishment to be free from a liability to abuse; and if there are abuses in the external management of the church,

which have nothing to do with its essentials,—many of them are consequences of the circumstances in which the church has been involuntarily placed: a few simple remedies would correct these. Let every pretence for contention be removed between the Incumbent and his flock; let tithes be commuted;—none desire this more than the clergy themselves. Cure one principal deficiency, and you will cure many minor ones. For instance, by application of some other revenue, make every parish able to support its own minister, and at once you put an end to two evils—pluralities and non-residence. As to pluralities, they are inseparable from the present system. I speak in the presence of two exemplary clergymen, who are Incumbents of populous parishes, but parishes unable to support their ministers: in them plurality is certainly no fault. By enabling the Incumbent to build a glebe house also, you would take away every excuse for non-residence; but I go too much into detail. I trust, however, that the result of the present attack on our venerable establishment will be to make her ministers more professional, spiritually-minded, and diligent; and to make her lay members recur oftener to the principles of their religion, and cherish them more and more.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I accept this as a proof, that when you see a person in a public situation, endeavouring to do his duty, your kindness looks upon that duty as accomplished. This anxiety to act as I ought to act, has been indeed my only claim to your regard. I came amongst you under every disadvantage, but you bore with my imperfections; and often, when I might have expected your censure, you gave me your approbation. With regard to any part I took in your charitable institutions, was not the privilege mine—the honour mine? Out of the more immediate design of his profession, what object is there more worthy of a clergyman's ambition than to be able in any humble way to make the cottage of the poor man smile? As to my public ministrations, I shall say nothing, it was well for me that I had the example of my worthy Vicar. With respect to him and the kindness I received at his hands, and especially at the hands of one now in a better world, I shall say that I hope he may realize the picture of Goldsmith's clergyman of Auburn:—

“Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Tho' round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.”

Ladies and Gentlemen,—You will forgive me, but proceedings like the present recall to me the past—if the past were ever absent from my memory. Nine years to these days I left my father's humble dwelling to commence Latin, under Mr. Richards of Berriew;—that was the dawn of my brighter days. I shall never forget the circumstance. Some promises of education had been made me in earlier years, but they faded before they were fulfilled. When the last beam of hope that chequered my clouded prospects became dim, Providence, through Mr. Clough, whom I shall always call my

first and chiefest friend, raised me patrons among my fellow-townsmen, who knew every step of my history ; and they paved my way to the University, and through the University to you ; and I shall never forget that during this progress, I was enabled to attend to the last wants, and smooth the dying pillow of my poor but worthy parents. Oh, if you want to know the most heartfelt luxury, look at the grave of those who bore you, and be able to say that you have done every thing in your power to make their evening sun set in smiles. I must apologize for this glance at my earlier history. I would wish my acceptance of this memorial to be a pledge of future exertions in the path you have approved. You are perfectly aware of the events that call me away. The disinterested kindness of a stranger (Mr. Ker) but a stranger who had the heart of a friend, recommended me to the notice of the Lord Chancellor, without my knowledge, and his Lordship, without any application of mine, placed Manordeivy at my choice. I followed the advice of my friends and accepted it ; and I feel it a duty to go and reside amongst those who are committed to my care. But wherever I go, I hope I shall carry with me your good wishes, as, I assure you, you have mine. The future is a dark book,—nothing but time can unravel its pages. There is nothing certain,—yes, one thing is certain—the sensations which the events of this day have excited in my heart shall go down with me to the grave. I shall cherish this memorial of your regard as long as I live ; and whatever relative shall chiefly regard my memory, to him it shall descend as a proof of the happiness of my lot amongst you, and as a proof of your kindness. Yes ; the sensations I now feel, I shall always nourish, and if I forget them—

“ Be my tongue mute,
Let fancy paint no more, and dead to joy
Forget my heart to beat.”

At the above meeting, the Rev. J. Jones, Vicar of Holywell, remarked, that “it afforded him the greatest gratification that his selection of Mr. Blackwell as his Curate should have given such general satisfaction, and that his conduct had merited so flattering a mark of esteem.” The Rev. C. B. Clough, Vicar of Mold, observed that “the company might judge of his feelings at witnessing the high hope and expectation he always entertained of Mr. Blackwell so far realized,” and he trusted “that if removed from the place which was then to be the scene of his labours, his future parishioners would, like themselves, be sorrowing that they should see his face no more ; and when the term of his labours was ended, his Judge

and Master would say to him, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'” The Rev. Henry Jones, Vicar of Northop, added—“I have known your Curate a long time, and the more I know of him the more I see in him to admire. I believe him to be an ardent, zealous, and pious minister of Christ; and when his time is come that he must render an account of his ministry, may he receive the approbation of his Divine Master.”

Before he took final leave of the place, he had another painful duty to discharge,—to address the congregation whose minister he had been during a period of four years, for the last time from the pulpit. He delivered his farewell sermon March 10th, 1833, taking for his text, Phil. 1. 27., which was afterwards published by the request of those who heard it, and widely circulated.

Thus terminated his career at Holywell. The time he spent here was probably the most useful portion of his ministry.

On his leaving for Manordeivy, he was accompanied by a friend as far as the boundary between North and South Wales. When Mr. Blackwell was informed that he had reached the line of demarcation, he alighted from his horse, and went on his knees on the North side, and thanked his Heavenly Father for the many blessings which had been bestowed upon him in that part of the Principality; and he then crossed to the other side, and besought the God who had hitherto been his Guide and Protector, to bless his labours in the Southern portion of the Welsh vineyard which had been allotted to him.

When Mr. Blackwell first settled in South Wales, he found himself under the necessity of taking lodgings for a considerable time at Cardigan, a few miles distant from his parish church, as the glebe house was in such a state of dilapidation as to be unfit for him to reside in it until

it was rebuilt. In all his letters to different friends, he evinces much anxiety to be useful in his new scene of labour, and lays down many plans for improving the state of things in his parish. Through his exertions a new Schoolhouse was built in a remote part of the parish where lay the bulk of the population; and this was licensed by the Bishop for divine service, where eventually he had one service every Sunday afternoon, and the morning one in his parish church as usual. When he first came to Manordeifi, there was only one service on a Sunday in it, and that, it appears, was almost entirely in Welsh. Finding many respectable families under his pastoral care, and that neither they nor their domestics understood the Welsh language, he doubled the Sunday services, by establishing an English one in addition to the other in Welsh. "The manner in which the thing was done," he observes in writing to a friend, "happened to please so much, that the parishioners have planned a better road to approach the church, which is nearly completed. It is also their intention to throw a bridge over the Teivy, that those families who prefer English may be able to attend." In another letter written to his sister soon after he arrived at his destination, he thus expresses himself:—"Though I came here almost unexpectedly, the congregation yesterday at Manordeivy was as large as the church could hold.—May my coming among them be a blessing both to me and to them."

Whilst his parents were alive, he always took the deepest interest in their welfare, as we have already observed, and constantly relieved their wants out of the scanty means he had at his disposal. After their death, the object nearest to his heart was to support above want and discredit an only sister, with a helpless husband, and to enable her to bring up her numerous children, and to put them on a way likely to lead to virtue and happiness.

“In doing this,” he observes, “I have known many difficulties; but if it should please God to prolong my life for a short time, I shall be free from such difficulties.” Nothing gives a stronger proof of his kindness of heart and truly amiable disposition than his behaviour towards all his relations, after he had been elevated to a station in life considerably above them, and the manner in which he endeavoured, even under trying circumstances, to relieve them, though in so doing he was often obliged to deprive himself of many comforts. His sister’s eldest son he brought up to the church, and he is now the Incumbent of Llantysilio, near Llangollen.

Soon after Mr. Blackwell’s appointment to Manordeivy, the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge undertook to publish a Magazine in the Welsh language, upon a plan similar to the Penny Magazine in English. And his correspondence with Lord Brougham at the time his Lordship conferred upon him his preferment, was the means of inducing the committee of that Society to request Mr. Blackwell to become the Editor of the new publication. The first number appeared in January, 1834, and was called ‘*Y Cylchgrawn.*’ It was published at Llandovery, by Mr. Rees, who has since sent out from his press many useful works connected with native literature. The principal object in establishing this publication was set forth in the introduction to the first number; which we find was to supply the Welsh readers with a cheap periodical, containing articles of general information in their own language. There were at that time about a dozen Welsh periodicals of various kinds circulated in the Principality; but these were almost entirely devoted to religious subjects, and each of them was the organ of some religious sect. It appeared, therefore, that a publication on the plan proposed, was a thing much wanted, and likely to meet with considerable success; more particularly

as it was published under the auspices of a Society so well known, and superintended by so eminent a Welsh writer. The reverse, however, proved to be the case; for in less than two years it was discontinued for want of support; and Mr. Rees suffered a great loss by it the first year, though Mr. Blackwell charged nothing for his services, and the Society, we believe, advanced a considerable sum to aid the undertaking. It was carried on after the first year by Mr. Evans of Carmarthen, as publisher, who, in about six months, was obliged to give it up, and was himself a considerable loser by the undertaking.

This circumstance is mentioned by the "Commissioners of Enquiry into the state of Education in Wales," in order to show the great difficulty of prevailing upon the Welsh people to take an interest in any books or periodicals except those which contain polemical discussions and religious information. But another circumstance not noticed by them is supposed to have had some influence, especially in North Wales, in limiting the circulation of the '*Cylchgrawn*.' The '*Gwladgarwr*,' another periodical of a similar nature had been commenced at Chester a short time previously. This was published by Mr. Seacome, under the superintendence of the Rev. Evan Evans, (*Ieuan Glan Geirionydd*). It had a good circulation for several years, and was much read for some time, but most of its supporters eventually withdrew, and it was discontinued.

The books and periodicals published in the Welsh language are chiefly taken in and read by the middle and lower classes, while the gentry prefer English publications, as they cannot read nor understand the Welsh language. The literature of Wales, therefore, is a thing almost entirely created and supported by the peasantry, assisted by some of the clergy, who, like Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Evans, are anxious to supply their countrymen, unacquainted with English, with some medium of information better

than what they themselves are able to furnish. But until the better class of the community who are connected with the Principality, either by property or residence, will give their cordial support to works published in Welsh, the same misfortune will always attend every attempt to raise the character of Welsh literature, as we have already witnessed in the case of the two foregoing periodicals. Theological works, and periodicals containing religious discussions, are supported by the particular sects to which they belong, and are looked upon, in some degree, as essential to the very existence of those sects. But cheap publications on subjects of general information would in time find readers among the Welsh portion of the inhabitants, and tend much to allay that feeling of animosity and bitterness, which at present prevails in many publications emanating from the Welsh press.

As to the merit of the '*Cylchgrawn*,' and the high place it holds among the literary productions of the Principality, we have the following testimony of the Rev. John Jones, (*Tegid*,) Vicar of Nevern, Pembrokeshire, who is well known as a distinguished Welsh scholar and writer:—"The '*Cylchgrawn*' was conducted with great ability, and will remain a lasting monument of Mr. Blackwell's great command of the Welsh language. His translations from the English are perfect models, worthy of being imitated. They contain the purest Welsh, and in them are not lost the spirit and vigour of the originals. In no modern publication is to be found language superior as to elegance of style or purity of diction. There is, it must be confessed, about his manner of writing, a kind of bewitchery that captivates the reader. Having formed a clear idea himself, Mr. Blackwell could convey the same to others in words the most simple and appropriate that could be found. His sentences flowing like a strong majestic stream, carry the reader along with delightful pleasure."

Most of the prose articles in the '*Cylchgrawn*' were translated from the Penny Magazine and other publications of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but the poetry was selected from the works of the most eminent Welsh bards, both ancient and modern. In adapting the various articles to the state of knowledge in Wales, and to the taste of the people, Mr. Blackwell showed much skill and judgment. After the trial of a twelve month the publication proved a losing concern, and it was supposed that if half a sheet were devoted in each number to local news and passing events, it might render the '*Cylchgrawn*' more popular and greatly increase its sale. Mr. Blackwell thus mentions the subject in writing to Mr. Ker.—“The Welsh have no * Newspaper in their language, and they naturally feel anxious to know what is going on around them; but I do not feel authorized to alter anything without the Society's sanction.”.....“I am very unwilling to give up a publication which is likely to do good to my poor countrymen; on the other hand, I am almost convinced that if it is not made more attractive, by the introduction of local news, it will not remunerate the Publisher.”

From the address of the Editor at the close of the first year, we translate the following, to show the nature of the work.—“After our address in the first number, and after a trial of twelve months of what we promised therein, it is almost unnecessary for us now to say much more of the object of our publication. This was sincere, and still continues so. We were not willing that the Welsh, the people we love most of any under heaven, should live surrounded by the wonders of Creation and Providence, and yet should know little about them. For this reason, the wonders of nature occupied much of our pages; and

* It was the case then, but there are at present two Welsh Newspapers which have a large circulation.

through the kindness of that excellent Society, which patronizes our undertaking, we were enabled to present the Welsh with numerous woodcuts to illustrate those important subjects. Another object, partly accomplished by our publication, was to exhibit, as if in a museum, the scattered remains of our ancient monuments. Circumstances over which we had no control prevented us from devoting as much space as we could have wished to these during the first year: the next shall make up this deficiency. We have no reason to blush when we mention our ancestors. Their valour in withstanding oppression and wrong, during a period of fifteen hundred years, still remains a marvel to the world. In all their struggles, which lasted for so many ages, they never stained any foreign soil with blood, nor raised their banners upon plains, which were not their own. Their sword was not unsheathed until the enemy disturbed the peace of their dwellings, and directed his lance against their wives and children..... To collect the bardic remains of our mountain land, which are hastening to oblivion, and deposit them in the '*Cylchgrawn*,' was another object that we had in view; and we shall take care not to forget this in future..... We have also constantly endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the lower classes those virtues which we may call the '*virtues of the fireside*,'—contentment, economy, industry, cleanliness, and other similar habits, which adorn men as Christians and as members of society. There is no part of Europe where it is easier to live economically, cleanly, and contentedly, than in Wales; and oh! how happy is even the most lonely cottage where these qualities are found..... God forbid that we should for a moment forget that there are other things of infinitely greater importance,—things belonging to another world. All these virtues are nothing, and less than nothing, when compared with those; yet we have been often surprised

that we never found true religion in a very flourishing state where idleness and filth prevailed."

Mr. Blackwell's constant application to this periodical at unseasonable hours laid the foundation of that disease, which, in the course of a few years, made him the wreck of what he had been, and ended in a fit of apoplexy, which was several times repeated before his death. He was always a very sociable man, and his society was much sought for. Possessing great wit and a fund of anecdotes, he was generally the life of every company; yet he never upon those occasions exceeded the bounds of propriety. And so it was that after returning home from some of his friends, late in the evening, he would frequently sit up all night to prepare the articles required for the press. It was too generally his habit to leave a thing undone to the last hour, and when the time approached, he was often compelled to work at it day and night in order to get it finished.

In one of his letters to his sister, written the first year after he had settled in South Wales, we find an account given of the way in which he lived, and from that account his habits seem then to have been regular and systematic. "Do you wish to know how I spend the week," he says, "thus it is; and the history of a week is the history of a year, as there is but little difference between one week and another. On Sunday I have my hands full,—English service in the morning, and Welsh in the afternoon. On Monday and Tuesday I am generally at home, reading and writing. On Wednesday, if one of our monthly clerical meetings is held, I am there. On the remaining portion of the week, I am either at home or visiting my parish."

We may here observe that these monthly meetings of the clergy are almost peculiar to the Southern part of the Principality, and were established in the time of Bishop

Burgess. They are held in rotation in the different parishes of each Rural Deanery. The clergy meet and have services in church, and some of the most eminent among them preach upon the occasion. Mr. Blackwell was frequently asked to do this. His style of preaching is thus described by a neighbouring clergyman who had an opportunity of hearing him at those meetings:—"His sermons were always carefully composed, his diction elegant, matter substantial, style uniform, his appeals pressing and fervent, and always delivered with the *ore rotundo* of an Italian." This has reference to his Welsh preaching. He generally used manuscript, but in the delivery of his sermons he did not confine himself to what he had written.

In the year 1836, there were evident symptoms that Mr. Blackwell's health was declining, for in the course of the spring he felt some premonitory signs of a paralytic attack; and before the beginning of autumn there were indications which could not be mistaken that a serious disorder was at work undermining his constitution. Of this he himself appears to be fully sensible, as we may infer from the following letter addressed to his nephew, on the 16th of September, 1836.—"I should have answered your two former letters sooner had I not waited until I should have something to say respecting my projected visit to North Wales. I had pictured to myself the pleasure I should enjoy in visiting many friends. But

"Hi Rhagluniaeth ddirgel sydd yn gwau ;
 Ac fel pe byddai am ddyrysu'n llwyr
 Y bwriad goreu a ddyfeisia dyn,
 Wnaeth oll yn groes."

My Heavenly Father, whose I am, and whom I serve, has thought fit to send me a warning that I am but a stranger and pilgrim on earth, and that here I have no continuing city; but this was not done by so serious and alarming a

visitation as you were informed of: nothing so dangerous as apoplexy. All my limbs, thanks to the Great God, possess their strength; neither my senses nor my faculties fail me. The cause of my illness (and I am not yet well,) was an effusion of blood into the head. Whilst this lasts, it is both painful and dangerous, and almost all the vital functions come to a stand-still; but bleeding in the arm soon restores them. I felt it for the first time last April, on a cold day, after I had perspired when preaching at a monthly meeting. I am almost daily suffering from severe headache."

From another letter addressed to his sister Dec. 2nd, 1836, we make the following extract.—"Be not anxious about my health. Thanks to the Father of mercies, I feel now as well as ever; and with care, and the blessing of God upon the means employed for my recovery, I hope ere long to have as cheerful a mind and active a body as I once had. But all this is in the hand of God; and

"O dan law Duw—dyna le da."

Many a long night, when I knew not if I should see the morning, it has been my comfort to think that there was One with his eyes open watching over me. I had strength often to say—'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good;' and had there not been some strong ties binding me down to earth, I would have preferred to depart. And believe me, dear Tabitha, you and your little ones were the strongest of these ties."

Another letter to his nephew, dated February, in the following year, shows that he was visited by the same symptoms as we have already noticed, soon after he had written the above. It begins thus:—"I am sure that you and your dear mother have been distressed at my long and harassing silence. You shall have the sad unvarnished tale as it is.—In the fall of the year, the

headache and general nervousness which you observed I was troubled with, returned with redoubled force. I underwent almost every variety of medical treatment,—bleeding in every shape, by lancet, leeches, and cupping; besides strong aperients daily: this made me both thinner and better. During the interval I am describing, my hours moved in sadness, not from fear of dying, though for some weeks I thought I felt the arrows of death rankling in my heart; yet I knew of One, the Divine Redeemer, ‘whose I am, and whom I serve,’ who has been ‘death unto death.’ I trusted in him and was at peace. But there were earthly ties which I found it difficult to break, without breaking my very heart-strings,—among those was that which bound me to your dear and excellent mother and her family. I felt sorrowful also that I had not done more for my Heavenly master; but in all I was enabled to say with Eli, ‘It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.’ At last my Doctor told me that the best thing I could do was, to have an issue on the back part of my neck; this has been done a week ago, and though the trial of it has been but short, it has already proved beneficial.”

On the 19th July, 1839, he was married to Miss Dear of Pistill, near Holywell, who survives him. This union proved the source of much comfort and consolation to him during the remaining portion of his afflicted life.

The last letter we find from his pen was written to his sister in the early part of that year, and we may infer from its contents that he had some sad forebodings that his earthly career was drawing to its close. After stating the many plans which he had laid down to provide for her and her children, he ends with these words:—“These, my dear Tabitha, are the vain thoughts which amuse my imagination; but sometimes the terror of a cloud comes over all these expectations. God alone rules. ‘Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are

the habitation of his throne.' 'The way of man is not in himself.' Sometimes after preparing for many years of happiness, in the company of those whom I love most of all earthly objects, a portion of an Elegy by Williams of Pant-y-celyn, comes into my mind like an arrow from the bow.—

“ Fe feddyliodd wneyd ei gartrau
Yma lawer o flynyddau ;
Priodi, planu, adeiladu,
Gwneyd ei nyth yn hardd i fynu.
Angeu'n gweithio dan y sylfan
Ddadymchwelodd ei holl amcan ;
Ty o bridd 'nawr sydd iddo'n barod,
Caiff gysgu'n dawel yn y beddrod,
Nes adgyfodi ar wêdd ei briod.”

In the early part of the following year, 1840, his disease returned with redoubled vigour, and left slight hopes of his recovery. But he lingered on until May 19th, when he was released from earthly sorrow and suffering. During his protracted illness he expressed perfect submission to the will of Heaven, and evinced great Christian resignation to his last moments.

Thus, at the early age of forty-three, ended the life of a man whose personal history is, in many respects, one of peculiar interest. Like some noble river which rises as a small stream in a remote mountain-district, and, wending its way through a rough ravine amidst shattered rocks and brush-wood, gains strength as it advances, until at length it appears in its fulness on the open plain, to pursue its course but a short distance before it reaches the ocean, and is lost in the mighty deep: such was the mortal career of the Rev. John Blackwell. It commenced in obscurity, and struggled long in its course with formidable difficulties. It surmounted them all, and at length he entered on the theatre of public life and honourable employment, surrounded by all the advantages of experience, education, talent, and renown. But his course was soon

cut short by the hand of death; and the mighty mind that actuated it, passed from hence to mingle with kindred spirits in the realms above.

When we consider the various difficulties which he overcame,—his fidelity in his friendship,—his sincere love and zeal for religion,—his kindness to his relations, and his numerous services to the cause of literature in his country, together with his constant expression of the most lively gratitude to God and submission to his will,—his life, like his writings, will bear to be re-considered and re-perused with the utmost attention, and will display fresh beauties and excellencies upon every examination.

A marble tablet has been set up to his memory in Manordeivy church, bearing this inscription:—

M. S.

JOHANNIS BLACKWELL, A. B.,

Hujus ecclesiæ Rectoris, in re exili natus sublatusque, ingenii vi clarus,

Patrias litteras coluit et ornavit

Sincerae religionis præcepta docte et facunde tradidit.

Natus in agro Ordovicum A. D. MDCCXCVii.

Obiit xix mo. die mensis maii A. D. MDCCCXL.

Hoc marmor mortui conjugis memoriæ sacratum, amoris et desiderii testimonium

P. C.

MATILDA BLACKWELL.

TRANSLATION.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of the

REV. JOHN BLACKWELL, B. A.,

RECTOR OF THIS CHURCH,

Born and reared in humble circumstances, renowned for the power of his genius,

He cultivated and adorned the literature of his country,

And delivered the precepts of pure religion with learning and eloquence.

He was born in North Wales, A. D. 1797, He died May 19th, 1840.

This marble, consecrated to the Memory of her departed Husband,
was erected

As a testimony of love and affection,

by

MATILDA BLACKWELL.

CRITICISM ON HIS WRITINGS.

OF the various compositions in prose and verse contained in this volume, it will be found that they vary considerably in point of merit, according to the time of life in which they were written. The author never collected his Poems or Prose writings with a view of publishing them during his lifetime, which is a circumstance very much to be regretted; for in that case several of his first productions might have undergone considerable alteration and improvement. Some of these were written on subjects proposed for competition at the different provincial or local *Eisteddfodau* held in the Principality, for the encouragement of poetry and music according to the ancient custom of Wales, to which we have already referred. At those meetings the bards were expected to confine themselves in their writings to the metres included in the twenty four canons, or rules of Welsh prosody. And this will account for his adopting those metres in so many of his earlier productions: but in this species of poetry he must be considered inferior to some of his contemporaries. He never gained such mastery over the Welsh alliteration (*cynghanedd*;) as we find in the works of the best bards of the present and the last century. And he soon abandoned this method of writing, as a thralldom not suited to his genius; and looked upon it as a thing belonging to the scanty store of information possessed by the bards of ancient days, rather than the medium of conveying poetical ideas in a form suitable to the enlarged views and greater information possessed by people of modern times. Hence we find him entering upon a new path; and from that time he may be looked upon in some

degree as the father of a new school of poetry among the bards of Wales. Instead of the old rules, and the system of consonancy so peculiar to Welsh poetry, he adopted metres similar to those used by the most popular of modern English writers, and endeavoured to set forth the beauty and power of the language by making it the vehicle of the sublime and pathetic in writing, rather than alluring by the sound and echo of its alliterations. And here he stands unrivalled. The soft and insinuating grace of his language, and the judicious arrangement of sublime and pathetic ideas which abound in some of his most perfect poems, may well cause them to be justly ranked as models in our language. If we do not find in them the impetuous flow of versification, and the torrent rush of chosen sounds, which distinguish the writings of some of our most eminent modern bards, they are more replete than any of them, with elegance and beauty, and the softer graces of a more cultivated genius.

Those writers who have been nursed around Snowdon, the Parnassus of Wales, and cradled in the storms of the Arvonian hills, are considered generally to bear the palm in the ancient style of Welsh poetry. Among the most eminent of these stands Dewi Wynn, who was our author's contemporary. And if we form a comparison between the two, it will enable us to see where lies the peculiar merit of the one and the other. Mr. Blackwell's poetry is read with delight, and that of Dewi Wynn, with a degree of astonishment. The former leads us by the meandering streams of his native valley, when the meridian sun is shining in its splendour, and the distant hills are clothed with their gorgeous apparel; but the latter takes us among the rugged and lofty mountains, to listen to the roar of conflicting elements, and the loud echo of incessant cataracts tumbling headlong over rocks and precipices. The poetry of the one finds its way into the heart by a sort of magic, but

that of the other takes the heart by storm. Mr. Blackwell possessed the lively genius and the fertile imagination of Ovid, and consecrated his talent to better purposes than the bard of Sulmo; whilst Dewi Wynn in grandeur of expression, energy and magnificence of style, and bold metaphors, trod in the footsteps of Pindar.

The two Odes, one on Maesgarmon, and the other on the Birth of Edward II., are among the first prize poems written by our author. They contain some passages of great beauty, whilst other parts are tame and not much to the point. They are not framed after any Welsh models, but the original design of both is of a more modern cast. The plan is not well sustained in either. The digressions are too long; and some of the verses are forced and unnatural. They may, however, taken as a whole, be looked upon as pieces of considerable merit, and no doubt would have been much superior had he his choice of metre.

His Elegy on the death of Bishop Heber is one of his happiest productions. The plan is original, and since the publication of the poem, it has often been imitated, which is a strong testimony in its favour. A native of India, one of Schwartz's disciples, is introduced, who tells the calamity that befel his benighted country in the untimely loss of the amiable Bishop Heber. The following lines are full of poetical beauties:—

“Fy ngwlad! O fy ngwlad, lle gorwedd fy nhadau!
 Ai mangre y nôs fyddi byth fel yn awr?
 Y Seren a dybiais oedd Seren y borau,
 Ar nawn ei dysgleirdeb a syrthiodd i lawr;
 Y dwyrain a wenai, y tymmor tywynodd,
 A godreu y cwmwl cadduglyd oreurodd;
 Dysgwyliais am haul—ond y Seren fachludodd
 Cyn i mi weled ond cysgod y wawr.”

“Yn ofer y tardd trwy dy dîr heb eu gofyn
 Ddillynion pêr anian yn fil ac yn fyrdd;
 Yn ofer y gwisgwyd pob dól a phob dyffryn
 A dillad Paradwys yn wyn ac yn wyrdd;” &c., &c.

The only fault of this Elegy in our opinion is that it concludes before the subject is well exhausted; more might have been said, and well said, to great advantage. When we reach the conclusion we do not expect it, and we are wishing for something more.

“Y plant a feithrinit neshaent am dy fendith,
A gwenent wrth deimlo dy law ar eu pen;”

and

“Athrylith, Athroniaeth, a dysg ar Awenau,
A blethent eu llawryf o gylch dy arleisiau;
Tithau’n ddi-fôst a dderbyniaist eu cedau,
I’w hongian yn offrwm ar drostan y groes:”

are gems seldom equalled by any bard of Wales, either ancient or modern, and probably never surpassed.

His translations have peculiar merit. He has a happy method of expressing the meaning of the original without being too servile in following it. That of Pope’s *Messiah* is his happiest, for which the prize was divided between him and the late Bard of Nantglyn, at Ruthin. He adopted the same metre as that of the English; and singular enough, he has been able to turn the poem into Welsh without exceeding the number of lines in the original. This was attempting too much, for in almost every instance, Welsh words contain more syllables than the corresponding English words. And we find many instances in the translation, where our author, with all his command of language and skill in modifying his words, is much put about to finish his lines where the original end, and his sentences are sometimes so concise as to become obscure. The following lines however are more beautiful even than the original:—

“Tyf palmwydd gwyrdd yn mangre’r grinllyd berth,
A myrtwydd prid lle cysgodd cegid certh.
Y Blaidd a’r Oen gyd-borant gylch y gail,
Tywysa’r plentyn Lew wrth dennyn dail.”

'*Elen y Glyn*' is a beautiful imitation of 'Jessey of Dumblane,' in which the words of the original were well adapted to Welsh feelings and taste.

None of his elegiac effusions contain more real beauty, or utter the genuine voice of sorrow in a more pathetic strain, than his verses on the death of Miss Hughes, an accomplished young lady, who died at an early age, —a daughter of the Rev. M. Hughes, of Llanwyddelan, in Montgomeryshire.

These stanzas are beyond commendation:—

“Pan oedd oed yn rhoddi coron
Aeddfed ar ei dull a'i dawn,
A *myrrh* ac olew yr ysgolion
Wedi ei pherarogli yn iawn;
Pob dysgwyliad hardd yn agor
Hithau'n ddedwydd yn ei rhan,
Ca'dd ei galw ar ei helor,—
Y swyn a dorwyd yn y fan.”

“Gwibiad ei golygon llachar,
Ei throediad ysgafn ar y ddôl,
Pryd a meddwl oll yn hawddgar,
Dynai'r galon ar ei hol;
Ond mae tryliw rhôs a lili
Wedi gwelwi ar ei gwêdd,—
Yn awr ni ddena serch cwmpeini
Uwch na phryfed mân y bedd.”

'*Telyn Cymru*,' '*Seren Bethlehem*,' '*Y Môr Côch*,' are translations in no respect inferior to the original poems. Our author was accused of borrowing much from the best English writers, and even the charge of plagiarism was frequently brought against him, but without any just reason. His translations have been acknowledged, and his other poems have not been written with more tendency to imitate authors of reputation in another language, than we meet with in the works of poets of eminence in every age and among all nations.

None of his pieces express more of the true feelings of an experienced Christian than '*Myfyrdod yr Afradlon*.'

He appears to have borne and felt many of the trials he so well describes. But this piece also seems to be unfinished. The versification has not been sufficiently attended to, and the rhyme is often faulty. But the beautiful imagery, and the genuine touches of sublime and pious sentiments, make us forget every other omission.

‘*Cathl i’r Eos*,’ ‘*Cân Doli*,’ ‘*Yr hên amser gynt*,’ ‘*Cân gwraig y Pysgodwr*,’ ‘*Y ddeilen grîn*,’ &c., all speak for themselves. They make us regret that one who wrote so well did not write more. Their only fault is that they are short. The conclusion of the first is excellent:—

“Ni pheidia’i chân, trwy ddunos faith,
Nes gweled gobaith goleu
Yn t’wynu, megys llygad aur,
Trwy bur amrantau’r boreu.”

Again, from ‘*Cân gwraig y Pysgodwr*,’—

“Gorphwys dôn ! dylifa’n llonydd,
Paid a digio wrth y creigydd ;
Y mae anian yn noswyllo,
Pa’m y byddi di yn effro ?
Dwndwr daear sydd yn darfod ;—
Cysga dithau ar dy dywod.”

and ‘*Y Ddeilen grîn*.’

“Unwaith chwarddodd mewn gwyrddlesni,
Gwawr y nef orphwysodd arni ;
Gyda myrddiwn o gyfeillion,
Dawnsiodd yn yr hwyr awelon.

Darfu’r urdd oedd arni gynnu,
Prin y deil dan wliith y borau,
Cryna rhag y chwa ireiddlon
Sydd yn angu i’w chyfoedion.”

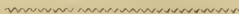
The English pieces are few, and inferior to the Welsh in point of merit. ‘A Bard’s address to Wales, &c.,’ is a piece of considerable beauty and power. In the other pieces we find the *disjecta membra poetæ* at all events, though not the same charms of expression as occur

in all his Welsh compositions. Poetry is the language of the heart, and few men can clothe it with suitable words in more than one tongue. The happy combination of ideas, and the lingering sweetness of chosen sound are gifts which an author cannot carry with him into every ground where he may choose to ramble.

The longest of his prose compositions is the "Essay on the Welsh language," for which he gained the prize at the Welshpool *Eisteddfod*, in the autumn of the year 1824, under the presidency of the late Earl of Powys. When we consider that this Essay was written in the course of a few months, when the author was busily engaged in his classical studies, previous to his entering the University, it must be looked upon as a production of uncommon merit. The conclusion of it is lost, and could not be recovered previous to its publication. But from the contents at the beginning will be seen what was included in the portion that is missing. Such is the fate of some of the finest productions in our language, for this was rescued when hastening to oblivion, whither a portion of it had already gone. The Essay contains three parts; into which the subject seems naturally to divide itself. The first part treats of language in general, the Welsh language in particular, and its excellencies. The second part includes various reasons as to the advantages of cultivating it; and the third points out the most likely means to ensure its perpetuity and success. Our limits will not allow us to follow the author through the discussion of these points; but we may state that he handles his subject with dexterity, and in many places pens passages of great beauty and vigour. The English Essay "On the advantages resulting from the preservation of the Welsh language, and the national costumes of Wales," is mostly an abridged translation of the foregoing. It wants the force and beauty of the original.

The best portion of his prose writings has the same peculiar merit as we have already noticed in his poetry. His lively genius and fertile imagination throw a kind of charm over the whole; and his choice of language is well adapted to clothe his ideas in the most captivating and suitable dress. With the exception of the '*Cylchgrawn*,' which has already been noticed, we meet with very few productions from his pen during the last eight years of his life. It appears strange, that one who contrived to write so much when preparing for the University and during his residence there, should have lost his zeal and energy when he had much more time and opportunities at his command after he had removed to South Wales. His health, probably, failed him soon after he settled there, for during the first two years he devoted much of his time to the '*Cylchgrawn*.' After the demise of that, we seldom see him in the walks of literature, or meet with anything worthy of notice from his pen. We state not this in order to find fault with him, but to show that such is the case. Far be it from us to tread upon the ashes of the dead with unceremonious rudeness, or to disturb the laurels which surround his honoured grave. We regret, with hundred others, that his career was so short; and that one, of whom such bright anticipations were justly entertained, should have gone to the tomb in the prime of life; and well may we here use his own emphatic language upon another occasion:—

“Yn nghanol dy lesni y gwywaist i'r gwaelod,
A'th ddeilen yn fr gan y wawrddydd a'r gw lith.”



LETTERS.

These letters have been selected not so much on account of their epistolary merit, but because they illustrate many of the incidents already referred to in the history of Mr. Blackwell, and show the progress of his acquirements, as well as his religious sentiments and feelings during the most important part of his earthly career. We much regret, that with every exertion, the Publisher was unable to obtain many of his most celebrated letters, particularly his letter to Lord Brougham, referred to in page 41.

Many of the following letters must be looked upon as the careless effusions of his pen, addressed to his friends, and never intended to meet the public eye. Hence we find the same train of sentiments and form of expressions frequently occurring in them. But they are of value as they throw much light upon his personal history, and give us an insight into the religious state of his mind at various intervals. This latter subject, which forms such a prominent part in some Biographies, we dwelt little upon in the Memoir, allowing him to speak for himself in his English and Welsh letters.

NO. I.

TO THE REV. C. B. CLOUGH, MOLD.

Berriew, March 1st, 1824.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I HAVE hesitated much between two paths, not knowing which was that of duty,—whether remaining silent became me better than intruding myself further upon your notice. In choosing the former, I felt a dread of being thought ungrateful. If I adopted the latter, I was afraid of being considered too presumptuous. Convinced however, that you must feel an interest in the progress of a plan to the success of which you have benevolently dedicated so much of your time and influence, I became determined to trouble you with this.

In Mr. Richards, my expectations have been more than realized; and I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to the Committee for selecting such a person to be my tutor. His kind solicitude for my domestic comforts, is as unremitting as his attention to my advancement in literary pursuits. His religion is so far removed from wild enthusiasm as it is from cold and affected formality. The chaste and pious manner in which he offers up the family devotions, with his Christian precepts and example, have made so deep an impression upon my mind, as will prove, I trust, to my spiritual advantage.

The next Sunday is the first in the month. Ever since an indirect hint was given me from that venerable and pious man, Mr. Eyton, of my obligation to become a partaker of the most solemn of Ordinances, my mind has been much agitated between a sense of duty, and a dread

of approaching the awful table at which I have never been a guest. I have often pondered over the minutes I had taken of your excellent sermon upon the subject, delivered on the 14th of December last, until I saw that it is not requisite that a man should be a spotless saint, before he can become a candidate here; but that he should possess a true sense of his sins, and likewise a "steadfast purpose to lead a new life." A certain diffidence, of which I cannot divest myself, has prevented me from disclosing these thoughts to my tutor, and I wait an opportunity when I can do so without distressing my feelings.

I find the difficulties to be encountered in studying much less formidable than I at first imagined. I find so much pleasure in my books already that I do not consider the closest application to them a severe task; and my progress is such as to elicit, occasionally, encomiums from my preceptor. In addition to other kindnesses, he has introduced me to several Clergymen in the neighbourhood, by whose good counsel I intend to profit.

I have often felt a wish to possess a list of the names of those charitable individuals who have been so liberal in my humble cause. Not from any selfish motives, but lest circumstances should lead me at any time to their company; and that they should construe my silence into ingratitude, while it proceeded entirely from ignorance of my obligation.

Now, Sir, I must apologize for trespassing so much upon your notice; and express my warm and profound gratitude to the Committee in general, and to you, Sir, in an especial manner, for all the liberal sacrifices and unwearied exertions made in my behalf. Upon this subject, my feelings are too intense to be expressed; and I have no other way of showing my thanks, but by endeavouring to justify your expectations. Indeed, so much is this impressed upon my heart, that the ruin of my prospects in life, and being doomed to bear the brand of infamy,—which would be the inevitable consequences of my misconduct, would not burn upon my conscience near so much as the thought of having wounded the feelings of my best friends. But however deficient I may be in talent and attainments, I trust that humility, diligence, and good conduct will never be qualities that are wanting in

Rev. and Dear Sir, Your most obedient humble servant,

By the most weighty obligations,

JOHN BLACKWELL.

NO. II.

TO THE REV. C. B. CLOUGH, MOLD.

Jesus College, Oxford, Dec. 16th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Perhaps I ought not to trouble you with this, since it is in the power of your brother to give you a full account of my cir-

cumstances and pursuits. But the novelty of my situation has naturally given birth to some particulars, with which I am anxious to make you acquainted.

I will freely confess that my forebodings of a College life were rather of a gloomy hue; and what I had heard of University morals was not the most encouraging. But the picture drawn, jointly by my fancy and rumour, was vastly overcharged. Dissipation is at a lower ebb here than could be expected in a place where nearly three thousand young men, educated for various professions, and in the bloom of youth and fortune, are assembled.

Discipline is dealt with impartiality, exactness, and even rigour. The regulations are better for being general. More partial restrictions would only create disgust,—become puritanical, and defeat their own end. The severity with which the examinations are conducted, and the emulation excited by rewarding merit with honorary distinctions, bind men to the desk. Nor are learned acquirements the only good produced by this assiduity; as the character is formed at the age generally spent in the University. The mind of the youth is trained into seriousness: he is taught to enquire and decide. Thus, his habits are moulded into a form they must retain through life. In this sense it may be said, that if Mr. Peel had not taken a first class at Oxford, he would never have been Secretary of State.

Upon the whole, I find College life far less irksome than I had anticipated. The change, from the bosom of a family to a cloister, was certainly not very pleasant. Yet upon that account I have less to regret than many: my disposition or taste never quarrels with solitude. In one instance I was rather unfortunate.—Of the three undergraduates I knew upon my coming to College, one only was a ‘reading man.’ By means of the other two, as my acquaintances increased, my room became in a little time the daily resort of those most miserable and unprofitable of beings, technically called ‘*loungers*.’ This, of course, retarded my studies; and I was often compelled to sit up, after the drones had gone away, till four o’clock in the morning, to prepare my Lectures for the following day. Hints were thrown away, upon my visitors, in vain. At last I saw that either politeness or my character must be hazarded: the first was sacrificed to preserve the last. I made a candid avowal of the low state of my acquirements, and, that having so much to do, it would be madness in me to trifle my days; but if they allowed me to fix a particular hour each day, for receiving their calls, I should be most happy in seeing them. They good-humouredly assented; and from seven o’clock in the morning till eight, was mentioned. I have my room to myself ever since; and this has not made them less friendly. I have seen that an extensive acquaintance is the bane of College life.—One day’s engagement with a friend, gives to the man who has fourteen friends, a fortnight’s employment.

Of intimate friends, I have here only one; and he is a bosom friend. One whose intelligence, urbanity, abilities, and piety, are alike con-

spicuous. He is a son of *La Trobe*, the celebrated African traveller. Unfortunately for me, he intends taking his final examination next Easter term, and will consequently leave Oxford. When he is gone, I will endeavour to replace him with another of the same stamp; and if I fail, I will turn an anchorite.

I have mixed with but very few parties; though, thanks to my fellow-collegians, I have been occasionally invited. I have adopted this course, partly from a wish of not incurring a debt, which it would be a crime in one of my station to discharge; but chiefly from a distaste of all nocturnal revels. The truth is, I never yet saw a drinking party, two hours old, that I could lay down even one of *Elis y Cowper's songs*, for the purpose of enjoying it.

The devotional exercises, morning and evening, are profitable and interesting; and I have an opportunity every Sunday of hearing some of the most eloquent and impressive sermons I ever heard. Excellent opportunities are also afforded for reading. I 'sport my oak' and sit down, nothing disturbs or annoys me; and had it not been for the rumbling of carts along Ship-lane, and cries of 'muffins,' I should consider myself in a hermitage. As for *temptation*, it is all a bugbear. I have seen none here that would not vanish before a virtuous resolution. We fall more from our own weakness than the strength of temptations.

I am sorry to say that my progress in the classical languages continues to be much slower than I expected. This might be occasioned, in some measure, by my being yet under the necessity of recurring to rules and rudiments. Still I have not been an idle student. I should be the most miserable of mortals, if my attainments would at last prove unsatisfactory to my generous patrons. If application can ensure me a respectable pass, my dirge shall not be sung. It has often grieved me, that owing to my backward state, I have been a source of so much trouble to your worthy Brother. His kindness to me has been unexampled. For his, and your disinterested exertions in my behalf, I have only my thanks to offer. Should it be possible for me to say with Horace, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*," I know whose names I would inscribe on the base and apex.

I sent a part of my *Eisteddfod* surplus to my poor parents,—with the rest I bought Paley's works.

Before I conclude, allow me, Sir, to express my joy at the present prospect of your making Mold your permanent residence. In this, as I know from many facts, I only participate in the feelings of all your parishioners. May you long enjoy health and happiness to make this union between you and them, now additionally confirmed, a source of continued usefulness and mutual comfort.

I need not say that any counsel or admonition from your hand will always be received with gratitude, by one who wishes no higher honour than to be through life,

Dear Sir, Your most humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. III.

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS, VICAR OF KERRY.

Berriew, July 7th, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

I found the inquiry I commenced at your instance very interesting. I employed as much of yesterday and to-day, as intruders would permit me, in turning over some dusty relics, for more information upon the state of our national literature during the first fifty years of the last century. The fruit of my investigation is but scanty; yet it is rather curious.

Prior to the time referred to, most of our Welsh works were printed at Oxford or London. About 1690, Thomas Jones, a Welshman, established a Press at Shrewsbury; and here he published the second edition of the book called '*Foulk Owen's collection of songs.*' He was also the author of a Welsh-English Dictionary.

From this time to the close of the last century, Shrewsbury seems to have been the book-mart of North Wales, and Carmarthen that of the South. The celebrated Sion Rhydderch succeeded Thomas Jones as a Welsh Printer; and after him came Durston, Stafford Prys, Wood and Eddowes, more or less in a regular succession.

The Trefriw Press was set up about 1755; but nothing issued from it except ballads, and the letters of *Elis y Cowper*, until within the last twenty years. PANT is wrong in saying that the *Blodeugerdd* was printed there: the Press of Stafford Prys was employed on that occasion, as may be seen by referring to the title page. Why did not Dafydd Jones use his own Press? Some curious conjectures might be formed from this circumstance.

Marsh of Wrexham did not begin to sell Welsh books until the year 1757,—this we learn from an advertisement by Durston, to be found in the collection of Almanacks I send herewith. In this is also preserved an Elegy upon Sion Rhydderch, by Jenkin Thomas, printed at Carmarthen, in 1736.

These circumstances throw some light upon the progress of Welsh Printing, although it is but a little. To follow up the investigation would be very interesting; but I am too young and my materials are too scanty. Should you collect every information possible of the produce of the Carmarthen Press, and Mr. Davies, Manafon, that of the Salopian, a very valuable addition to our historical knowledge would certainly be the result.

Few of our works reach a second edition: this should make us more careful to preserve every historical trait of them and of their authors. The seductive influence of this pursuit, added to two or three long intrusions, has prevented me from completing the letter for the *Gwyllydydd*. If it is the least disappointment to you, I most sincerely apologize. I will not put it by until it is finished, and if I do not meet with another conveyance, it will be sent together with another article on Monday.

As to the critique on *Eos Ceiriog*, I should be proud to undertake the task at your instigation, if I had the talents and information that are requisite. However, if you think proper, I will make the attempt.

I received a letter this moment from *Dewi Silin*,—he is well.

I am, Dear Sir, Your most humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. IV.

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS, KERRY.

Berriew, July 11th, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

The three articles intended for the '*Gwyllydydd*' are almost all completed. The letter to PANT entirely,—Isaac Lloyd's lines have been revised,—and Kirke White's Star of Bethlehem has been translated. I thought of sending all up to Kerry; but my absence from home prevents me from transmitting what is already made up. I have found an *Eos Ceiriog* at the Rectory, and shall find great pleasure in attending to your request respecting it.

I remain, Dear Sir, Your most obedient servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. V.

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS, KERRY.

Berriew, July 28th, 1825.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

The accompanying parcel has been the produce of my research for the last three days. The manuscripts are precious; the others bear more or less upon the subject of our inquiry. Most of them belong to me; some I purchased from a neighbouring English farmer; and one or two are the property of Mr. Richards. The clasp-book has an imposing appearance to an antiquary; but like most things, it deceives the anticipation. It contains nothing curious except the work of Oliver Thomas; and that owing to a reprint, is not very rare.—I send it principally because it has been the property, and bears the hand-writing of Robert Thomas, the very learned Parish Clerk of Llanfairtalhaiarn, of whose intercourse with the *Prydydd Hir*, I have an anecdote or two to relate when convenient. I will take the liberty of calling for the books I borrowed before leaving Wales; as to the others, they cannot be safer or more useful than in the Kerry Museum, until Providence spreads me a tent for myself.

The clasp-book contains a *Cydymaith diddan*, which is well worth perusing and preserving.

After every inquiry I can find only a second Vol. of *Huw Morris*, and I cannot proceed a step with my intended article without the first. I am anxious to have it completed, however humble it may be, that I may be able to bestow my undivided attention to the classics.

With every grateful feeling for yours and Mrs. Jenkins' kindnesses and hospitality,

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, Your most humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. VI.

TO THE REV. C. B. CLOUGH, MOLD.

Oxford, March 18th, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

I would not, at the present moment, have intruded upon your attention, engaged as it is by the protracted indisposition of Mrs. Clough, had I not been afraid that my silence might be construed to a want of that gratitude, which it is always my duty and my pride to feel and to express. Personal respect, as well as weighty obligations, have long ago made me aspire to the privilege of rejoicing in your joys and of sympathizing with your sorrows. Permit me in this instance to offer my humble prayer to Heaven, for the removal of your afflicting anxiety, by the speedy recovery of your amiable partner. Till that happy period arrives, I feel a pleasure in reflecting that a mind like yours, amiable by nature, and rendered doubly amiable by the influence of religion, can be at no loss in every trying circumstance, to draw consolation from the best sources,—sources higher than human; that in every trial you can place a resigned and firm reliance on that Almighty wisdom which cannot err.

Standing as you do, in the situation of a kind patron to me, you will, perhaps, pardon a brief account of my College proceedings. In the latter end of May (*Deo volente*,) I shall go up for my minor examination, tolerably confident of success; and will trust to my Logic and Horace after another revision. All my hours are now taken up with Latin composition and Homer. I have read eleven books of the latter,—the eleventh I read over in two days.

While I have not been very negligent of my classical studies, I have employed my leisure hours in extending my knowledge of English literature. I have read the whole of Paley's works, Campbell's Lectures on the Belles Lettres, and one volume of Tomline's. This course has no less improved my power of thinking, and taste, than added to my information. Partly under the direction of my friend and correspondent, Mr. Jenkins of Kerry, I have also collected some materials towards a History of our National Church, in Wales, from the Reformation to the middle of the last century. The only attempt towards a Welsh Ecclesiastical History has been made by Mr. Peters, a Dissenting Minister, of Carmarthen, in which the

Episcopal is always represented as the persecuting, and the Puritan as the suffering party. Jenkin Jones, the notorious Commissioner for the appropriation of Tithes, during the interregnum, is canonized. —Vavasor Powell is made a Confessor; and Penry is raised to the dignity of a Martyr. Here, however, this pursuit must at present rest. If circumstances will permit, I will resume it some time while the stores of the Bodleian, and our own College Library, are within my reach. The project may at last fall to the ground. I know the task requires much ability and labour; and, perhaps, more delicacy and precaution; but with the assistance of Mr. Jenkins, who is one of the best historians of the age, some attempt may be made to supply this evident desideratum.

I have taken the liberty of translating your sermon at the Wrexham Visitation, intending, with your permission, to insert it in the '*Gwyllydd*.'

Repeating my wishes for Mrs. Clough's recovery, and consequently your happiness,

I remain, Your much obliged and very humble servant,
J. BLACKWELL.

NO. VII.

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS, KERRY.

Oxford, March 31st, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I will not dissemble: your obliging letter relieved me from considerable uneasiness. In a little while after I took the liberty of addressing to you my heterogeneous epistle, I began to think that such a familiar exposure of private feelings and private circumstances, was not what I ought to have written to you, consistent with my profound respects for your character and situation. Your accidental knowledge of the principal subject I then alluded to, added to the confidence with which your kind condescension has inspired me, made me venture to enter upon it. I was likewise afraid my flippancy might offend you. Indeed, this feature in my literary attempts is a source of some regret to me; and I have often tried to reform; but every trial has been a failure. I read Robertson and Gibbon, thinking that I might infuse some of the sombre, sober, colouring of their style, into my own; but in vain. If I raised the rule and compass to rectify an idea, or to turn a period, it had the same effect as an exposure to the head of Medusa,—it turned them cold and lifeless as a stone.

A few weeks brought me another and a greater cause of solicitude. A report of your indisposition reached my ears; and believe me, that among the many who feel a deep interest in the welfare of the first, the warmest, and firmest patron of our neglected literature, none felt a greater concern at your unhappy indisposition, or hailed your recovery with feelings of more unfeigned joy, than your humble friend in Oxford.

The anxiety my approaching examination produces, and the preparation it requires, prevent my following your advice, and my own inclination, in searching our public libraries. Still I have contrived to wade through the contents of nearly a thousand volumes in our College collection, marking every work written by a Welshman, and especially every document bearing any allusion to Wales. My researches have been hitherto confined to the gallery, and there I found but a few of the latter class: the first is more numerous. Among them is a folio volume, entitled *The Map of Commerce*, London, 1620, by Lewis Roberts, a native of Anglesea, but at that time a merchant in London, and a brother-in-law to the then Lord Mayor. There is among the Latin poems addressed to the author, one by John Davies, whether of Mallwyd, or elsewhere, I cannot discover.

My professed and chief object is, to collect all the materials within my reach, illustrative of the History of our Welsh National Church, from the Reformation to the middle of the last century. It would give me much pleasure to hear that this important subject had engaged yours and Mr. Davies' attention. The labours of CHWILIEDYDD, PANT, and GARMON, will facilitate the work of a future historian. *Apropos*, who is GARMON? * *aut diabolus, aut Erasmus*. He must be either of Kerry, or Manafon; or perhaps a brother of the late excellent *Hooker*,—an offspring of both. His non-appearance last month gave me heartfelt disappointment.

I have made considerable additions to my humble library since I came up, chiefly in old books. I have bought the *Athenæ Oxonenses*, Walter's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, and a pretty large collection of books connected with our history during the struggles of Charles I. and the Protectorate. As a specimen of the latter, I send you the *Mercurius Rusticus*. The strong party spirit it evinces weakens its character as an authority; still its facts are stubborn, and we ought not to forget that from documents such as these, Clarendon, in a great measure, derived information for his great work.

I know not how sufficiently to express my gratitude to you and Mrs. Jenkins, for your kind invitation. Words are feeble; thanks are common-place. It is engraved on my heart, and there is One who can read it there. Attached as I am to Montgomeryshire, the ties would be much slackened if I should be debarred from the society of yourself and excellent lady, and from witnessing and participating in the playful gambols of your dear boy. The piece of Music that accompanies this, is by a young man of our college, a son of the late Hugh Maurice, nephew of Owen Myfyr.

Your correspondence, at your leisure, I shall consider as one of the chief privileges of my life; and to make amends for this long scrawl, I shall no longer tire your patience but by adding that I remain,

Dear Sir, Your most obedient servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

* The fictitious names of writers in the '*Gwyllydd*.'

NO. VIII.

TO R. GARNONS, ESQ.

Kerry, Oct. 2nd, 1826.

SIR,

I am truly sorry that a temporary absence from the hospitable mansion of my friend Mr. Jenkins, prevented my answering your obliging letter with the alacrity it demanded.

Much as I have had to exercise the language of gratitude for the last three years, this new obligation has found me as incapable of expressing my feeling as ever. From a letter of Col. Parry to the Rector of Llangyniew, the friend who applied for me, I understand that owing to my ineligibility, this grant was made under a particular head, never availed of but in this instance.

It is but little to say that this extraordinary kindness deserves no ordinary return: as far as gratitude can be called a return, the Trustees have it most fully. Col. Parry accompanied his communication with a hint, that if an annual application should be made, the gratuity should probably, be continued. Were I thus fortunate, this (added to my emoluments at College) would prevent me the disagreeable necessity of throwing myself once more upon the benevolence of my supporters. It would be culpable in me to pass over unacknowledged, the kind terms you were pleased to employ in alluding to my conduct. Welcome as the Trustees' mark of consideration must be to me at the present moment, it acquires tenfold interest by coming through the hands of one who appears among my first patrons,—one whose name I was in my infancy taught to bless. Although nothing can possibly increase the high respect which I in common with every member of Jesus College, justly entertain towards our worthy Principal, few things could have flattered me so much as his good opinion. From him, and from every member of the Society over which he presides, I have received but uniform kindness. Simple regularity of conduct can be but a small return for the favours they have conferred upon me.

In looking over the last three years of my life, I find much to excite my amazement,—everything to demand my gratitude. When manhood had found me in the same situation childhood had left me,—when poverty and obscurity were going to mark me for their own,—when the last ray of hope was getting dim upon my clouded horizon, Providence expanded that ray into a dawn,—raised me friends amongst strangers, and patrons among friends. Through the exertions of the Messrs. Clough—a name ever hallowed to me—I at last received that nurture, from the want of which my youthful mind had well nigh withered. To express the natural feeling under favours such as these, is impossible; but there is a language impressed upon my heart in immortal characters, and One can read it there.

The only thing that gives me a moment's distress is the idea that, with every diligence, my attainments may disappoint the expecta-

tions of my friends. There are a few who think that every one who dares to sin against the '*ne sutor ultra crepidam*,' ought to be a Bloomfield, or a Gifford. I will not insult the judgment of my patrons by saying, that the individual of whose abilities they have thought favourable, is entirely destitute of talent; yet, I can hardly hope, in four short years, to surmount the disadvantages of my youth, and gain academical distinction. To him, who in his 26th year, learnt his Greek alphabet, a first class at College must be a hopeless aim; while an University prize must be beyond the reach of one who merely began to speak English about his twentieth year. Aware of these circumstances, the friends whom I consult have advised me to collect (should necessary studies allow me leisure) as much as I can of such information as will be useful to me in the sacred office I shall be called upon to fill. What I shall lose in attainments, I will endeavour to make up in Christian conduct. That God, who is the sole Dispenser of all the blessings that have been showered upon my path, claims my first duty. My next ambition will be to fulfil my ministry with that zeal and decorum which characterize the spirit of our venerable Establishment; while gratitude will prompt me to dedicate my leisure hours to the literature of my native Principality.

That I may thus live, is my fervent prayer; and all I ask in addition, is a situation where I may watch over the wants of my poor, but worthy parents; and make as far as depends on human aid, their evening set in smiles.

I must apologize for saying so much, and so much on a subject so uninteresting as myself. I was anxious to avail myself of the only opportunity I might perhaps ever have, to express my gratitude to one of my first patrons, and to lay before him my views and my hopes: on this ground only can I hope for your indulgence.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. IX.

TO DR. ROWLANDS, CHESTER.

(INTRODUCING HIS MOTHER, WHO WAS AFFLICTED WITH A CANCEROUS DISEASE.)

Jesus College, Oxford, Nov. 11th, 1826.

SIR,

You will perhaps forgive my presuming so much upon a slight acquaintance as thus to address you, when you are informed that the bearer of this letter is my afflicted mother. The soreness she is troubled with, arose without any visible cause, ten or twelve years ago. At its first appearance all the Medical Gentlemen in the neighbourhood were consulted,—the result was only a repetition of torture. After these experiments had failed, despair of relief succeeded, so that for years, no surgical advice has been sought. Hear-

ing that the wound had extended itself to an alarming degree, I prevailed upon my mother to submit it to your inspection, as a last resource : hoping that even still its progress may be checked, if it cannot be cured ; and that the pain may be allayed, if it cannot be completely removed.

The character and the high rank you hold in your profession make me satisfied that my worthy parent, while under your care, will want no medical assistance that is within the compass of human skill.

If you could inform me, whether the wound contains any thing cancerous, and whether even a distant prospect of relief may be indulged in, you would prevent many an anxious thought to

Sir, Your most obedient servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. X.

TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES, MANAFON.

Oxford, June 29th, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

To obtain the honour of your correspondence has been one of the chief wishes of my life ; and however your kindness might in many instances have given me a hope that those wishes would be gratified, circumstances have hitherto stood in the way.

My business, now, is respectfully to solicit your good offices in a case which has an important bearing upon the prospects of my future life. My friends have pointed out the ministry of the Welsh Church, now being erected in Liverpool, as an object to my ambition. My application must be made soon, as the Church is to be opened in March next ; and this must be accompanied by the recommendation of as many literary and clerical friends as I can collect. The Principal and Fellows of my College have exerted themselves on my behalf, with a zeal beyond my most sanguine calculation. This is all exceedingly consoling ; but more is required. My misfortune is a peculiar one. The clouds which overhang my morning, as is well known, denied me much intercourse with the brighter part of society. Since the time my fortunes took a happy change, I have not resided three weeks in my native neighbourhood : to its Clergy, therefore, I am a comparative stranger. Towards Montgomeryshire I must turn for efficient supporters in my present case.

If, in your opinion, I possess any qualification for a Lectureship such as the one I have in view, you would infinitely oblige me by giving that opinion an expression. I have been led to understand, what I might have known otherwise, that the weight of a name, which stands upon the lip of every Welshman, and is never mentioned without the deepest veneration, would be of the most important service to me.

Should I succeed to the office I now aspire to, my prayer will be,

that I may fill it in the spirit of our venerable Establishment: uniting the decorum and prudence of the Minister with the zeal and devotedness of the Missionary. I trust I shall never give any of my friends cause to say, that they have thrown away their kindness upon an object totally undeserving of it.

With much respect, I remain, Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XI.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE WELSH CHURCH IN LIVERPOOL.

Neptune Hotel, Liverpool, July 20th, 1827.

GENTLEMEN,

I have just arrived in your town. A short time ago, I heard of a report being in existence, that my religious opinions were deeply tinged with Calvinism; and now I have learnt that the report has obtained partial credence. Whoever gave birth to such a rumour, I accuse him of no improper motive. There are well known facts in my history which sufficiently warrant such an impression, without attributing its origin to any unworthy source. I was nurtured among Calvinists. To their Sunday School I am indebted for almost all the education my youthful years were blessed with. Towards some of them I was taught in infancy to look up with reverence and esteem; and the recollection of their Christian virtues proves to me that whatever tendency Calvinism may have to relax the ties of moral obligation, the argument cannot be drawn from the lives of many of its professors. With many Clergymen who take Calvinism for their creed, I have still the happiness to live in bonds of Christian friendship; but my respect for the men does not blind me to their opinions. I am no Calvinist, and ever since I have been capable of forming a judgment upon theological subjects, I have not been a Calvinist.

After this simple declaration it is scarcely necessary that I should enter into details. For the truth of the declaration, I appeal to my friends in private life,—I appeal to my College Tutors,—I appeal to my humble attempts to impress orthodox notions upon the readers of the '*Gwyllydd*,' before I could have imagined that this question would ever be agitated; and more than all, I appeal to the Searcher of all hearts, to whom I am accountable as well for the opinions I imbibe as the morals I practise. On this head, it may suffice to say, that I understand the Articles of our Church as they are explained by Bishop Tomline, and in that sense I will solemnly and conscientiously subscribe to them on the day of my ordination.

The sincerity of my attachment to our national Church cannot, I trust, be doubted. I was made a member of her by Baptism, and ever since I have attained to years of discretion, my public devotions have been offered up within her pale. For many a dark year

—long before the idea of my being elevated to the clerical function had received a shadow of existence, I had resolved to live and die an humble worshipper at her altar. While our Establishment so eminently possesses all the qualifications of a Christian Church, I thought, and I still think that a separation from it is a sin against God. It is the schism which the Scripture denounces, and against which we pray. Opposite views of these subjects have divided the Christian world: they cannot consequently be of light importance.

The opinions I have been here led to confess, were long ago deliberately formed, contrary in some measure to the prejudices of my education; and are on that account, I trust, more firm and immoveable. Still, I think it not inconsistent with the high importance I attach to these notions of doctrine and discipline to say, that in my humble opinion, points upon which sincere Christians disagree ought not to be the chief themes of a minister's discourses.—Circumstances often make a discussion of them necessary. The Press is a more proper arena for polemical disquisitions than the Pulpit. For my part, I will raise the standard against no party. My object will be to correct with mildness, and to instruct with care; and as far as I can, without compromising an iota of my own principles; to conciliate differences rather than provoke or prolong them.

Gentlemen, I thought that the rumour I first mentioned called upon me to give this account of myself and my views. I have given it solemnly and sincerely. No earthly consideration could ever make me conceal or deny an opinion I conscientiously entertained. I consider religious notions as things too sacred to barter with. I have made these declarations without calculating what effect they may have upon you in electing your minister. I am heedless into what end of the scale they may be thrown, against me or in my favour. My object has been to set myself right with all parties.—Should I be nominated, no disappointment can hereafter be felt at the doctrines I shall feel it my duty to preach. Should I be rejected, it cannot now be from an erroneous impression of the sentiments I sacredly cherish.

Apologizing for the trouble I have thus given you, I have the honour of subscribing myself,

Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XII.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE WELSH CHURCH IN LIVERPOOL.

Broncoed, near Mold, September 20th, 1827.

GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to offer my unfeigned congratulations upon the decision you have made in the choice of a Minister. The eyes of the Principality were upon you. Thousands felt an interest in your proceedings. I know the sentiments of many, and I can affirm, that your choice has given general satisfaction.

This is no idle, affected, display of generosity, made when a contrary feeling would be useless. You, Gentlemen, are my witnesses, that in every step connected with my application, I evinced no spirit of rivalry,—no wish to exalt my own claims by lowering those of my opponents. I have invariably said, that Mr. Davies's age and character demanded your preference; and from the time he declared himself a candidate, every idea of success left me. I did not retire from the contest, my obligations to the friends who recommended me,—my respect for the Committee and Mr. Davies, stood in the way, since on my part, a defeat would be no disgrace.

These sentiments, uttered with every sincerity of heart and of purpose, will be sufficient to prove that the following request is not dictated by any feeling of disappointment, or of envy.—The request I have to make is, that the papers which I had the honour of laying before the Committee may be returned to me. I have a situation to seek, and in some cases, those recommendations may prevent the necessity of my again applying to my friends; and more,—in future life it will be a source of honest pride to me to reflect, how, in the commencement of my career, those friends honoured me with their generous support.

If this request rebels not against your regulations as a Committee, or your sentiments as men, your worthy Chairman will have the kindness to transmit those papers to me.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XIII.

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS, KERRY.

Oxford, May 31st, 1828.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

The anxiety, which for some months past disturbed my days' enjoyment and my nights' rest, is now over. I passed my examination yesterday, and I shall take my degree on Thursday.

The diligence and the solicitude which a preparation for this event rendered necessary, is my only excuse for not answering sooner your two obliging letters, and acknowledging the kind contents. Indeed the remissness is not on the proper side: it would have been much more proper for me to be two letters in advance, than two letters your debtor. If, however, you will again honour me with your correspondence, I will allow you to think me criminal if I again prove negligent, although I would not forfeit an iota of your good opinion for the whole world.

As to the plan of my future proceedings, I have laid none. The Vicar of Holywell, Flintshire, has offered me a title, but the acceptance of it depends more upon the decision of those friends whom I am bound to consult than upon myself. I more than once men-

tioned to those friends the plan you proposed, that of remaining at Oxford for a few years for the sake of mental improvement. Justice has been done to the policy of the view, and the excellence of the motive; but my supporters would be pleased if I resided in some part of Wales.

Again, the four Welsh Bishops are anxious to have a Welsh translation of some approved Annotations on the Bible, for the use of the Episcopalians; and I have been selected as the translator. I feel perfectly indifferent, and leave it between my friends to determine where and how I can be most useful. But there is another consideration which others know not of,—I have an aged afflicted mother, and I know that my presence near her is necessary for her happiness; it is almost the only earthly circumstance that can cheer her desolate heart, and indeed, a long distance from her would be as distressing to me as to her.

My respectful compliments to Mrs. Jenkins, and my love to *Ifor bach*.

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your grateful humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XIV.

TO THE REV. J. JENKINS, KERRY.

Broncoed, near Mold, August 20th, 1828.

REV. AND DEAR SIR.

Like another homeless wanderer, I have, from the end of term to this, travelled from one hospitable shelter to another, until I have now settled for a few days under the roof of my oldest friend, Mr. Whitley; and here I find the tranquillity which I felt necessary to answer your last obliging letter.

Heaven knows, there are but few things in this life that would give such pleasure as to be able in every thing to square my measures according to your advice,—knowing as I do, that that advice can only proceed from a prudence and a foresight which have obtained the acknowledgment of all who have sought your counsel; and from a national zeal which has often relieved the suffrages of the Principality. Nor is this all,—my personal obligations to you, even in the world's cold way of counting obligations, are sufficient to invest every suggestion of yours with the force of a command. I owe you much for your hospitality, and for some of the happiest moments I ever passed in social intercourse. I owe you first for directing my mind to Archæological pursuits, and for many a useful lesson on my course. I owe you more for the friendly interest in my fortune, which you have continued to display from the very moment in which I happily fell under your eye. Commensurate with this desire to make my steps follow your counsel, is my regret at my being unable to act upon your request, and undertake the care of the Cambrian Quarterly.

Had that request come from almost any other quarter, my answer would have been at once decisive; but I reflected, and I consulted the friend whom you advised me to consult, and every reflection and consultation only magnified in my view the following difficulties.

My acquaintance with English literature is still but trifling; my habits of English composition are immature; and at that time my ignorance of the place of my future location was an important obstacle,—it might be in an isolated parish, removed from books and information, or in a populous town, where the weight of pastoral duties would give me but little leisure. My pledge to translate Mant's Annotations also stood in the way; and to these considerations was added a consciousness of incapacity which I but too lively felt. From these thoughts was framed my apology to Mr. Bulkeley Williams, who I trust, has forwarded that apology and my regret to you. I know you will sympathize with me, and I hope you will excuse me.

The evening Lectureship of Holywell, Flintshire, will most probably be my title for Orders. It is also understood that I am to assist the Vicar in his duties: indeed, were I debarred from participating in some of these, I would like the thoughts of the situation much less than I do.

My intention, through God's help, is to take a middle course myself; and I am anxious to have the advice of one who bound himself to neither of the parties that exist in our Church, but gained the respect of both.

The Denbigh *Eisteddfod* draws nigh: let not this be the last in North Wales to deplore the absence of the parent of modern *Eisteddfodau*. The President is likely to be supported better than was at first anticipated.

Be pleased to transmit my respectful compliments to Mrs. Jenkins, my respects to Mr. Davies, and my love to little *Ifor*.

Believe me to continue, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XV.

TO MR. E. PARRY, CHESTER.

Holywell, Feb. 28th, 1829.

MY DEAR PARRY,

Your obliging letter, which I find is dated long since, only reached me a few days ago. This, I trust, you will deem a sufficient reason for my silence.

The date of this letter will tell you, if report has not told you before, that I am now an inhabitant of Holywell; and in return to your kind congratulations, it is not quite inappropriate in me to add, that I am as happy as any man can be, upon whose heart death has committed such ravages. If a sad recollection of those who loved

me, and whom I loved, now in the grave, mingle most of my solitary hours with bitterness, I must say that the attention and encouragement I receive from my new parishioners do much to gladden my spirit.

I am truly and exceedingly sorry that an inconvenient day, a want of proper conveyance, beside positive parochial duties, combine to debar me from the pleasure of mixing with you on Monday next,—more especially since the good and the patriotic is to be your President. It is to him, in a principal degree, I owe all the blessings of my brighter days; and the greatest of those blessings,—the means of smoothing the dying pillow, and cheering the dying hours of my humble, but worthy, parents.

I hold fast the kind promise of a visit which you and Geirionydd made me; nor will I forget it, or let it go, until you perform it. Holywell is now the only home I have, and here you must see me. Come any day, and receive my gratitude for coming; but, if convenient, let me know of your approach by the previous night's post. I would be happy to exchange duties with Geirionydd, any Sunday he would wish, provided his congregation would not complain. Let me see you both very soon, but hear from each of you sooner.

With respect to the Denbigh compositions,—you blame my inactivity without a cause. Dr. Jones and Mr. Parry placed them in my hands, with a request that I would select which among them deserved the Press.* I have not been quite neglectful of the task imposed upon me, as far as I felt competent; but from the last day of the *Eisteddfod* to this, I have received no direction from the Committee, to whom only I look for instruction. I am willing to do anything they command me,—either to deliver up the papers into some abler hands, to finish the work of selection, which I have commenced, according to my ability,—or proceed in conjunction with others whom the Committee may appoint; but I cannot 'go to Press' at my own risk, and at the request of an anonymous writer in a Newspaper.

I suspect that the Committee never intended to publish any transactions, as it was never mentioned at any of their meetings; and the day I intended to bring the question forward, I was confined to bed, at Caerwys.

My respectful compliments to Mrs. Parry, my love to Iorwerth and Llewelyn, and my best regards to Geirionydd, Erfyl, R. Gôch, and every one who may feel an interest in the welfare of

Yours most truly,

JOHN BLACKWELL.

* The work of selecting and arranging the compositions of the Denbigh *Eisteddfod* fell upon Mr. Blackwell. And in the year 1830, a volume called the *Gwyneddigion* was published by Mr. Griffiths of Chester, dedicated to the President, and containing an account of the proceedings, together with the Prize Essays and Poems.

NO. XVI.

TO R. LLWYD, ESQ., CHESTER.

[This Letter came to hand too late to be inserted in chronological order.]

Mold, Jan. 27th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith I return you four of the five Volumes of Welsh Manuscripts you had the kindness to lend me,—the other, as I told you, I have left with the patriotic *Angharad*. She intends spending the next week at Hawarden Castle, and during her visit there, she intends taking a trip to Bank Place, to make my account straight with you. I have derived considerable pleasure and profit in the perusal of these curiosities, and a few pieces which I thought excelled, I have taken the liberty to copy. Had my time been my own a little longer, I should have pilfered more of these *tit bits* of antiquity; and if Providence will ever give me the privilege of choosing my pursuit, I am determined to bestow my exertions to collect, and my mind to study such remains of our forefathers. The relic of *Goronwy* is safe. Several respectable Gentlemen in Liverpool, who are his enthusiastic admirers, evinced an ardent wish to see his hand-writing. It is at present in their keeping. I expect it over soon, and shall lose no time in transmitting it to its owner. The Manuscript marked with my name, I lately bought for two shillings. You might find a crumb suiting your taste for collecting the history of Families, in '*Cywydd i Saeson yr Holt*.' It is entirely at your service; and do not think of sending it home until it becomes a lumber.

At Plas Onn, yesterday, I saw a *Pennill* which may be added to your extensive collection; but of that you are the best judge.—

“Cariad attat yw'r meginau
Sydd yn chwythu'r tân i gyneu :
Felly nid yw'n rhyfedd gweled
Y dwr yn berwi dros fy llygaid.”

Should you think the lines in the other page worthy of seeing the light, you might tear the leaf and hand it over to Mr. Hershall. I leave it entirely in your hands. *

I hope Mrs. Llwyd has recovered. Your eminent talents, and those talents devoted to the service of your native country,—your condescension,—your wit, and your kindness, compel me to be,

Dear Sir, Yours, with the best wishes,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XVII.

TO THE REV. C. B. CLOUGH, MOLD.

Holywell, March 18th, 1829.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I would have acknowledged the receipt of your packet sooner, had I not trusted to a promised visit from Mr. James.

* An imitation of “WHERE IS HE,” inserted with the Poetry.

Indebted to you, as I am, for almost every blessing that gladdens my life, it is saying little to say, that I feel anxious to do whatever you wish me to do; but my heart will not allow me to assume, as it seems to me, the ungrateful task of examining into the correctness of an account where I am the undeserving receptor of every benefit; and where every line calls so loudly for my unfeigned praise to God as the source, and my best and lasting thanks to you as the benevolent instrument.*

In this case, I should merit but little of the kindness you have shown me, if I could freeze my soul into a temperature sufficiently cool and calculating to add figure to figure, and to weigh item with item.—Every feeling I possess rebels against it. If, however, you consider my signature indispensable, I will annex it, accompanied with any acknowledgment which you may please to dictate.

I have been thinking of a plan, which if it meets your approbation, would obviate the necessity of my appearing in a character as inconsistent in my view, with my obligations, as it is with my feelings. Should a fly leaf be attached to the printed statement, I might write a letter of thanks to each subscriber. As soon as my Vicar returns from Shropshire, I intend to walk over to Mold, and then I may know your opinion. Meanwhile,

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your grateful and humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XVIII.

ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO HAD SUBSCRIBED TO THE FUND
RAISED TO GIVE HIM ACADEMICAL EDUCATION.

Holywell, March — 1829.

SIR,

About five years ago, you generously subscribed to a Fund raised for the purpose of affording me academical education. It is now my pleasing duty to return you my most heartfelt gratitude for the patronage you honoured me with, and to inform you that the object of that Fund, and my own wishes, have been, in a principal degree, accomplished. I have terminated a successful career in the University, and am now settled in an important Curacy. I trust you will not consider it quite out of place in me to add here, that the Fund you supported, enabled me also to relieve the last wants, and to cheer the closing days of my humble, but worthy Parents.

To enumerate all those who have placed me under the most particular obligations, during the last five years, would be endless. There are a few, however, whose names my heart will not allow me to pass

* A reference is here made to the statement of account of his College expenses, which was printed and distributed among the subscribers to the fund, accompanied by a letter of thanks.

over in silence. To the Rev. C. B. Clough, the worthy Vicar of my native parish, my best, my deepest gratitude is due. It was his benevolent hand that first led me from the shades of life to the light of public notice. It was to him the trouble and anxiety of a Trustee principally fell.—The annexed Statement will prove with what care he fulfilled the task he so generously imposed upon himself; and how, by his judicious management, the Fund under his controul was made to answer all the purposes contemplated.

To his excellent Brother, the Rev. A. B. Clough, my College tutor, I am under nearly equal obligations; both for his valuable instructions, and for the solicitude which he never ceased to evince for my success.

To E. Whitley, Esq., the Rev. J. Jenkins, Vicar of Kerry, the Rev. Thomas Richards, (under whose excellent tuition I was first placed,) and the Rev. Richard Hamer, I owe much. Beneath their hospitable roofs my vacations were chiefly spent; but they have conferred upon me a more valuable boon,—their private friendship.

To the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, P. D. Cooke, Esq., the Rev. R. Richards, W. Williams, Esq., Mr. W. M. Jones, the Rev. J. Jones, Llandderfel, and others, I am indebted for extraordinary acts of kindness. When my heart forgets to beat, I may forget the weighty obligations under which my patrons have placed me,—but not till then.

I have now only to add a hope that my future life may prove your patronage not to have been entirely misplaced. As far as I know myself, I have no ambition but to serve my God faithfully in the ministry, to which I have been called by a Providence in some degree mysterious; and to devote my leisure hours to the cultivation of that national literature which first brought me under your kind notice.

I am, Sir, your grateful humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XIX.

TO THE REV. A. B. CLOUGH, JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Holywell, May 14th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

The term has arrived when my degree of M. A., becomes due, and I am very anxious to proceed to it; but a three week's residence is the great obstacle. I really cannot afford the expense or the time at present. I had indulged a hope that a term would be allowed on the accession of His Majesty. I have made several inquiries, and cannot yet ascertain whether the fact is so or not. I would, God willing, be in Oxford on Tuesday next; or, indeed, would set out any day, upon a night's notice. But if I cannot avail myself of this indulgence, I must, though reluctantly, beg the favour of your closing my connexion with the University for the present, by taking my name off the books.

In taking this step, you will allow me to return my most heartfelt gratitude to the Society, but chiefly and especially to yourself, for the great kindness I have received at your hands. Everything I am, and everything I have,—the comforts I enjoy, and the means of usefulness I possess, do but remind me day after day of what I owe your excellent Brother and yourself. May I in after life never give to either of you, nor to the Society under whose care I have learned the rudiments of the little I know, and by whose patronage in a great measure I am able to stand up as a son of *alma mater*, a cause to regret the kindness shewn me, or to say that it has been lavished upon an object utterly unworthy of it.

I sincerely hope that no circumstance proves an obstacle in the way of your kind intentions towards Bagillt. The expectations of the public have been much excited; and liberal promises of support, especially from Mr. Pennant, have been obtained.

I was invited to preach the St. David's Sermon, at Chester, upon your Brother being unable to attend. I have been so far beguiled as to allow the Committee of the Cambrian Society, to publish my attempt at a Discourse. The truths contained in it are, I believe, important: not because they are mine, but because they are the truths of the Gospel. As a composition, I am afraid it stands but low; and I would not say a word about it, but that I have copies which I would thank you and the Principal for accepting, if I knew how to forward them to you. * * * *

Believe me to remain, ever, My Dear Sir,

Most gratefully yours,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XX.

TO H. B. KER, ESQ., LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON.

Cardigan, Dec. 29th, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me to thank you for your kind letter. The end of the year renders it necessary that I should mention to you something of the state of the Welsh Magazine. The Publishers are unable, until their agents send in their yearly accounts, to know how many numbers are sold, and how many remain unsold. They have however, made as accurate a calculation as they could; and are afraid that the guarantee promised by the Society, will prove far too short to cover their loss. This has arisen chiefly from the greater expense in getting up this work than other Welsh Magazines, although the editing has cost them nothing. They are anxious to carry on the work at their own risk, at least for another twelve months, and under the Society's patronage, provided they would be allowed to devote half a sheet of each number to record local news and passing events. This, they imagine, would be a more popular feature, and would greatly increase the sale. No opinion would be expressed on any disputed question. The whole would be only as a chronicle of events.

The Welsh have no newspaper in their language, and they naturally feel anxious to know what is going on around them; but I do not feel authorized in altering anything without the Society's sanction. My monthly reports to Mr. Coates prove that scarcely an article has appeared in the *Cylchgrawn* for the past year, that was not extracted from one or the other of the Society's Publications; and in adapting some of them to the state of knowledge in Wales, I have always kept the standing rule of the Society in view, by excluding every thing political or religious.

I am very unwilling to give up a publication which is likely to do good to my poor countrymen: on the other hand, I am almost convinced that if it is not made more attractive, by the introduction of local news, it will not remunerate the publisher. * * *

Accept of my grateful thanks for your disinterested kindness, and believe me to remain,

My Dear Sir, Ever gratefully and respectfully yours,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XXI.

TO E. WHITLEY, ESQ., BRONCOED.

Cardigan, March, 30th, 1835.

MY EVER DEAR SIR,

Old recollections—and recollections dearer for being old—make Broncoed and the name of Whitley much dearer to my memory and heart than other names and places. My own former humble home is now another's,—I know it no more; and there is scarcely a house now in the parish into which I would venture to turn besides yours, your cousin's, Mr. Clough's and two or three more. Yet, I feel a tie between me and Mold and its inhabitants, which nothing but death can unloose. There lies the grave of my dear, though poor parents, and there burst the dawn of my brightest days. The same Providence which smiled upon the beginning of my happier years, continues kind still. I have indeed abundant reason to thank heaven for the many, many blessings which have been showered upon my path; nor do I forget the kind hands which were employed in showering them, and your own amongst the number.

When I first came to Manordeifi, there was but one service on the Sunday, and that almost entirely in Welsh. Seeing that five of the principal families in Pembrokeshire were under my pastoral care, and that neither themselves nor their dependants understood any Welsh, I established two services, one entirely English, the other exclusively in our beloved Welsh. The manner in which the thing was done happened to please so much, that the parishioners have planned a better road to approach the Church, which is nearly completed.

I must apologize for troubling you so much with my own affairs;

however, I had no other news to tell you. Give my best respects to Mrs. Whitley, and convey to her (and accept the same yourself) my unfeigned thanks for the many kindnesses you have shewn my adopted boy. He wrote to me to tell of all your goodness; and I can assure you that his heart was as full in writing it, as mine was in reading it.

I am dear Sir, ever yours sincerely,

J. BLACKWELL.

NO. XXII.

TO THE REV. A. B. CLOUGH.

Cardigan, July 4th, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

I read over a mass of *Sion Tudur's* poems, which I have in manuscript, but could not find anything which would lead one to think that he was ever Vicar of St. Asaph, or indeed in Holy Orders.—I hope, for the credit of the cloth, that he was not.* His writings prove anything but clerical virtues. In a clever poem, a dialogue between him and his horse, when about to pay a visit to the excellent Richard Davies, then Bishop of St. David's, who had been translated from St. Asaph, the steed brings an awkward charge against the bard:—

“Mae'n enbyd yma'n Ninbych
Wtres tros y nôs, a nych;
Cael gŵin yn eich mân, a mêdd—
Cawn innau cau y nannedd,—
Dy aros byth, diras bod,
Deirnos a thri diwrnod.”

This poem also proves *Sion* to be more of a cavalier than a pastor, for his horse complains,

“Toraist ar gleidr fy mhedrain
Wyth glawdd byw, a'th glêdd heb wain.”

Sion Tudur was, however, after *William Lleyn*, the best poet, as far as the genuine flow of the *awen* was concerned, during the age of Elizabeth; but he was culpably careless of his prosody. He was also one of the last whose works are worth reading, until *Hugh Morris* arose.

I scarcely know what account to give of the ‘*Cylchgrawn*.’

* Mr. B. has the following note in the ‘*Cylchgrawn*,’ relating to the same individual.—“*Tebycach yw, mai perthyn i Swyddfa Cofrestrydd Esgobaeth Llanellwy yr oedd Sion Tudur, ac nid gwr llén. Profu llawer peth hyn. Yr oedd yn byw yn y Wigfawr,—mangre gyfagos i Llanellwy.—Nid ydyw ei enw yn Rhestr Willis o'r Ficeriaid.—Nid oedd ond pedwar Ficer yn Llanellwy.—Dyweda Sion ei hun hefyd,*

‘*Curais dri o'r Ficeriaid,
Pedwerydd, pe do'i aros,
I'w guro awn dan ger y nôs.*’”

I am truly sorry that the taste among our countrymen inclines but little to the *useful*. Nothing seems popular except the violent, and the *ultra* in religion and politics. The first article in most of the existing periodicals, is generally a piece of divinity; and from that to the end, nothing is seen but the basest abuse of the Church and those who support it.

* * * * *

Believe me to remain, Dear Sir,

Your grateful humble servant,

J. BLACKWELL.

XXIII.

TO THE REV. J. GRIFFITH, VICAR OF LLANGELER.

Cardigan, September 12th, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

On the day of the Visitation at Cardigan, you kindly promised to attend my Clerical Meeting on the 21st instant, I hope nothing will occur to prevent you.

I do not blame you any more than myself,—the truth of us all is, that we pledge ourselves thoughtlessly in these things, and require a remembrancer to bring them to memory. Yet, our heavenly Master, doubtless, looks upon these promises as vows placed on his holy altar, and will be angry if they are not fulfilled, when they are once made.

I am, my Dear Sir, very truly yours,

J. BLACKWELL.

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Barddoniaeth.

Poetry.

# Mæsgarmon.

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## AN OUTLINE OF THE POEM.

The Introduction.—Description of a fine evening at sea.—A storm ensues.—Garmon and Bleiddan introduced upon their voyage from France to Britain.—The storm described.—Distress of the mariners.—The resignation of Garmon and Bleiddan, and their song.—Calm restored and their landing in Britain.—A description of the civil and ecclesiastical state of Britain at this period, A.D. 429.—The Bishops prosecuting their divine mission.—Their public theological dispute with the Pelagians at Verulam.—The Bishops' declared orthodox.—The populace about to rush upon the heretics, but prevented by Bleiddan's address.—In the course of their journey, they arrive at Mold, and lodge with Rhufon, a military chieftain and saint.—Their conversation.—The strangers notice the melancholy of Rhufon and his bride.—The Bishops and Rhufon take an early walk the next day upon the banks of the river Alyn.—Description of a fine spring morning in the neighbourhood of Mold.—Rhufon sends messengers to acquaint the surrounding inhabitants of the arrival and mission of the Bishops.—After breakfast, Garmon, Bleiddan, and Rhufon retire to the garden, where, in a bower, Rhufon discloses the cause of his grief,—that his son had revolted to paganism, had become his father's enemy, and had left his home threatening to visit it again with revenge.—News brought that the congregation had assembled upon the meads of Alyn.—The Bishops and Rhufon repair thither.—The assembly described.—Bleiddan's prayer.—Baptism administered.—Garmon's address, and its effects.—Intelligence brought by some fugitives of the approach of the Saxons and Picts. Rhufon's heroic resolution is checked by Garmon's speech.—Rhufon and the congregation consent to be guided by the Prelates.—They all retreat to a wood.—Rhufon's humanity.—The skirts of the wood approached by the enemy.—Anxiety of the Britons.—The enemy prepares for the onset.—The Britons, on a sign made by the Bishops, rise together and shout in unison 'HALELUIA.'—The sound prolonged by angels.—The terror of the enemy and its final catastrophe in the miraculous flood of the Alyn.—The Prelates' farewell address to the congregation, and its dispersion.—On the next morning, Garmon, Bleiddan, and Rhufon, go to see the signs of the calamity on the borders of the Alyn, and among the dead bodies, Rhufon finds the corps of his son.—His agitation.—Finds that the son had invited the enemy over to fulfil his threat.—The funeral of the son.—Grief of the family on the occasion.—A monument raised by Garmon to commemorate the event.—The inscription thereon.



# AWDL AR FAES GARMON.\*

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TESTUN EISTEDDFOD Y WYDDGRUG, 1823.

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BARNWYD YR AWDL HON YN FUDDUGOL.

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BOED *Hector* flaenor a'i floedd,  
Eirf *Illium* a'i rhyfeloedd,  
Groeg anwar mewn garw gŷnen,  
Bynciau y pêr *Homer* hên ;  
Hidled *Virgil*, wiwged was,  
Wîn awen uwch *Æneas*.

Gwnaed eraill ganiad eurwedd  
Am arfau claer,—am rwyf cledd,  
Byllt trwy dân gwyllt yn gwau,  
Mwŷg a niwl o'r magnelau ;  
Brâd rhyw haid, a brwydrau hên  
Oes, a phleidiau Maes *Floden* ;†  
Gwarchau, a “ dagrau digrawn,”  
Corinth a Valencia lawn, ‡  
Eiliant blêth, a molant blaid  
Gywreinwych eu gwroniaid ;  
Mae genyf yma'i ganu  
Fwy gwron, sef GARMON gu ;

---

\* *Dilynwyd orgraph yr Awdwr yn mhob rhan o'i waith, er y canfyddir ei bod yn gwahaniaethu mewn rhai manau.* † Flodden Field, by Sir Walter Scott.

‡ Siege of Corinth, by Lord Byron; and Siege of Valencia, by Mrs. Hemans.

Ag eirf dîg eu gorfod oedd,  
 Gorfodaeth braich grêf ydoedd.  
 Hwn ga'dd glod a gorfodaeth  
 Heb ergyd na syflyd saeth;  
 I lu duwiol a diarf  
 Yn wyrth oedd,—ac heb nerth arf;  
 Duw yn blaid, a wnae eu bloedd  
 Heibio i ddawn y byddinoedd.

Y dwthwn'r aeth cymdeithas  
 Gwyr Rhufain, o Frydain frâs,  
 Ar hwyrddydd o ryw harddaf,  
 Mwyna 'rioed yn mân yr hâf;  
 E giliai'r haul, glauar hîn,  
 Ag aur lliwiau'r Gorllewin;  
 Goreurai gyrau oerion,  
 Ferwawg a dèl frig y dòn;  
 Holl natur llawen ytoedd,  
 Ystŵr, na dwndwr, nid oedd;  
 Ond sibrwd deng ffrwd ffreudeg  
 Llorf dannau y tònau têg;  
 A'r tawel ddôf awelon,  
 Awyr dêg ar wâr y dòn;  
 Tôn ar dôn yn ymdaenu,  
 Holl anian mewn cyngan cu;  
 Gwawr oedd hyn, a gŷr i dd'od,  
 Ac armel o flaen gwermod;  
 Cwmwl dwl yn adeiliaw,  
 Oedd i'w weled fel lled llaw.

Ael wybren, oedd oleubryd,—a guddid  
 Gan gaddug dychrynlyd,—  
 Enynai yr un enyd,  
 Fel anferth goelcerth i gyd.

Môr a thir a'u mawrwaith oedd,  
 Yn awr fal mewn rhyfeloedd;  
 Mawr eigion yn ymrwygo,  
 Ar fol ei gryf wely grô ;  
 Archai—gan guro'i erchwyn,  
 A'i dwrw ffrom—dori ei firwyn ;  
 Ymwân Udd\* uwch mynyddoedd,  
 At y Nef yn estyn oedd ;  
 Dynoethid yna weithion,  
 Draw i'r dydd, odreu'r dôn ;  
 Dodwodd y cwmwl dudew  
 Ei genllysg i'r terfysg têw ;  
 A'r gwyntoedd rwygent entyrch,  
 Neifion deifl i'r Nef yn dyrch ;  
 Deuai nôs i doi y nen,  
 Duai'n ebrwydd dan wybren ;  
 Ac o'r erchyll dywyll dô  
 Tân a mell't yn ymwylltio ;  
 Taranent nes torwynu  
 Y llynclyn diderfyn du.

Yn mysg y terfysg twrf-faith  
 Gwelid llong, uwch gwaelod llaith,  
 Yn morio yn erbyn mawr-wynt,—  
 Môr yn dygyfor, a'r gwynt  
 Wnai'r hwyliâu'n ddarnau'n ei ddîg,  
 A'r llyw ydoedd ddrylliedig ;  
 Mynedyddion mwyn doddynt,  
 Eu gwaedd a glywid drwy'r gwynt ;  
 Llef irad a llygad lli,  
 Y galon ddewra'n gwelwi ;  
 Anobaith dô'i wynebaw,  
 Ac ofn dôr y gwyllt-fôr gau,

---

\* The English Channel.

Gwỳnodd pob gwep gan gỳni,—  
 Llewyygent,—crynent rhag cri  
 Gwylan \* ar ben'r hwyllbren rhydd,  
 "Ysturmant yr ystormydd!"  
 A mawrwych galon môrwr,  
 Llawn o dân, droai'n llỳn dŵr;  
 Llŵ fu'n hawdd, droe'n llefain O!  
 A chân elwch yn wylo.

Yn mawr sŵn ymrysonau  
 'R tro, 'roedd yno ryw ddau  
 Llôn hêdd ar eu gwêdd hwy gaid,  
 A chanent heb ochenaid:  
 Un GARMON, gelyn gormail,  
 A BLEIDDAN† ddiddan oedd ail;  
 Gwelent drigfanau gwiwlôn,  
 Ac iach le têt, uwchlaw tòn,—  
 Lle nad oes loes, fel isod,  
 Nac un westl dymestl yn d'od;  
 Eiddunent hwy Dduw anian,—  
 Traethaf a gofiaf o'r gân.

"Hyd atad ein Duw eto,  
 "Dyneswn, edrychwn drô;  
 "Rhown i ti, rhwng cernau tòn,  
 "Hael Geli, fawl o galon;  
 "Rhued nawf, ni's rhaid i ni,  
 "Uwch ei safn, achos ofni:  
 "Y llî dwfr sy'n y llaw dâu,—  
 "Dy law'n Iôn a'n deil ninau.

---

\* The shriek of a Gull is always considered a bad omen by mariners, especially when it is seated, in a storm, upon the mast's head. † So he is called by Gr. ab Arthur and other Welsh Chroniclers, though commonly called Lupus by others.—*Horæ Britanicæ*, vol. 2, p. 150.

“ Ti yw arweinydd y taranau,  
 “ Tefli y sythion fellt fel saethau,—  
 “ Gan ro’i, a dwyn, dy ffrwyn yn ffroenau  
 “ Anwar dymestl,—mae’n wir diammau :  
 “ Yn nghynen yr elfenau—rhoddi’r gwynt,  
 “ Gelwi gorwynt,—neu gloi ei gaerau.

“ Y môr uthr udawl, a’i dra mawr ruthriadau,  
 “ Y sydd fel moelydd uwch y cymylau ;  
 “ Yr wyt ti, Ynad, ar wâr y tònau,  
 “ Yn trefnu hynt y chwerw-wynt i chwaraau  
 “ Cesgli’r gwynt chwynn i’th ddyrnau,—yn sydyn,  
 “ Arafa wed’yn bob cynhyrfiadau.

“ Pa ragor in’ fôr yn fêdd  
 “ Na gwaun dîr i gnawd orwedd ?  
 “ Cawn i’th gôl o farwol fyd,  
 “ Yn nydd angeu’n hawdd ddiengyd.—  
 “ Mae’n calon yn boddloni  
 “ I uniawn drefn Un yn Dri.”

Pan ar ben gorphen y gân  
 Y terfynai twrf anian ;  
 Clywai’r un sy’n cloriannu  
 Rhawd, o’r sêr i’r dyfnder du :  
 Arafodd, llaesodd y llî,  
 Trychineb, a’r trochioni ;  
 Môr a nen ymyrai’n ol,  
 I ddistawrwydd ystyriol ;  
 Deuai hwyl a da helynt  
 Y dôn yn gyson â’r gwynt ;  
 Mewn un llais rho’ent hymnau’n llon,  
 I’r hwn a ro’es yr hinon ;  
 Yna y chwai dorai dydd,—  
 Dyna làn Prydain lonydd !



Doe'r llong, ar ddiddan waneg,  
I ben y daith—Albion dêg.

Hîl Gomer, yr amser hyn,  
Oedd o nodwedd anhydyn ;  
Amryw nwyd wnae Gymru'n waeth,  
Mawr gÿnnen a Morganiaeth ;  
Gwyr digariad i'w goror,  
Lanwai â cham, lan a chôr :  
Rhai ffol yn cymmysgu'r ffydd  
A choelion am uchelwydd ; \*  
Gwadu Crist, neu gydio'u cred  
A'r glebr am "dreiglo abred ;" †  
Pictiaid, Yscotiaid, weis câs,  
Ruthrent, lunient alanas ;  
A Phrydain heb undeb oedd,  
Na llyw wrth ben ei lluoedd ;  
Y llysoedd, yn lle iesin  
Farnu gwael, oe'nt defyrn gwîn ;  
Brâd amlwg, a brwd ymladd,  
Gorthrech, cri, llosgi, a lladd,  
Wnae Albion,—a'u troion trwch  
Yn ail i ryw anialwch.

Y teulu apostolaidd  
Eu bron, cyn gorphwyso braidd,  
Drwy'r wlad, ar waith clodadwy  
Eu Tad, ymegnient hwy.

Gan foreu godi,—rhoddi'n rhwyddion  
Fÿrr o Gilead wrth friwiau gwaelion ;  
Digyrith bleidio gwirion—rhag gwrthdrin,  
Rho'i llaeth a gwîn i'r llwythau gweinion.

\* The Mistletoe. † Metempsychosis. It is recorded that the civil and religious state of Britain was in a very deplorable condition at the departure of the Romans. Druidism again flourished, &c.

Iselaidd furiau Salem  
 Godent, ac urddent â gem ;  
 A gem y ddau ddegymydd  
 Fu aur a ffurf y wir ffydd;  
 Gemau'r gair, disglair dwys,  
 Yw parwydydd Paradwys;  
 Er gogan, a phob anair,  
 Dysgent, pregethent y gair,  
 Nes cwnu'r llesg gwan o'r llaid,—  
 Taro'r annuw trwy'r enaid :  
 Lle blin a hyll o'u blaen oedd,  
 Ail Eden o'u hôl ydoedd ;  
 O flaen rhai'n, diflanu'r oedd  
 Heresiauw mwyar oesoedd ;  
 Tôst iawn chwedl i genedl gam  
 Fu'r holiad yn Verulam :\*  
 Ugeiniau o'r Morganiaid,  
 Ddynion blwng, oedd yno'n blaid :  
 Llwyddai Iôn y dynion da,  
 Er c'wilydd Agricola ;  
 Ar air Iôn, i lawr yr aeth  
 Muriau gweinion Morganiaeth.

Dynion oedd dan adenydd—ystlumaidd  
 Gwestl amhur goelgrefydd ;  
 Ymagorai'r magwrydd,  
 Gwelen' dêg oleuni dydd.

Morganiaid er mawr gynnwrf,  
 Hwynt yn eu llîd dro'ent yn llwrf ;

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\* The Pelagians challenged the orthodox Bishops to a public controversy at Verulam, St. Albans, and elected Agricola as their leader. The auditors were to decide. After a long controversy, the Prelates were declared victorious. The populace were with difficulty restrained from taking signal revenge upon those who had led them astray.

Yna'r dorf, anwar a dîg,  
 At y gwyr godent gerrig,—  
 A mynent bwyo 'menydd  
 Y rhai ffol fu'n gwyro'r ffydd!  
 Ond y graslon GARMON gu  
 A ataliodd y teulu:  
 BLEIDDAN, ar hyny, bloeddiai,—  
 "Clywch! ëon, ry ëon rai!  
 "Pwyllwch, arafwch rywfaint!  
 "Godde' sy'n gweddu i saint;  
 "I'n Duw y perthyn dial,—  
 "I'r annuw ein Duw a dâl!  
 "Par ei farn am bob rhyw fai,  
 "Llaw dialedd lle dylai!  
 "Ond cafodd fodd i faddau,—  
 "Drwy gûr un—gall drugarâu;  
 "Y garw boen, hyd gaerau bedd,  
 "Agorai gell trugaredd;  
 "A'n harch gwir, i lenwi'r wlad  
 "Yn farn am gyfeiliornad,  
 "Yw troi, o ras têr yr Iôn,  
 "Galonau ein gelynion  
 "I droedio wrth ddeddf dradoeth;  
 "Dyn yn ddwl,—Duw Iôn yn ddoeth.  
 "Felly yn awr, dan wawr well,  
 "Pobun ânt tua'u pabell;  
 "Nef uchod rhoed Naf ichwi,—  
 "Mewn heddwch dychwelwch chwi."

Tra llefarodd, troell fawrwych  
 Anian droes yn iawn ei drych;  
 Y dymher ydoedd dwymyn  
 Dda'i yn ei lle,—toddai'n llên!  
 Gwelent eu drwg—amlwg oedd,  
 A'u llid—mor fyrbwyll ydoedd;

Ust! tawelynt drwyddynt draw,  
 O dawelwch, do'i wylaw!  
 'Nawr o'u dwrn yn ara' deg  
 Parai gwir gwymp i'r garreg;  
 Trwst y main, a'r ubain rhwydd  
 Dwys, a dorai'r distawrwydd!  
 Yna'r gynnulleidfa'n llon  
 Ddychwelent—(gwedd a chalon  
 Eto 'nawr yn gytun oedd,)   
 Law yn llaw lona lluoedd.

Dau genad gwyn! wedi gwyl  
 Hwyr gyrcient at eu gorchwyl;  
 Llafurient a'u holl fwriad,  
 Dan Iôr i oleuo'r wlad;  
 A'i dwyn hi dan ordinhad  
 Da rëol, o'i dirywiad;  
 Dan y gwaith, heb lîd na gŵg,  
 Trwy erlid, ymlid amlwg:  
 Do'ent wrth deithio bro a bryn,  
 I olwg Ystrad Alyn;\*  
 Elai'r gwyr, gan eilio'r gân,  
 Drwy Faelor oror eirian: †  
 Hwyr hithau ddwyrai weithion,  
 Llwydai fry ddillad y fron;  
 Ucheron, ‡ uwch ei chaerydd,  
 A'i t'wysai, pan darfai dydd;  
 Y lloer, a'i mantell arian,  
 Ddeuai un modd, yn y màn;

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\* The district in which Mold, Maesgarmon, &c., lie. † The author is aware that the district of Maelor was not so called until the sixth century, when it fell to the lot of Maelor ab Gwran ab Cunedda Wledig, upon the grand division of Wales between the members of that family. Yet, places are frequently called in history by the names they hereafter bear.—Abraham is said to have pursued the Canaanitish Kings to Dan, (Gen. xiv. 14.) though that portion of the Land of Promise was not known by that name for 520 years later. (Judges xviii. 29.)

‡ Hesperus, the evening star.

Daeth o le i le fel hyn  
 Y faith yrfa i'w therfyn;  
 Nawdd Iôr, ac arweinydd ddug  
 Y rhwyddgraft ddau i'r Wyddgrug:  
 Lletyent mewn lle tawel,  
 Trigle dêr, a mangre'r mêl;  
 Lle addas y llüyddwr  
 RHUFON, oedd yn union wr;  
 Un crefyddol, dduwiol ddawn,  
 Doeth, a'i gyfoeth yn gyfiawn;  
 Iachawdwr, a braich ydoedd,  
 Ac anadl ei genedl oedd;  
 I'w ardal dêg, ateg oedd,  
 Llywiawdwr ei llu ydoedd:  
 Dau noddwr duwinyddiaeth,  
 Arfolli, noddi a wnaeth;  
 Eu siarad, am râd yr oedd,  
 A mesurau'r amseroedd;  
 Gwael greifion y goelgrefydd,  
 Rhanau a ffurf yr iawn ffydd;  
 A bro a'i hêdd i barhau,  
 Uwch annedwydd och'neidiau;  
 Y duwiol hyfrydol fron  
 'Ddiddenid â'u 'mddiddanion;  
 RHUFON er hyny'n rhyfedd,  
 Oedd o ddirgel isel wêdd;  
 Sôn am loes sy'n aml isod,  
 A chael rhan uwchlaw y rhod,  
 Wnae'i fron dêr, yn nyfnder nod,  
 Chwyddo o ebwech ddiwybod;  
 Ei dêg rudd, lle gwelwyd gwrâd,  
 A ddeifiodd rhyw ddu ofid;  
 A dygai'r llef y deigr llaith  
 I'r golwg, 'nawr ac eilwaith!



'Roedd gwaelod y trallod trwch  
 I wyr *Gallia*'n ddirgelwch ! \*  
 Hwyl sylwent mai isel-wan  
 A dwl, oedd ei Briod lân !  
 Beth fu'r anferth ryferthwy  
 Ni wyddent—ni holent hwy.

Yna, a'u bron heb un braw,  
 Hwyl wahanent i hunaw ;  
 Pwys y daith, mor faith a fu,  
 A'u gwasgodd hwynt i gysgu :  
 Edyn Iôn, rhag troion trwch,  
 A'u mantellynt, mewn t'wllwch.

Yn bur a gwyneb araul,  
 Cwnu yr oedd cyn yr haul  
 Y ddau dêg, ddifreg o fryd,  
 A RHUFON hawddgar hefyd ;  
 Rhodient i wrando'r hedydd  
 Gydag awel dawel dydd,  
 Hyd ddeiliog lènydd Alyn,  
 I wel'd urddas glâs y glyn ;  
 Clywent sibrawd y ffrwd ffraeth  
 Yn dilyn hyd y dalaeth ;  
 Y grô mân ac rhai meini,  
 Yn hual ei hoewal hi.

Agorir dorau goror y dwyrain,  
 Yna *Aurora* sydd yn orwyrain  
 Nifwl ni 'merys o flaen ei mirain  
 Gerbyd llachrawg, a'i meirch bywiawg buain,  
 Ewybr o gylch y wybr gain—teifl gwrel,  
 A lliwia argel â'i mantell eurgain.

---

\* *Gallia*, France.

Yna deffrodd awelon y dyffryn,  
 Ae' sî trwy y dolau'n Ystrad Alyn!  
 Haul drwy y goedwig belydrai gwed'yn,  
 Bu i Argoed hirell, a brigau tèrwyn,\*  
 D'ai lliw y rhôd oll ar hyn—fel porphor,  
 A goror Maelor fel gwawr aur melyn.

Ar ei hadain, y seingar ehedydd  
 Fwria'i cherddi i gyfarch y wawr-ddydd;  
 Deffröai gantorion llon y llwynydd  
 I bereiddio awelon boreu-ddydd,—  
 A phêr wawd i'w Creawdydd,—trwy'r wiw-nen,  
 O ferion awen,—am foreu newydd.

Bwrid ar hyn heb eiriach,  
 Ganiadau o bigau bach!  
 Eu glwys-gerdd lanwai'r glas-goed,—  
 Caniadau rhwng cangau'r coed!  
 Gwnai bronfraith dasg ar las-gainc,  
 Trwsio'i phlu a chanu'i chaine.

Yna llon ganai llinos——i gynnal  
 Cerdd geinwech yr ëos,  
 Ymorau heb ymaros,  
 I Geli am noddi'r nos.

A seiniai pyngciai pob pig  
 I'w Creawdwr caredig;  
 Nes yr aeth yn mhen enyd  
 Yr wybr fan yn gân i gyd.

Esgynent, troent eu tri  
 I balawg fryn y Beili,†

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\* An extensive woody ridge to the East of Mold is called Argoed. *Hirell*, gleams of light. † An elevated mound or barrow at the extremity of the town of Mold.

I wel'd y wlad, ferthwlad fau,—  
 Rhedai Alyn trwy'i dolau  
 Dyffrynol, breiniol a bras,  
 Oll yn hardd yn llawn urddas ;  
 Duw Celi oedd gwedi gwau  
 'N gywrain ei dillad gorau !  
 Dëor mÿrr, neithdar, a mêl,  
 Yn rhywiog a wnae'r awel ;  
 Aroglai'r manwydd briglas,  
 Y bau a'i chwrlidau'n las ;  
 A diffwyth lysiau'r dyffryn  
 Gwlithog, fyrdd, mewn gwyrdd a gwyn.

Ebrwydd, y corn boreubryd  
 Alwai 'ngwrth y teulu nghyd ;  
 Teulu y castell telaid,  
 'Nol porthi, mewn gweddi gaid.

RHUFON a yrai hefyd  
 Efo'r gweis, drwy'r fro i gyd,  
 Am neges em enwogion  
 I weled tir y wlad hon,—  
 Yr eilient yn ochr Alyn  
 Araeth am gadwraeth dyn ;  
 A'u bod am weini bedydd  
 Yn ael y dwfr, ganol dydd ;  
 Ag awydd ferth, gweddai fod  
 Bawb ynaw â'u babanod !  
 Mai bechan y Llan\* oll oedd  
 I gynnwys amryw gannoedd.

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\* It is not likely that Mold, even at this early period, was destitute of a Church. Its being in the vicinity of Bangor-is-coed, where Pelagius was educated, and the fact that most of the saints of that period, especially the family of Cunedda the Great, lived in the neighbourhood, would incline us to think the contrary. The open air might have been preferred because the multitude coming to hear men of so much celebrity as Garmon and Bleiddan could not find room within an ordinary structure.

Felly aent o'r arfoll hon  
 Eu tri, i'r gerddi gwyrddion ;  
 Mawl i Dduw ro'ent mewn teml ddail,\*  
 Gwedi'i gwau gyda gwiail ;  
 Ei lloriau, â gleiniau glwys  
 B'rwydid fel ail Baradwys !  
 Sonient, wrth aros yno,  
 Am och a brâd,—am uwch bro,—  
 Lle na ddêl gwyll neu ddolef,—  
 Am urdd yn Nuw,—am ardd Nef,—  
 Gardd o oesol radol rîn,  
 A'i haberoedd yn bur-win

RHUFON, dan ofid rhyfawr,  
 Ni dd'wedai—ofynai fawr ;  
 Dangosai' liw, nid gwiw gwâd,  
 Loes erwin uwchlaw siarad !  
 O'r diwedd, 'nol hir dewi,  
 Ochenaid, a llygaid lli,  
 A'i ddagrau, fel rhaffau'n rhydd,  
 O'i lygaid yn wlawogydd,—  
 Tan grynu'i fant yn graen,† fo  
 Gwynai alaeth gan wylo !

“ Enwogiawn, mi wn agos  
 “ Rhaid i 'null ar hyd y nos,  
 “ Ddangos fod saeth gaeth, a gwg,  
 “ Drwy'r galon draw o'r golwg ;  
 “ Y ngrudd gref, lle gwingodd graid, ‡  
 “ Lychwinodd aml ochenaid ;  
 “ Grym y groes, a dagrau'm gwraig,  
 “ Dÿr wên y diarynaig ! ||

\* There is a tradition still at Mold, that the first Church there was made of  
 plaited sprigs in the form of an arbour. † *Graen*, grievous. ‡ *Graid*, fire,  
 ardeny. || *Diarynaig*, hero.

“ Mynegaf i'm henwogion  
 “ Hanes fy mriw—naws fy mron,  
 “ A'r achos o'm hir ochi,—  
 “ Yr oedd mab iraidd i mi;  
 “ Delw i'r holl ardaloedd,—  
 “ Eu tegwch a'u harddwch oedd;  
 “ 'R oedd ei rwydd daclusrwydd clau,  
 “ A'i lun nerthol yn wyrthiau;  
 “ A gwên hoff lawen a fflwch,  
 “ Ireiddiwch ar ei ruddiau.

“ Dau lygad ei Dad ydoedd,  
 “ Un enaid â'i enaid oedd;  
 “ Rhyw adyn ei rwydo wnaeth  
 “ A'i swynion, i gamsyniaeth,—  
 “ Un tônawg anghytunol  
 “ Droes allan, a phagan ffol;  
 “ Ac oerodd ei holl gariad  
 “ At wir Duw,—at eiriau'i Dad!  
 “ Hyny fagodd genfigen,  
 “ Yr un dydd yn ei fron dên,—  
 “ Lle ca'dd hên genfigen faeth,  
 “ Ddylanwodd o elyniaeth,—  
 “ Ae'n greulon, anfoddlon fab,  
 “ Fu'n wâr addfwyn ireiddfab;  
 “ Y diwedd oedd—gadodd ef  
 “ Mewn gŵg,—huddwg ei haddef,  
 “ Gan addaw d'od, diwrnod du,  
 “ A dialedd i'w deulu;  
 “ Gwauai y dwrn,—rhegai' Dad,  
 “ O'm Duw! fath ymadawiad!  
 “ Er gwae im', rhwygai ymaith—  
 “ Na wŷr ond Iôn ran o'i daith!  
 “ Ni's gallaf, dan drymaf dro,  
 “ Ond trist ruddfanu trosto!



“ O’r diwrnod bu’r du ornwaith,  
 “ Ni chenaïs, ni cherddais chwaith,—  
 “ Picellau drwg ofnau gant  
 “ Y fron wirion fraenarant :  
 “ Na welir hwn, wylo’r wyf,—  
 “ Ac wylo rhag ofn gwelwyf  
 “ Etifedd gwae ! tyfodd gwŷn  
 “ Diymarbed i’m herbyn ;  
 “ Funud ni phrisiaf einioes,—  
 “ Aeth yn faich holl ddwthwn f’oes !  
 “ O Angeu ! tora f’ingedd,  
 “ ’Rwy’n barod, barod, i’m bedd.”

Eto y toddai natur  
 Yn ddagrau fel perlau pur ;  
 Delwai, mudanai’r dynion,  
 Gyda’u brawd gwaedai eu bron ;  
 Pwyntient fŷs at lŷs hael Iôn—  
 Lle o allu ellyllon !  
 Sŷnent, ac edrychent dro,  
 Eilwaith cymmysgent wylo :  
 Addysgid y ddau Esgob  
 Felly’n null cyfeillion Iob ;  
 I ganfod fod llym gwynfawr  
 Bwysau ei ofidiau’n fawr.

Ar hyn d’ai gwas addas wedd,  
 Mynegai mewn mwyn agwedd,  
 Fod nifer, yr amser hyn,  
 Ar ddolau iraidd Alyn ;  
 A’u disgwyliad dwys gwiwlôn  
 Am glywed clau eiriau’r Iôn.

Sychu oedd raid y llygaid llaith,  
 O fwriad at lafurwaith :

O'r deildy tua'r doldir  
 Yr elent hwy, trwy lawnt hir;  
 A gwelent wâr, liwgar lu,  
 Yn gannoedd yno'n gwenu!  
 O ddisgwyl y ddau Esgawb,  
 A gwyneb pur gwenai pawb,  
 O oedran diniweidrwydd,  
 Y'mlaen, hyd i saith-deg mlwydd;  
 Rhai ieuainc, mewn chwidr awydd  
 Yn chwaraau ar geinciau gŵydd;  
 Arafaidd d'ai'r gwryryfon,  
 Yn weddaidd, llariaidd a llon!  
 Oeswyr, a phwys ar eu ffyn,  
 Hulient dorlenydd Alyn!  
 Doethaidd eu dull i'r dwthwn,  
 Eistedd wnae'r gwragedd yn grwn;  
 Pob mam lân a'i baban bach,  
 Ryw hoenus,—a rhai henach,  
 A geisient gael eu gosod  
 Dan sancteiddiol nefol nôd!  
 'Nawr mewn trefn, tu cefn i'r cylch,  
 Gan ymgau'n gain o amgylch,  
 Y deuai holl wrandawyr  
 Y graslon enwogion wyr.

Ar ddeulin yr addolynt  
 Yr Oen hoeliwyd, gablwyd gynt;  
 A BLEIDDAN, drwy fwynlan fodd,  
 Ar Dduw a hir weddiodd;  
 Eiddunodd newydd anian,  
 A mawr lês i Gymru lân;  
 I beri hedd, nes byrhau  
 Ochain hon a'i chynhenau,—  
 A throi i'r wir athrawiaeth  
 Rai'n ol, ar gyfeiliorn aeth;

Ac yna, na cha'i Morganiaeth,—na gwenwyn  
 O geuneint Derwyddiaeth,  
 Fwrw'u dylif i'r dalaeth,  
 Yn hwy'n lle manna a llaeth.

Bedyddio wnaent—(hyd dd'ai'n wŷn)\*  
 Wyr mewn oed,—rhaf mân wed'yn;  
 Yna'r sant 'nol gweini'r swydd  
 Ystyriol—mewn dystawrwydd,  
 Yn ei wisgoedd wnaï esgyn  
 I ochr llethrawg, frithawg fryn;  
 Ac eurmyg lleuai† GARMON,  
 A'i dafod aur, eiriau'r Iôn;  
 Gwrthbrofi, dynodi wnaeth  
 Amryw gynneiddf Morganiaeth;  
 Mor ffraeth ei araeth euraidd,—  
 Enaid a grym hyd y gwraidd!  
 Y llu ddaeth i gablu'r gwyr,  
 Hwyl ddeuent yn weddiwyr:  
 Trwy'r gair llym y troir gerllaw  
 Annuwion i wylaw;  
 Pan felltenai Sinai serth  
 I gydwybod,—gwaed aberth  
 Wna'i fellten a f'ai wylltaf  
 Ddiffodd, yn hedd ffydd yn Naf:  
 Agorai wefus gwrel,  
 A'i fant a ddyferai fêl;  
 Drwy lawn gainc, darluniai gŵr  
 Tad a Cheidwad pechadur,—  
 Yr iawn a ro'es, drwy loes lêm,  
 Croeshoeliad Oen Caersalem;  
 Ban dug, trwy boenau dygyn,  
 Fodd i Dduw faddeu i ddyn;—

\* The adjective *gwyn* implies happy, blessed; hence *gwynfyd*, *gwynfa*, &c.

† *Lleuai*, read.

Ei araeth grêf am wyrth grâs  
Wnai un oer bron yn eirias.

Y'ngghanol y dduwiol ddysg,  
Clywid cynnwrf, twrf terfysg!  
Llefau galar gyda'r gwynt,  
Sitwyr\* yn nesâu attynt!  
Ar hyn, dyna-ofngar haid  
O derydd fföaduriaid,—  
Lu gwael o liw—ac ael wlêb,  
A gwanaidd oedd pob gwyneb:  
“Daeth,” dyheuent,† d'wedent hwy,  
“Awr hyf warth a rhyferthwy!  
“Mae Saison, anunion wyr,  
“A brathawg‡ lu y Brithwyr,  
“A'u miloedd dros dir Maelawr,—  
“Gwelsom fin y fyddin fawr!  
“Temlau a thai llosgai'r llu—  
“Nèn a magwyr sy'n mygu!  
“Ha! erlidiant ar ledol  
“Y rhai ddaeth yn awr i'r ddôl!  
“Clywch dôn anhirion eu nâd!  
“Ffown, ffown! am amddiffyniad!”

Y gair, fel loes gwefrawl,|| a  
Darfodd bob rhan o'r dyrfa;  
A chwerw nôd dychryniadau  
Oedd yn eu gwedd hwy yn gwau;  
Mewn ofnawl, ddidawl ddadwrdd,  
Mÿnent ymroi, ffoi i ffwrdd!  
Ond RHUFON, drwy fwynlon fodd,  
Un teilwng, a'u hataliodd!

\* *Sitwyr*, rangers, freebooters.—“*Satan Sitiwr Tartara*.”—TALIESIN.

† *Dyheuent*, gasping for breath. ‡ *Brathawg*, apt to stab, assassinating.

|| *Loes gwefrawl*, electrical shock.

Nad oedd y fyddin, erwin hynt,  
 Eto yn agos attynt :  
 Enynodd aidd hen anian  
 Y milwr dewr, mal ar dân.

“ Rhyfel ! ” dolefai RHUFON,  
 Ag araul frŷd gwrol fron !  
 “ Heddyw fy hen gleddyf hir,  
 “ I ddwyn aeth a ddynoethir ;  
 “ Gwnaf wyrthiau trwy gnif erthwch—  
 “ Gwnaf wel’ d eu llu’n llyfu’ r llwch !  
 “ ‘Codwn, arfogwn fagad  
 “ O wrol wych wyr y wlad !’  
 “ A’ m milwyr a’ u hymwelant,  
 “ Pob gwr fydd gone’ rwr ar gant ;  
 “ Wyf RUFON, er f’oer ofid,  
 “ A ddeil arf drwy dduwiol lîd ;  
 “ Terwyniant ein tarianau  
 “ Ni ddeil bron y gâlon gau ;  
 “ Heno o’ u balch lu, ni bydd  
 “ Un i leidio’n haelwydydd !  
 “ Trwy ryfel dihefelydd,  
 “ Ac enw Duw,—cawn y dydd !  
 “ Y’ mlaen ! pur yw’n hantur hon ! ”  
 “ Araf, danbaid RUFON ! ”  
 Eb GARMON,—“ Er pob gormes  
 “ Yn fur prawf, yn fârau prês,  
 “ Mae telid gadernid Iôn,  
 “ Is awyr o gyleh Seion ;  
 “ Ei phen a’ i hamddiffynydd  
 “ Yw’ r Duw sy’n Greawdwr dydd ;  
 “ Ein hiawn bwys yn hyn, O bid  
 “ Ar Dduw a’ i wir addewid !  
 “ A Duw a’ n cyfyd ni, cofiwn,  
 “ Y diwedd o’ r hadledd hwn ;



“ Y Duw a barai fod aberoedd  
 “ O sawr diliau, mewn crâs ardaloedd,  
 “ I gynnal ei blant gannoedd,—â dwfr fal  
 “ Gwawr y grisial o graig yr oesoedd,  
 “ Ac a lywiai Iago a’i luoedd  
 “ Mawr a difraw, rhwng muriau dyfroedd,—  
 “ A Pharaoh a’i anhoff ÿroedd—wna’i gau  
 “ O fewn dorau y gorddyfnderoedd.\*

“ Y Duw hwnw gyfyd hinon  
 “ Awyr dawel, o oriau duon,  
 “ Dilai gwared ei deulu gwirion  
 “ Rhag galanas’ a rhwyg gelynion;  
 “ Y Duw fu’n blaid Gedeon, rwystra i ÿr†  
 “ Yr un o’r Brithwyr wânû’r Brython.”

Trwy galon RHUFON yr aeth  
 Cywir dônu crediniaeth;  
 Dystawodd, lleddfodd y llu,  
 Eu gwelw wawr a’u galaru;  
 Heb ddal ÿni, boddlonynt  
 I weision Iôr hwylio’r hynt.

Hwyr roddent gyfarwyddyd  
 Am hwyl y gorchwyl i gyd.

Ag ysgafn droed i goed gŵydd,  
 Encilient dan y celydd;  
 RHUFON hoff, er mwyn clôff, clâf,  
 Anwylaidd, safai’n olaf;  
 A thawel gynnorthwyai  
 Y gweinion efryddion rai.

Yn ol d’od dan gysgod gwîg  
 I gyd, ar lawr y goedwig,

\* Exodus xiv. 22, and xvii. 6. Judges vii. 22. † attack, onset.

Plygent lân, ac â mân mêl  
 Yn ddwys mewn gweddi isel :  
 Yn ysbaid hyn, os b'ai twrf,  
 Ochenaid lesg, a chynnwrf,—  
 Codai GARMON lon ei law,  
 Agwedd Ust ! ac oedd ddystaw.

Er gwersi, er gweddi'r gwyr,  
 Er têg osteg, ac ystyr,—  
 Gwael agwedd y golygon  
 Dd'wedai fraw y ddiwad fron.

Ar hyn, dyna'n sŷn nesâu  
 Athrist dwrf, a thrwst arfau !  
 Lwyrnych estronawl oernad,  
 Crôch gri, a gwaeddi i'r gâd ;—  
 Yr waedd oedd yn arwyddaw  
 Fod gâlon llymion gerllaw :

Yna y treigl sŷn eu traed,  
 Yn frau o fewn cyrau'r coed,—  
 Lleng a'u gwîch am ollwng gwaed  
 Gwyr o ryw hawddgara 'rioed.

Adeg alarus ydoedd,  
 Ac awr heb ei thebyg oedd ;  
 Awr gerth, na ddileir o gô',  
 Ac awr calonau'n curo ;  
 Y gôch ffrîw aeth a'i lliw'n llwyd,  
 Dewr wêdd ae'n orsedd arswyd.

Trwy'r ddôl y gelymol lu,  
 Grôch anwar, wnaî grechwenu,  
 Er dannod gwarth Prydeinwyr,—  
 (Rhy fuan gogan y gwyr.)

Gan ymnerth, ac un amnaid,  
 Yn llu yn awr, oll 'e naid  
 Y Brython,—yn llon eu llef,  
 Unllais, ac adlais cydllef,  
 Germain\* oedd, rho'i GARMON air,  
 Addasol ei ddewisair,

*Haleluia ! Haleluia !* lawen,  
 Ar y gair, ebrwydd y rhwygai'r wybren,  
 Creigiau,—a chwedi pob crug a choeden  
 Yn y dyspaidiad† oedd yn d'aspeden ;  
 A'r Engyl yn yr angen—yn uno,—  
 A gawriai yno holl gôr y wiw-nen.

Chwai hyrddiwyd gâlon chwerw-ddull,  
 Dychrynent, fföent mewn ffull.

“Frithwyr ffel ! beth yw'r helynt,  
 “Dewch i gâd,—ymffrostiech gynt !  
 “Hai ! ffwrdd ! codwch waywffyn,  
 “Hwi'n golofn,‡—dacw'n gelyn !  
 “Ymrestrwch,—troediwch mewn trefn,  
 “Och ! enrhaith ! || beth yw'ch anrhefn.”

Unwaith ni wrendy'r annuw,  
 I'w dilyn mae dychryn Duw ;  
 Eu heirf serth, yn y twrf sydd,  
 Wana galon eu gilydd ;—  
 Astalch i astalch estyn,  
 A chlêdd sydd yn nglêdd y'nglên.

Clywai Alyn destun da  
 Alawon *Haleluia* ;

\* *germain*, a shout.    † *dyspaidiad*, in the intermission.    ‡ *Hwi'n golofn*,  
 ‘form into a column.’    || *enrhaith*, fellows.

A chiliodd dros ei cheulan,—  
 Hi droes lîf ar draws y làn ;  
 A mÿnent hwy, er maint hon,  
 Yn eu braw, rwyfaw'r afon :  
 I dawch Alyn dychwelynt,—  
 Aeth hon fel y Gison gynt :\*  
 A mawr dwrdd—ym merw'r dòn,  
 Cell agerdd cylla eigion :  
 Gwenodd Alyn, gwyn ddiluw,  
 Gael yno dorf gâlon Duw ;  
 Llafuriodd y llifeiriant,  
 Gyda sî, i gadw y saint ;  
 Sugnai'r llÿn y gelyn gau,  
 Gwingodd dan grafanc Angau.

O foreu dŵl, ar fyr daeth  
 Gwawr dêg o waredigaeth ;  
 'Nawr gwelai'r Cymry'r gâlon,  
 Yn soddi îs dyli'r dòn ;  
 Gan wau yn dÿrau dirif,  
 A sŵn eu llais yn y llif ;  
 Llifeiriant a'i holl fârau,  
 Tònu certh, arnynt yn cau :—  
 Nodent nad oedd mewn adwy,  
 Glàn, na maes, un gelyn mwy !†  
 Prin coelient—safent yn sÿn—  
 Ddolef eu ciaidd elyn.

Dyferai eu clodforedd,  
 Drwy'r glynau yn hymnau hedd ;

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\* Judges v. 21.      † Though it is the received opinion that the Prelates had an ambuscade who pursued the fugitives that escaped the catastrophe in the Alyn, still the author could not describe Garmon and Bleiddan as military men, without materially altering the feature of his tale, and being inconsistent with the character he has humbly attempted to draw of them.

Ac yn eu plith canai plant,  
Sŵn melus atsain moliant.

Yna'r Saint, mewn eres hwyl  
A annerchent,—iawn orchwyl—  
Araf lêf i'r dyrfa lân,  
Dôrent ollyngdawd eirian.

“Ein Ner, mewn blinder, fu'n blaid  
“I'w wâr union wirioniaid;  
“Duw'n y blwng wrandawai'n bloedd,—  
“Boddai yna'r byddinoedd.

“Eurawg olwynion hên Ragluniaeth,  
“Barai'r dolydd, y wybr a'r dalaeth,  
“I wyrthiol adsain germain gaeth,—Alyn  
“Foddai y gelyn,—cae'm fuddugoliaeth.

“Duw Ner ro'es yr hoywder hwn,  
“I'n Duw eilchwaith diolchwn;  
“Llawforwyn fu'r llifeiriant,  
“Gyda bloedd, i gadw ei blant.

“Iolwn na byddo'i wiw-lwys——ogoned  
“Ac enaint Paradwys,  
“Gilio oddiar Gwalia ddwys,  
“Na'u aroglau o'r Eglwys.

“Duw'r hêdd fo'n eich harwedd chwi,  
“Drwy genedl lawn drygioni;  
“A chwedi oes heb loes lêm,  
“Noswyliaw b'och yn Salem.”

Hwy wahanent ar hynny,  
Heb wybod ofn,—bawb i'w dŷ;  
A'r lleddf ddau genadwr llon  
Draw hefyd i dŷ RHUFON.



Ac ar hwyl dêg, yr ail dydd,  
 Dwyrëent mewn dîr awydd,  
 I rodio i lawr at ffrwd lân,  
 Glènydd lle bu galanas :  
 'Nawr aber, fel arferol,  
 Ydoedd hi ar hyd y ddôl ;  
 Ciliai'r dylif, clwy'r dylaith,  
 A'i dwrf oll, pan darfu'i waith ;  
 D'ai'r ardal yn dir irdeg,  
 Lle berwai tòn, dd'ai'n llwybr têtg :  
 Gwelent hwy, wrth geulan tòn,  
 Gelanedd eu gelynion ;  
 Yn dyrau'n rhesau di ri',  
 O'r Belan \* hyd i'r Beili.

Gwelai RHUFON dirionwawr,  
 Ar hyn, ryw lencyn ar lawr !  
 Ei ddull, ei wedd, a'i ddillad,  
 A'i lân, oedd fel un o'r wlad !  
 Craffai arnaw !——draw fe drodd,  
 A lliw egwan llewygodd ;  
 O herwydd y tramgwydd trwm  
 A ddrysodd ei reswm !

---

\* *Belan* is a glen parallel to the place now called *Maesgarmon*, through which the Alyn runs. *Bela* is the verb active of *bel*, which is synonymous with the Latin *bella*, and implies war, devastation, havoc. It seems to be the root of *rhufela*, war; and is frequently used by ancient and modern Poets. Aneurin says,

“*Ysgwyd friw rhag biw beli bloeddffawr.*”

The common adage of “*dwyn y bel*,” denotes gaining the battle. Between Belan and Mold, upon the River Alyn, is a place called *Rhyd-y-golu*, which might be a corruption of “*Rhyd y goluch*,” or “the ford of praise.” In Glamorganshire there is a valley called “*Dyffryn goluch*,” and Cynddelw calls Owain Gwynedd, “*Eryr gwyr goluchon*.” *Rhual*, a place in the neighbourhood, may be derived either from *rhu-al*, a loud acclamation, or from *yr hual*, a fetlock or obstruction. The name of the township where all these places are situated is remarkable. *Gwernaphill*, which may be deduced from *gwern* and *pill*, or “the swampy grove, —a place of safety.” These attempts at etymology may be called fanciful and visionary, without any danger of offending the author.

Drwy'i galon a'i dirgeloedd,  
 Safai bâr,—can's ei fab oedd!  
 Ei deulu o'i ddeutu ddaeth,  
 Gan weled ei ddygn alaeth;  
 Rho'ent uwch ei fab, drygfab,—dro  
 Eu cêd olaf,—cyd-wylo;  
 Uchel oernych alarnad  
 Wrth ei ddwyn fry i dŷ'i dad:  
 (Gwyddent mai dilyn geu-dduw,  
 A dal dîg, a gadael Duw,—  
 Trwy lithiol rai ffol, di ffydd,  
 Wnai ei ddwyn i'w ddienydd!)  
 Hwyt ddëallent, modd hollol,  
 A dd'wedai, 'nawr, am dd'od 'n ol,  
 Ryw ddiwrnod, a dyrnod du  
 Dialedd ar ei deulu.

Iddo fe gwnaed angladd fawr,  
 Hir wylwyd ar ei elawr;  
 (Mae natur bur ei bwriad  
 A maith ddeddf, mewn mam a thad;)  
 Er brâd, er braenaru bron  
 Ei riëni, rai union,—  
 Eto wylodd y teulu,  
 Am y mab, fel cynfab eu;  
 Ni pheidient am anffodion  
 A thranc gwas ieuanc, a sôn;  
 Ac â pharch gwnaent er coffhâu,  
 Hël peraidd, lwysaidd lysiau;  
 Hël mwysion freila maesydd,  
 Hël blodau ar gangau'r gwŷdd;  
 Hël mawr ar lili mirain,  
 Hël y rhôs ar ol y rhai'n;  
 Hël llawryf digoll irwedd,  
 Hêla'r bawm i hilio'r bedd:

A dagrau rhwydd, sicrwydd serch,  
Mwydent, llenwent y llanerch.

GARMON, er côf mwynlon mât,  
Gweddus, o'r holl ddigwyddiad,  
O fewn y tir ro'es faen têg,  
A geiriau ar y garreg :

“Daw hinon, er llid annuw,  
“I'r dyn doeth a gredo'n Duw ;  
“A dylaeth, barn a dolef  
“I'r adyn fo'n erbyn Nef.”



*The Inscription on the Monument raised to commemorate the battle  
of Maesgarmon.*

Ad Annum

CCCCXX.

*Saxones Pictiq.* bellum adversus  
*Britones* junctis viribus susceperunt  
In hae regione hodieq. MAES GARMON  
Appellata : cum in praelium descenditur  
Apostolicis *Britonum* ducibus GERMANO  
Et LUPO, CHRISTUS militabat in castris :  
ALLELUIA tertiô repetitum exclamabant  
Hostile agmen terrore prosternitur,  
Triumphant

Hostibus fuis sine sanguine ;  
Palmâ fide non viribus obtentâ.

M. P.

In VICTORIÆ ALLELUIATICÆ memoriam

N. G.

MDCCXXXVI.

A W D L

AR ENEDIGAETH IORWERTH II,

YN NGHASTELL CAERYNARFON.

---

TESTUN EISTEDDFOD RHUTHYN, YN Y FLWYDDYN 1823.

---

CLYWCH! clywch! ar hyd lànau Clwyd  
Ryw sŵn oersyn o arswyd!  
Gorthaw'r dôn, cerdda'n llonydd,  
Ust! y ffrŵd,—pa sibrawd sydd?  
O Ruddlan daw'r ireiddlef  
Ar ael grôch yr awel grêf;  
Geiriau yr euog Iorwerth,  
O 'stafell y Castell certh;  
Bryd a choroph yn ddiorphwys,—  
Hunan-ymddiddan yn ddwys:  
Clywch, o'r llŷs, mewn dyrys dôn,  
Draw'n sisial Deyrn y Saeson:

“Pa uffernol gamp ffyrnig?  
“A pha ryw aidd dewraidd dig?  
“Pa wrolwyp rïalyd  
“Sy'n greddfu trwy Gymru 'gyd?  
“Bloeddiant, a llefant rhag llid,  
“Gawrwaeddant am deg ryddid;  
“‘Doed chwerwder, blinder, i blaid  
“‘Ystryw anwar estroniaid;  
“‘Ein gwlad, a'n ffel wehelyth,’  
“Hyd Nef, yw eu bonllef byth!

“ Ac adsain main y mynydd,—  
 “ Och! o’u sŵn,—yn gasach sydd;  
 “ ‘Ein gwlad’ lân anmhrisiadwy,  
 “ Er neb, yw eu hatteb hwy.

“ Pa lês yw fod im’ glod glân  
 “ Am arswydo’r mawr Sawdan,—\*  
 “ Pylu asteilch Palestin,  
 “ Baeddu Tyrciaid, bleiddiaid blin;  
 “ Troi Chalon† wron i weryd, }  
 “ Ië, curo beilch wyr y byd? }  
 “ Os Gwalia wen,—heb benaeth,  
 “ A’i mawrion gwiwlon yn gaeth,—  
 “ Heb fur prawf,—heb fàrau prês,  
 “ Na lleng o wyr, na llynges,—  
 “ A ymheria fy mawr-wysg,  
 “ Heb fy nghyfri’n Rhi mewn rhwysg?  
 “ Er eweryl gyda’r cawri,  
 “ A lladd myrdd, nid llwydd i mi;  
 “ Ni fyddaf, na’m harfeddyd,  
 “ Ond gwatwor tra byddo’r byd.

“ Ha! ymrwyfaf am ryfel,  
 “ O’m plaid, llu o ddiafliaid ddêl:  
 “ Trowch atti’r trueni trwch,  
 “ Ellyllon! gwnewch oll allwch.

“ I ti, O Angeu, heddyw y tyngaf,  
 “ Mai am ddialed mwy y meddyliaf;  
 “ Eu holl filwyr, lüyddwyr, a laddaf,  
 “ Un awr eu bywydau ni arbedaf;  
 “ Oes, gwerth, i hyn aberthaf,—gwânau hon  
 “ Drwy ei chalon fydd fy ymdrech olaf.

\* Sultan, *Coll Gwynfa*, t. d. 28.

† Iarll Chalon, yn Ffrainc.



“ Ha! ha! Frenin blin, i b’le  
 “ Neidiodd y siomgar nwyde?  
 “ Oferedd, am hadledd hon,  
 “ Imi fwrw myfyrion;  
 “ Haws fydd troi moelydd, i mi,  
 “ Arw aelgerth, draw i’r weilgi,  
 “ Nac i ostwng eu cestyll,  
 “ Crôg hagr, sef y creigiau hyll.

“ Oni ddychon i ddichell,  
 “ Na chlêdd a nêch, lwyddo’n well?  
 “ Rhyw ddu fesur ddyfeisiaf,—  
 “ Pa ystryw ddwys, gyfrwys gaf?  
 “ Pa gais? pa ddyfais ddifêth  
 “ Gaiff y budd,—ac â pha beth?

“ ‘Nawr cefais a wna’r cyfan,—  
 “ Mae’r meddwl diddwl ar dân;  
 “ Fy nghalon drwy ’nwyfron naid,  
 “ A llawenydd ei llonaid;  
 “ Gwnaf Gymru uchel elwch,  
 “ I blygu, a llyfu’r llwch:—  
 “ I wyr fy llês, pa’nd hyspyswn }  
 “ Wiw eiriau têg y bwriad hwn? }

A chanu’r glôch a wna’r Glyw,  
 Ei ddiddig was a ddeddyw:  
 “ Fy ngwas, nac aros, dôs di,  
 “ A rhêd,” eb ei Fawrhydi,—  
 “ Galw ar fyr fy Mrëyron,  
 “ Clifford hoyw, Caerloyw lon;  
 “ Mortimer yn funer f’o,  
 “ A Warren, un diwyro.”

Deuent, ymostyngent hwy  
 I’w Trethawr, at y trothwy:

O flaen gorsedd felenwawr  
Safai, annerchai hwy'n awr.

“Cyfeillion bron eich Brenin,  
“A'i attegau'r blwyddau blin,—  
“Galwyd chwi at eich gilydd  
“Am fater ar fyrder fydd;  
“Gwyddoch, wrth eu hagweddu,  
“Fod llu holl Gymru'n naccu  
“Ymostwng, er dim ystyr,  
“I'm hiau o gylch gyddfau'u gwyr;  
“Ni wna gair tēg na garw,—  
“Gwēn, na bâr,—llachar, na llŵ,  
“Enill eu serch i'm perchi,  
“Na'u clod i'm hawdurdod I:  
“Ni fynant Bôr, cynnor cain,  
“Ond o honynt eu hunain;  
“Ganedig bendefig da,  
“O'u lluoedd hwy a'u llywia:—  
“Ond cefais, dyfeisiais fodd,  
“O dan drais, i'w dwyn drosodd;  
“Ac i mi gwnant roddi rhaith,  
“Ac afraid pellach cyfraith;  
“Rhoi llyffeithair a gair gaf,—  
“Gair Gwalia gywir goeliaf:—  
“Yn rhywfodd, ni ddysgodd hon  
“Er lliaws, dorri llwon:  
“Elinôr, lawen araf,  
“Mewn amhorth yn gynhorth gaf;  
“Mererid i'm Mrëyron  
“I'w cais pur trwy'r antur hon.”

Traethai'r Brenin, gerwin, gau,  
Ar redeg ei fwriadau;  
A'r Cynghor wnai glodfori,  
Mor ddoethwedd rhyfedd eu Rhi,

A'i ddihafal rialyd,  
Mewn truthiaith, gweniaith i gyd.

Yna'r arglwyddi unol  
A gilient nesent yn ôl,  
Gan grymu pen i'w Brenin,  
Laig ei glod, a phlygu glân.

E geisiai frys negesydd  
Yn barod, cyn darfod dydd,—  
A gÿrai, ar farch gorwych,  
I'r brif-ddinas y gwas gwygch,  
A gofynaig i'w Fanon,  
A gair têt am gariad hon :  
Y lonwech bur Elinawr  
Serchog, oedd yn feichiog fawr ;  
Gofynai a hwyliai hon,  
Gryn yrfa, i Gaer'narfon,  
Ar fyrder, fod mater mawr  
I'w ddisgwyl y dydd esgawr.

O fodd ufuddhâodd hon,  
Iach enaid, heb achwynion ;  
Dechreuai'r faith daith, 'run dydd,  
Mewn awch, a hi'n mân echwydd ;  
Gwawl lloer, mewn düoer dywydd,  
A'i t'wysai pan darfai dydd ;  
Oer y ca'i lawer cawod,  
Cenllysg yn gymmysg ag ôd ;  
Anturiai, rhodiai er hyn,  
Trwy Gwalia, tir y gelyn ;  
Er ymgasgl bâr o'i hamgylch,  
A'i chell yn fflamiau o'i chylch,\*—

---

\* Edward and his Queen lodged in the Castle of Hope on their journey to Carnarvon; and whilst they were there, the Castle was, by some accident, set on fire.—*York's Tribes of Wales.*

Ni wnai hon ddigaloni,  
 Mor dêr oedd ei hyder hi;  
 (Ow! ow! 'n wir beri'r bwriad  
 Tra glew, er dinystrio gwlad:)—  
 Daeth, wrth deithio o fro i fryn,  
 Y faith yrfa i'w therfyn.

A'r Deyrnes gynes, heb gêl  
 Yn ddiegwan ddiogel;  
 Rho'es Iorwerth eres warant,—  
 Ae rhingyll i gestyll, gant,  
 Am alw cydymweliad  
 Brenin ac arglwyddi'n gwlad:  
 Rhuddlan oedd y fan i fod  
 Hygof erfai gyfarfod;  
 I dorri rhwystrau dyrys  
 Y gelwid, llunid y llÿs:—  
 D'ai'r eurfig bendefigion  
 O amryw le 'Nghymru lon;  
 Yno y daeth yn y dydd,  
 Gwalia o gwr bwygilydd.

Ond oedai Edward wed'yn  
 Eu galw i'r llÿs, hysbys hyn;  
 Dysgwyliai â dwys galon,—  
 Heb gau ei amrantau 'mron,  
 I'w fanon wirion, arab,  
 Ar awr ferth, esgor ar fab.

Harddai y lle—rho'i fwrdd llawn,  
 A gosod rhyw esgusiawn;  
 Ond er yr holl arfolli  
 Holl blaid ein pennaethiaid ni  
 Ni charent y gwych aeron—  
 Y dawnsiau a'r llefau llon:

Y morfa llwm a hirfaith,  
 Lle berw tôn, oedd llwybr eu taith,  
 A myfyrient am fawrion \*  
 Aeth mewn cyrch dan dyrch y dôn,—  
 Y glewion, enwogion wyr  
 Laddwyd, a'r prif lüyddwyr : \*  
 Rhodient pan godai'r hedydd  
 Fel hyn, hyd i derfyn dydd ;  
 A'u dyddiau oll fel diddim,  
 Sÿnent, ond ni dd'wedent ddim :  
 Wedi egwyl ddysgwyliad,  
 O fewn eu bron daeth ofn brâd,—  
 Sŵn, fal rhwng sisial a sôn,  
 " Llawrudd a chyllill hirion ;"  
 'Roedd gwaelod y trallod trwch,  
 I wyr Gwalia'n ddirgelwch.

Wele ! o'r diwedd, ar ol hir dewi,  
 Deuai i Iorwerth gennadwri  
 O Gaersalwg,—gwnai ei groesholi,—  
 Yna ei holl anian oedd yn lloni  
 Hyd grechwen, pan glywodd eni—bachgen  
 Ag aur wialen a g'ai reoli.

Ac yna â'i udganwr  
 A'i gorn têg i gern y târ :  
 Galwyd arglwyddi Gwalia, ar unwaith,  
 Ag heng hirfaith i dd'od i'r gynghorfa.

Pob rhyw gadr waladr oedd  
 Yn esgud yn ei wisgoedd ;

---

\* Morfa Rhuddlan, on the banks of the Clwyd, in Flintshire, was the scene of many battles between the Welsh and the Saxons. At the memorable conflict of 795, the Welsh were unsuccessful, and their monarch Caradoc was slain.—*Pennant's Tour.*



Distain wnai iddynt eiste'  
 Bob yn lwyth—bawb yn ei le :  
 Deuai'r Ynad dirinwedd,  
 Mewn parchus, arswydus wêdd ;  
 Mewn rhwysg a muner-wisgoedd,  
 Coron ar y coryn oedd ;  
 A gwyneb yn llawn gweniaith,  
 O drefn y dechreuai draith.

“ Fy neges, brif enwogion,  
 “ A glywiau têt y wlad hon,—  
 “ Nid ydyw i wneyd adwyth,  
 “ Dwyn loesion llymion yn llwyth,—  
 “ I fygwth clwyf a gwaith clêdd,  
 “ Nac i lunio celanedd ;  
 “ Ond o fwriad adferu  
 “ Eich hyfawl barch fel y bu ;  
 “ Cymru ben baladr ffladr fflwch  
 “ Heddyw sydd eisiau heddwch ;  
 “ Rhoddi Llywiawdwr addwyn,  
 “ Nwyfre maith, wnafr er ei mwyn ;  
 “ Un na's trina estroniaith,  
 “ Na swm gwag Seisonig iaith ;  
 “ Fe'i ganwyd ar dir Gwynedd,  
 “ Dull Sais, na'i falais ni fedd ;  
 “ Addefir ef yn ddifai,—  
 “ Ni wŷr un fod arno fai :  
 “ Yn fwynaid gwybod fynwn,  
 “ Beth wnewch ? ufuddhewch i hwn ? ”

Cydunent, atebent hwy,—  
 “ Ymweledydd mawladwy,  
 “ I'n cenedl rhyw chwedl go chwith  
 “ Ydyw geiriau digyrith ;  
 “ Cymru wêch,—ni's cym'rai hon  
 “ Lyw o astrus law estron ;

" Ond tynged a brwnt anghen,  
 " A gwae ei phobl, blyga'i phen :  
 " Llin ein llon D'wysogion sydd  
 " 'Leni mewn daear lonydd :  
 " Rho di'r llyw cadarn arnom  
 " A dedwydd beunydd y b'om :—  
 " Enwa 'nawr, er union waith,  
 " Y gwr dèl wisga'r dalaith,  
 " 'Nol cyfraith, fel b'o rhaith rhom,  
 " Na thÿr ing fyth awr rhyngom :  
 " Ië, tyngwn, at angau,  
 " Yn bur i hwn gwnawn barhâu."

Fulion ! ni wyddent falais,  
 Dichellion, na swynion Sais.

D'wedai'r blin Frenin ar frys—  
 " Felly ce's fy ewyllys,  
 " Doe y daeth, megis saeth, sôn  
 " Yn erfai o Gaernarfon,  
 " Fod mab rydd wynfyd i mi,  
 " Nawdd anwyl, newydd eni ;  
 " A hwn fydd eich llywydd llon,  
 " A'ch T'wysog enwog union :  
 " Dal a wnafl, nes delo'n wr,  
 " Drethi eich llywodraethwr ;  
 " Bellach, y bydd sarllach Sais,  
 " Mawr ddilwrf Gymry ddeliais."

Gwelwent, a safent yn sÿn,  
 Ymhleth ddiachreth ddychryn ;  
 A phob bôch oedd yn brochi,—  
 Tro'i brâd aml lygad i lî !

Ebai Madog, enwog wr,—  
 " Ha ! rymusaf ormeswr !

“Tybiais falch wawrwaleh\* lle'r ôl  
 “Wir awch, yn wr rhy uchel,  
 “I lochi brâd dan lêch bron,  
 “A challawr i ddichellion:  
 “Ond ni wnei gu Gymru'n gaeth,  
 “Brô dirion, â bradwriaeth;  
 “Ni phryni serch prid, didwyll,  
 “Ac odiaeth hon, gyda thwyll:  
 “Os gall dy frâd ddwyn gwlad glau  
 “I gur a chwerw garcharau,—  
 “Ni's gall dy ewin-gall wau  
 “Rhwym a ddalio'r meddyliau:  
 “A oedd cochi perthi'n pau,  
 “A llawruddio'n holl raddau,—  
 “Ein llyfrau, a'n gorau gwaith,—  
 “A'n hanneddau ni'n oddaith,  
 “Y teryll aer,—torri llw̄,  
 “A'r brâd ger Aberedw,—†

“Ow! ow! yn ddiwegi ddim yn ddigon,  
 “I ddangaws, i araws i oes wyrion,  
 “Fel rhyw anhawddgar ac afar gôfion  
 “Mai marwor meryw yw ystryw estron;  
 “Ond am y wlad, deg-wlad hon,—gwybydd di.  
 “Rhaid iti ei cholli, er dichellion.

“Os yw brêg gwngus, a braw,  
 “Fal wedi dal ein dwylaw,  
 “Daw ail gynnwrf, dilwrf da,  
 “I drigolion dewr Gwalia;  
 “Codwn, arfogwn fagad,  
 “O wrol wych wyr y wlad;  
 “Mewn bâr y bonllefa'r llu  
 “‘Camrwyg ni oddef Cymru,’—

\* A valiant man, a hero.

† Aberedw, the place where Llewelyn fell.

“ Rhi o’n huchel wehelyth,  
 “ Cymro boed i’r Cymry byth !  
 “ Ni chaiff Sais, trwy ei drais, drin  
 “ Iau ar wâr un o’r werin !  
 “ Daw’r telynau, mwythau mÿg,  
 “ Ddewr eu hwyl, oddiar helyg ;  
 “ Rhed awen, er id wahardd,  
 “ Cerdd ryfedd rhwng bysedd bardd ;  
 “ Gwnant glymau a rhwymau rhom,  
 “ Enynant y tân ynom ;  
 “ Dibrin pawb oll dadebrant,—  
 “ Heb ochel, i ryfel ’rant ;

“ A’n mynwes yn lloches llîd,  
 “ Ein harwyddair fydd ‘ Rhyddid !’

“ Ag arfau ni wna’n gorfod  
 “ Tra’n creigiau a’n bylchau’n bod ;  
 “ Cariwn mewn côf trwy’r eweryl,  
 “ Y’mhob bwlech, am Thermopyl ;\*  
 “ Gwnawn weunydd a llwynydd llon,  
 “ Mawr hwythau, fel Marathon ;  
 “ Yn benaf llefwn beunydd,—  
 “ ‘Marw neu ro’i Cymru’n rhydd :’

“ Os colli’n gwlad, anfad wyd,  
 “ O’r diwedd dan ruddfan raid,—  
 “ Yn lle trefn, cei bob lle troed,  
 “ Wedi ei gochi â’n gwaed ;  
 “ Trenga’n meibion dewrion dig,  
 “ A llawryf am y llurig.

“ Yn enw Crist eneiuiog,—ymroddaf  
 “ Am ryddid ardderchog ;

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\* Thermopylæ and Marathon were scenes of the celebrated struggles which the Greeks had for their expiring liberties.

“A'r un Crist fu ar bren crôg,  
 “Ni ymedy â Madog.”

E daw ar hyn,—d'ai ar ol  
 Ryw ddistawrwydd ystyriol !  
 Ac Iorwerth, ar y geiriau,  
 Fel llêw dig ffyrnig mewn ffâu ;  
 Malais y Sais, echrys wêg,  
 A welid yn ei olwg.

O ryw fuddiol arfeddyd,—rhoi'n rhagor  
 Euraid Ap Ifor ei dŷb hefyd.—

“Hŷf agwrdd bendefigion,  
 “Rhy brysur yw'r antur hon ;  
 “Ar furiau tref, ai rhaid trin  
 “Anhoff astalch a phestin ?  
 “Mae llîd yn fy mron hynaws,  
 “At Saeson, a'i troion traws ;  
 “Ond serch, a glywserch i'm gwlad,  
 “O'm calon a rwyddlon rêd ;  
 “Na atto fyth, etwa fod  
 “Neint hon yn gochion i gyd !  
 “Arafwn,—o'r tro rhyfedd  
 “Hwyrach cawn, y mwynhawn hêdd ;  
 “E ddaw ergyd ddiwyrgam,  
 “Lawn cur, i ddial ein cam ;  
 “Ac hefyd dylid cofio,—  
 “Er prudded, trymed y tro,—  
 “Er angeu'r gair fu rhyngom,  
 “'R amodau, rhwymau fu rhom :  
 “Pan roddo Gymro y gair,  
 “Hwnw erys yn wir-air ;  
 “Ei air fydd, beunydd heb ball,  
 “Yn wir, fel llŵ un arall :

“ Ein hynys hon i estron aeth, }  
 “ A chyfan o’n gwiw uchafiaeth ; }  
 “ Ond ni throes awch loes, na chlêdd,  
 “ Erioed mo ein hanrhydedd ;  
 “ A’n hurddas a wnawn arddel,  
 “ Y dydd hwn, a doed a ddêl :  
 “ Ein hiawn bwys yn hyn, O bid,  
 “ Ar Dduw a’i wir addewid !  
 “ Duw a’n cyfyd ni, cofiwn,  
 “ Y diwedd o’r hadledd hwn ;  
 “ Heddyw, oedwn ddywedyd  
 “ Ein barn, yn gadarn i gyd ;  
 “ Profwn beth dd’wed ein prif-fardd,—  
 “ Gwir iawn bwyll yw geiriau’n bardd ;—  
 “ Pa lwyddiant, yn nhŷb Bleddyn,  
 “ A ddigwydd o herwydd hyn ?”

Amneidient mewn munudyn  
 Ar yr ethol ddoniol ddyn,—  
 Yna, a phwys ar ben ei ffôn,  
 Y gwelid y gwr gwiwlon :

Ei farf fel glân arian oedd,—mewn urddas,  
 Cyrhaeddai hon wasg ei wyrddion wisgoedd ;  
 Yn null beirdd, ennillai barch,—ar bob peth  
 E ddygai rywbeth hawddgar a hybarch.

D’wedai, agorai’r gwir-air,—  
 “ Clyw frenin gerwin, y gair !  
 “ ’R hyn ddaw, trwy fy llaw i’r llŷs,  
 “ Duw y dynged a’i dengys ;  
 “ Am enyn aer mwy na neb,  
 “ Troi a chynnal trychineb,  
 “ Gwneyd ochain yn seilfain sêdd,—  
 “ Rhoi dy wersyll ar d’orsedd !



“ Am ddifrodi, llosgi, lladd,  
 “ Brâd amlwg, a brŵd ymladd ;  
 “ A rho'i brô, mewn taro tyn,  
 “ I wylo am Lewelyn :—  
 “ (Iachawdwr a braich ydoedd,  
 “ Ac anadl ein cenedl oedd ;)  
 “ Fel y rhoist gŵr, mesur maith,  
 “ Y telir i ti eilwaith !  
 “ O! trochaist lawryf mewn trwch-waed, }  
 “ Dy arlwy wrth Gonwy oedd gwaed ! }  
 “ Hwn geraist yn lle gwirawd,—  
 “ Bleiddiaid sy'n ffoi rhag enoi cnawd !  
 “ Y mae maith och mam a thad,  
 “ Gwaedd a chur gweddw a chariad,—  
 “ A main lle mae ymenydd  
 “ Llawer dewr, a gollai'r dydd,—  
 “ Temlau, ac anneddau'n wag,  
 “ Yn rhoi manwl air mynag,—  
 “ I un gwrdd ddwyn gwan yn gaeth,—  
 “ Iddo gael buddugoliaeth :  
 “ Ond llïon mawrion am hyn  
 “ O ddialedd a ddilyn.

“ Awr na feddyli, daw'r nef ddialydd,  
 “ Dy waed oera ar dywod y Werydd ;\*  
 “ Cydwybod lwrw wna dwrf cyn y derfydd,  
 “ Hon a'th boena—gŷr ddrain i'th obenydd ;  
 “ Caiff Brython gwirion dan gerydd—fyw'n llon,  
 “ Eu muriau'n llawnion, a marw'n llonydd.

“ A gwaeth nac oll a wnaethost,  
 “ Mewn du fâr mynni dy fôst,—  
 “ Gwenaist pan gwelaist galon  
 “ Wiw a phur ar wayw-ffôn !

\* Edward died at Burgh upon the sands in Cumberland, on his way to Scotland.  
 —*Ashburton's History*.

“ Ti ddigred, ni ro’ist ddeigryn  
 “ Yn y lle yr wylwyd llyn !  
 “ Llanwaist gron goron â gwaed,  
 “ Ae arall yf y gorwaed !  
 “ Clyw’n sŵn !—mwd Berckley’n seinio,\*  
 “ Dychryn i’w ganlyn ac O !  
 “ Marwol loesion bron Brenin,  
 “ Tan grafangau bleiddiau blin !  
 “ Hyfryd dduwiesau† Hafren,  
 “ Pan glywant a wisgant wên !  
 “ Daw blwyddau llid a bloeddiad,  
 “ Du hin, ar warthaf dy hâd !  
 “ Clyw ! ddolefau, briwiau bron,  
 “ O’r Tŵr Gwyn‡ mae’r taer gwynion ;  
 “ Dy hilion, mewn du alaeth,  
 “ O dan gudd leiddiaid yn gaeth !  
 “ A mynych gwna cromeni  
 “ Y Tŵr crâs watwor eu cri :  
 “ Ni adewir o’r diwedd  
 “ Wr o dy sîl ar dy sêdd.

“ Ha ! ha ! ’r dwyrain egryr ei dorau,—  
 “ Ai ewrel sydd yn lliwio cŷrau  
 “ Creigydd, moelydd, a du gymylau ?  
 “ Nage, gwawrddydd glân, eirian oriau,  
 “ Wiwber anwyl sydd ar y bryniau ;  
 “ Gwelweh Gymru ar fynydd golau,  
 “ A’n iach wyrion o’i chylch yn chwerau,  
 “ (Rhôs sy’ o danynt ar sidanau,)  
 “ Hust ! ust ! ust !—mae’n dyfod i’m clustiau,  
 “ Gathl enwog oddiar ei thelynau,—  
 “ Cerddorion a Beirdd, heirdd eu hurddau,

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\* Edward II, who was born at Caernarvon, was cruelly butchered at Berkley Castle, near Bristol. † Nymphs. ‡ Henry VI, George Duke of Clarence, Edward V, Richard Duke of York, &c., are supposed to have been murdered secretly in the Tower of London.

“Yn dorf bloeddiant,—‘Wi! darfu blwyddau  
 “Yr ochain anwar a chynenau;’—  
 “Par y dôn i’m hyspryd innau—ro’i llam,  
 “Mwy e grychneidia’m gorwych nwydau.

“Daw dyddiau mât a diddan,  
 “A mawr lwydd i Gymru lân;  
 “Dyddiau bwrcaswyd iddi,  
 “A dy ddichell dywell di;  
 “O Dduw Ner daw’r hoywder hwn,  
 “I’n Duw eilchwyl diolchwn:  
 “Derfydd amser blyngder blin,  
 “Curaw tymhestlog gerwin!  
 “Daw hinon a daioni  
 “O dy drais, na’s tybiaist ti;  
 “Bydd côf mewn gwlêdd am heddyw,  
 “A chlod am it’ fod yn fyw:  
 “Iach amrant Lloegr a Chymru,  
 “Daw’r ddwy-wlad mewn cariad eu;  
 “Yna’n y ddwy mwy ni ddêl,  
 “I’w trefi helynt rhyfel;  
 “Un llÿs fydd drwy’n hynys hon,  
 “Una’i gwyr dan un goron;  
 “Unant nerth, rhag rhyferthwy,  
 “Un reddf ac un ddeddf i’r ddwy;  
 “Un Duw arnynt, un deyrnas,  
 “Un lluoedd, un floedd, un flas:  
 “Gwelaf Frython,\*—’rwy’n lloni,  
 “Yn eistedd ar d’orsedd di!  
 “Ac o ystlys a gwestle,  
 “Y ‘gyllell hîr’ gyll ei lle!  
 “A o gôf ymladdau gant,  
 “Eu hing hefyd anghofiant;

---

\* Alluding to Henry VII, a Welshman.

“ Cant gyd-fwynhau breintiau braf,  
 “ Law-law i'r genedl olaf:  
 “ Lle gwelwyd twyll a galar,  
 “ Echrys boen, a chroes a bâr,—  
 “ Rhinwedd welir a hinon,  
 “ Gwenau, a bonllefau llon!  
 “ Rhyfela dry'n orfoledd,  
 “ 'Screchiadau yn hymnau hêdd!  
 “ Ar eirian frô Eryri,  
 “ Ei chreigiau a'i hochrau hi,—  
 “ Lle mae trigfa'r bâr yn bod,  
 “ A dwyn arfau dan orfod;—  
 “ Lle gwelir llu y gelyn,  
 “ A'u bloedd hell, y blwyddau hyn,—  
 “ Anhirion elynion lu,  
 “ A'u tarianau'n terwynu;—  
 “ Anianawl serch yn enyn,  
 “ A ffoi at y gwayw-ffÿn;—  
 “ Tÿf breilos, a rhôs di-ri',  
 “ Ar hon, a'r loywlon lili;  
 “ Eös fydd bob dydd yn d'od  
 “ I fryn, yn lle cigfranod:

“ Ar y llethri a'r tyli telaid,  
 “ Tybiaf y gwelaf y bugeiliaid,  
 “ Lwythau dofion, yn mhlith eu defaid,  
 “ Tarfant a chanant ffwrdd ochenaid,  
 “ Llamsach ŵyn bach yn ddibaid,—mor ddifyr,  
 “ Chwim a mygyr gyleh y mamogiaid.

“ Lle codwyd bwyell cedyrn,  
 “ Bydd twmpathau chwerau chwyrn;  
 “ Dawnsio pan y darffo dydd,  
 “ A thelyn ar frith ddolydd:  
 “ I'n hynys, pan ei hunir,  
 “ Daw tawelweh, heddwch hir;

" A chywir heddwch a rhyddid  
 " Wneir y dydd hwnw yn aur did; }  
 " Ar wddwf Cymru rhoddir  
 " Y gadwen hon i gadw'n hir;  
 " Y drefn gaeth wriogaethol,\*  
 " Mwya'i nerth, â i ddim yn ol;  
 " Bydd un gyfraith, 'run rhaith rhawg,  
 " I lwyth isel, a Th'wysawg:  
 " Iraidd wiwlon rydd-ddeiliaid,  
 " Ri'r gwllith, yn eu plith o'u plaid;  
 " Colofnau y breintiau brâs,  
 " A chadarn-weilch y deyrnas;  
 " Ar bob mater a cherydd,  
 " Rheithwyr yn farnwyr a fydd:  
 " 'Run frô wnaeth gwyar yn frith,  
 " O dda gynnyrch ddwg wenith;  
 " C'od yr amaeth, cydia'i rwymau,  
 " Cain reolau, cyn yr haulwen;  
 " Deil waith odiaeth, dol a thidau,  
 " Iau a bachau lle b'o ychen;  
 " Teifl yr hadau,—llusga'r ogau,  
 " Egyr ddorau, gwâr ddaearen,  
 " Er cael cnydiau, yn eu prydiau,  
 " Rhag i eisiau rwygo asen.

" Esmwytho nos amaethydd,  
 " Heddwch, diofalwch fydd,—  
 " Y daw gelyn digwilydd  
 " I'r berllan, na'r ydlan rydd;  
 " Ac ni raid braw daw un dydd,  
 " Ryw ormeswr i'r maesydd,  
 " Neu Fodur cryf i fedd  
 " 'Nol anferth drafferth i drin:

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\* The feudal system.

“ Tybia’i wlad yn Baradwys,—  
 “ Dyru gaine wrth dori’ gwys  
 “ A swêch fuasai awchus  
 “ Gleddyf un dewr hÿf di-rus ;  
 “ Ymaith ar unwaith yr â,  
 “ Uwch ei boen y chwibiana.

“ Ac anterth cymer gyntun,  
 “ Heb i ofal atal hûn ;  
 “ O hyd yn ddiwyd ddiarf  
 “ Heb fod dan orfod dwyn arf ;  
 “ Heb elynion o Gonwy\*  
 “ O fewn maes i’w hofni mwy.

“ A thêw ffrwyth âr  
 “ Gwêna’n gynar ;  
 “ Daw mawnog, gallt, a mynydd,  
 “ A bronydd, yn dir braenar.

“ Y ddwy wlad cyd addolant,  
 “ Cyd foli’r Iôn union wnant ;  
 “ Rho’nt glodydd i’w Dofydd da,  
 “ Law-law mewn Halelua :

“ Yna y tÿf yn y tir  
 “ Bob helaeth wybodaeth bur,  
 “ O ddirgelion meithion môr,  
 “ Daear, a’i sail, hyd i’r sêr.

“ *Helicon* pob ffynnon ffel,  
 “ *Parnassus* pob bryn isel :  
 “ Eu rhyfedd faner hefyd  
 “ Achuba, orchfyga fyd ;

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\* Prif wersyll Iorwerth.



“ O Gressy’r maes hagr asw,  
“ I antur lân Waterlw :  
“ Ac y diwrnod cadarnwych,  
“ Bydd y deyrnas addas wych  
“ Heb ei bath, heibio i bob  
“ Un arall o fewn Ewrob ;  
“ Rheola mewn rhïalyd  
“ O begwn i begwn byd.”

Gyda bloedd, gweda Bleddyn,  
“ Y nefol Iôr wna fel hyn,  
“ Foreu tawel o frâd tywyll,  
“ A llewyrcha o’r ddichell erchyll :  
“ Molwn Dduw y Nef, gan sefyll,  
“ Yna pawb a awn i’n pebyll.”



A W D L

AR

FUDDUGOLIAETHAU DIWEDDAR

## Y GROEGIAID AR Y TYRCIAID.

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TESTUN EISTEDDFOD CAERFYRDDIN, 1823.

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“LLWYDD, llwydd, fwyn arwydd, i Fanerau—Groeg,  
“Hir rwyged ei llongau  
“Bob rhês o lu gormes gau,  
“Drwy'r moroedd draw a'r muriau.

“A llwydd gyfarwydd a f'o  
“I'w Rhyddid, yn ei rhwyddo :  
“Na lanwed yn oleuni,  
“Cafn y Lloer\* uwch cefn y lli';  
“Ond isel, isel eisoes  
“Drwy grêd ymgrymed i'r Groes.

“A thra tòn, Marathon, a muriau,  
“A rhîn milwyr yr hên ymylau,  
“A gaent ffyniant gynt a hoff enwau,  
“O'u iawn barodrwydd, yn eu brwydrau,  
“Gwasgarer, gyrrer dan gaerau,—yn haid,  
“Weis Soldaniaid isel eu doniau.”

Fal hyn o bob dyffryn dêg,  
Ac ynys a gyleh gwaneg ;

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\* The motto under the Crescent argent in the Grand Seignior's Arms is, “*Donec totum impleat orbem.*”

O'r tÿrau muriau mawrion,  
 Mànuau dysg, a mân y dòn,—  
 Y glau Awen a glywodd  
 Y llais, a'r adlais a rodd  
 Groeg hên, yn gwiriaw cynnydd  
 Ei golau ddawn ac ail ddydd.

Ar ystlysau ei mynyddau,  
 A'i ffynnonau hoff yn unawl,  
 Gwelwyd chwithau, a'ch telynau,  
 Hên dduwiesau hoen ddewisawl;  
 Yn galw o'i nych i'w goleu'n ol—eich gwlad,  
 Ac iawn fwriad, a gwe anfarwawl!

Ac wrth wych adlais, a gwyrth eich odlau,  
 Cysgodolion y diwydion dadau,  
 Yr aml areithwyr, a'r milwyr hwythau,  
 Gwyr fu o ddinam ragoraf ddoniau,  
 A neidiant, beiddiant o'u beddau,—a'u plant  
 A iawn gynhyrfant hwy i gain arfau!

Mae *Pindar*, oedd gân gorwyllt,  
 A dawn ei gân o dân gwyllt?  
*Tyrtæus* yn troi tuedd,  
 I ro'i clod i wyr y clêdd:  
 "O! (meddant,) p'le mwy addien,  
 "Yn gŵr c'oedd, nag yw'n Groeg hên?  
 "Ein gwlad fwyn, o glod a fu,  
 "Unwaith, yn mawr dywynu,  
 "Etto'i gyd ytyw a'i gwedd,  
 "A'i rhanau yn llawn rhinwedd:  
 "Ym mrô hon y mae hir hâf,  
 "Bêr awel, a byr auaf!  
 "Yr haul y sy'n rheoli,  
 "Heb ro'i haint, ar ei brô hi;

“ Mae nôs, yn ei mynwesydd,  
 “ Megis chwaer ddisglaer i ddydd;  
 “ Aml y lle, ym mol ei llawr,  
 “ A mânau'r harddaf mynawr;  
 “ *Hemætus* felus y fydd,  
 “ A diliau mêl ei dôlydd;  
 “ A'i ffrwythydd gwinwydd, fal gynt,  
 “ Di-odid mai da ydynt!  
 “ Holl natur bur, heb wyro,  
 “ Sy'r un fraint i'r seirian frô,  
 “ A phan oedd, yn hoff ei nerth,  
 “ Briod-fan pob dawn brydferth!

“ Yma gwir Ryddid, a'i mÿg aur roddion,  
 “ Sef celfyddydau a doniau dynion:  
 “ Rhîn a ro'i eil-oes i'r hên wrolion,  
 “ A gair odiaethawl i'w gorau doethion,  
 “ A wnaent gynt i helynt hon—anrhydedd,  
 “ Ynt, (ddi-hoff agwedd) o tan ddiffygion!”

Wrth eu haraith, effaith ddig!  
 Dawn y wlad, yn weledig,  
 Fal yspryd tanllyd o'u tu,  
 A wnae'n anadl ennynu,—  
 Gan ddangos, yn achos Ner,  
 A'i fendith, a'i gyfiawnder,  
 Y mawr fri o dorri'r dîd,  
 I ymroddi am Ryddid.

Pwy ar alwad, a piau wroliaeth,  
 Ni ddaw i'w dilyn, a nawdd o'i dalaeth,  
 A rhîn fal arwyr yr hên filwriaeth,  
 Draw a hwylient i *Droia* ehelaeth?  
 Os y goll o Ryddid sy' gwaeth—na'r hên  
 Golled o *Helen*, ga'i hyll hudoliaeth.

Hên anghrist, un athrist oedd,  
 O'r tu arall i'r tiroedd,  
 A gododd,—gwaethodd drwy'r gâd,  
 Ar filoedd i'w rhyfeliad :  
 Un oedd o'r rhai anneddant  
 Uffern boeth yn ei ffwrn bant,—  
 Hoffai lîd a gofid gau,  
 A'i llwydd ydoedd lladdiadau !  
 Seirph tanllyd, gwaedlyd eu gwêdd,  
 Gwenwynig, (gwae anhunedd)  
 Ei gwallt oedd,—a gwyllt eiddig,  
 Rhag hêdd oedd dannedd ei dîg !  
 Ei llygaid yn danbaid dêś  
 Oedd uffernawl ddwy ffwrnes ;  
 A'u sylwedd, o'r iseloedd,  
 A'u mawr lîd tra marwawl oedd !

O ! pa ryfel, a'i uchel ochain,  
 Dial a'i ofid, a dolefain,  
 O'i chodiad irad yn y Dwyrain,  
 'Fu'r un baich i fawrion a bychain !  
 Baban, a mam (un ddamwain) lle' cafodd,  
 Dieneidiodd o dan ei hadain !

Ond Duw'r hêdd o'i ryfedd rîd,  
 Yn 'diwedd, ro'i wrandawiad  
 I'w blant,—pan godent eu bloedd,  
 Dan ofid hyd y nefoedd :  
 O *Scio* wylo, alaeth,  
 I'w glustiau'n ddiau a ddaeth ;  
 A rhoes, Iôr y Groes, ar gri,  
 Dyst eirian o'i dosturi ;  
 D'ai'n gymmorth, da borth di-baid,  
 Nes i ryw'r Nazareaid,  
 Rai marwawl, er eu muriau,  
 Ac erfyn eu gelyn gau !

Angylion, genadon gwynion gannoedd,  
 Gyrai i'w llywiaw, y gorau lluoedd,  
 Rhwygent y muriau, rho'i gwynt y moroedd  
 I'r ddi-ofn daran, hwyl ar ddyfnderoedd,  
 Llu'r Prophwyd dan arswyd oedd—pan welent,  
 Hwyl draw a gilient i eu dirgeloedd!

Yn awr (a Duw'n ei wiriaw)  
 Golygwn ddwthwn a ddaw,—  
 Pan deflir, lluchir i'r llawr  
 Ddu arfawg anghrist ddirfawr;  
 A phan gair, yn hoff ei gwêdd,  
 Gaer enwawg i'r gwirionedd:  
 Drwy reol gwydrau'r awen,  
 Draw'r llwydd a welaf drwy'r llen;—  
 Llwydd oesoedd lluoedd Iesu,  
 Pan gânt y feddiant a fu  
 O ddiwall wlad addewid,  
 Heb gaethder, llymder, na llid.

Gŷr y Dwyrain, ac oer iâ diroedd,  
 Y dwfn eira eu di-ofn ÿroedd;  
 Gŷr y Deau hithau ei hieithoedd,  
 A Gorllewin ei gorau lluoedd;  
 Un fwriad a niferoedd—y fawr-blaid  
 O Groesadiaid, ac eres ydoedd!

Bydd ar dyrau Salem furiau,  
 Y banerau yn ben arwydd,  
 I'r tylwythau, ar eu teithiau  
 I le'u tadau, olud dedwydd;  
 Ar Fosciaid y blaid heb lwydd,—dyrchefir  
 Ac eres welir y Groes hylwydd!

A thi, Roeg, a'th ddaear wych,  
 A'th awyr brydferth hoyw-wych,



A welir etto eilwaith,  
 Fal gynt, er rhyfelawg waith,  
 Yn llwyddo'n fronlle addysg,  
 A lle llawn pob dawn a dysg ;  
 Byddi, heb nam, yn fam faeth  
 I rinwedd—i wroniaeth—  
 I ddiwyll gelfyddydau,  
 Pob llwydd, a wna pawb wellhau ;  
 I bob mât gariad gwladawl,  
 A fu gynt dy fwya' gwawl.

Ac iawn adferir, gwn, dy furiau,  
 Dy awen, llwynydd, dy winllanau,  
 Dy brif-ysgolion, dirion dyrau,  
 Lleodedd doethion ddynion o ddoniau ;  
*Sparta* hên, *Athen* hithau—a gant lwydd,  
 A fydd ddedwydd o gelfyddydau.

Darlunir hyd ar lèni,  
 A mynir, gwn, o'th meini  
 Gelfyddyd byd heb oedi ;  
 Y dynion a adwaeni,  
 Yn rhediad eu mawrhydi,  
 Yn eil-oes, gwn, a weli ;  
 Eu cerf-ddelwau, lluniau llawn,  
 Fodd uniawn, a feddieni.

Llwydd, llwydd, a dawn rwydd, dan ryddid—etto  
 Iti a chalondid :  
 Yn y byd hwn, na boed tid  
 Dan nefoedd yn dŷn ofid !

Ond aed (ac O ! nad oeded)—lywodraeth  
 Ddi-ledryw gwlad Alffred,  
 A'i moliant i ymweled  
 A thir y Gryw, a thrwy grêd

Y Rhyddid sydd gyd-raddawl,—oll hydrefn  
 A llywodraeth wladawl,  
 Sydd dda;—a chyd-gerdda gwawl  
 Gair yr Iesu, gwir rasawl.

A llwydd Dduw iddi, a lleoedd heddwch,  
 Gyred allan o'i gaerau dywyllwch:  
 I ni y mae digon yma o degwch  
 Gael in', a'i hurddas, Gwalia'n ei harddwch;  
 Nes troi'n glynau'n fflamau fflwch,—a'n creigiau,  
 Lluned ei dyddiau'n llên â dedwyddwch.

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### CYWYDD Y GWAHAWDD:

A anfonwyd mewn llythyr o wahoddiad, Mēdi 6ed, 1826, oddiwrth IFOR CERI,  
 at WILYM ALED a'i Gywely.

---

“Dod i'th Fînt, na fydd grintach,  
 Wyliau am fis, Wylm fach;  
 \* \* \* \*  
 Dyred er daed arian,  
 Ac os gwnai ti a gai gân.”—GORONWY OWEN.

Etto, ALED, atolwg  
 Gad sî'r dre', a mangre mwg;  
 Gad Saeson, gwawd, a sisial,  
 Arian, a thincian, a thâl;

Gad wbwb a gwau diball  
 Mammon i feibion y fall :  
 Rho i'th law,—pryd noswyliaw sydd,  
 Eleni un awr lonydd ;  
 Gwamal i ti ogymaint  
 Hela myrdd, a holi maint  
 Ydyw gwerth yr indigo,  
 A ffwgws, heb ddiffygio,  
 Gan na cheir genych hwyrach  
 Weled byth un ALED bach,  
 Na geneth, a drin geiniog  
 O dÿrau llawn dy aur llôg.

O fewn llong tyr'd tros gefn llwyd  
 Y *Mersey*, heb ddim arswyd,—  
 A'th gymmar sydd werth gemau,  
 Prysurwch, deuwch eich dau  
 I Geri, fan hawddgaraf,  
 Man gwâr, lle mae hwy a'r hâf :  
 Mor loywlon y mae'r lili  
 A'r rhôs yn eich aros chwi,  
 A phlêth rydd yr adar fflwch,  
 Hyd awyr, pan y deuwch ;  
 Cewch eich dau wenau uniawn  
 IFOR a Nêst, fore a nawn :  
 (Yma diolch raid imi  
 "Amen dywed gyda mi,"  
 Ddwyn IFOR, gan Dduw nefol,  
 A'i wiw Nêst, i Geri'n ol :)  
 At un Nêst dda west, ddiwall,  
 Tyred a dy Nêst arall ;  
 Braint cyn bedd, cael mêdd a maeth  
 Maesaleg un mis helaeth ;  
 Y mae sylwedd Maesaleg,  
 A'i dôr, yn y Geri dêg.

Y mae un gwr mwy nag oll,  
 Awch digoll uwch ei degan :  
 IFOR BACH sydd a'i ferw byth,  
 Drwy gofio yn dragyfyth ;  
 " Mae'r gwr yn mhryd mebyd mau,  
 Enynodd hên awenau  
 Y glyn, nes oedd bryn a brô,  
 A gwig lân, yn gogleisio ;  
 Ai pell—ai trapell y trig—y gwiwddyn  
 Fynai delyn a cherdd fy Nadolig ?"

Tyr'd ALED, ira d'olwyn,  
 A thyr'd i ddoldir a thwyn ;  
 Ac awyr lem Ceri lân,  
 Perarogl copa'r Aran ;  
 Gwrandaw sibrwd y ffrwd ffraw—rhwng deil-fûr,  
 Y dŵr eglur yn trydar wrth dreiglaw ;  
 Rhodio i wrando'r ehedydd,  
 Dringo'r bryn ar derfyn dydd ;  
 Hufen Nêst, a chân IFOR,  
 A dŵr mât,\* drwy rât yr Iôr,—  
 Wnant it' neidio a gwisgo gwên,  
 Deui'n foch-goch,—doi'n fachgen.

Gan ALUN, gwan wehelyth,  
 O fwrdd i fwrdd, wael fardd fyth,—  
 Gwely nid oes, nac aelwyd,  
 Na bîr i'w gynnyg, na bwyd,—  
 Cei law a chalon lawen,  
 A mwy ni cheisi, Amen.

---

\* Cyfeirir at ffynnonau Llandrindod.

## Y MESSIA :

CYFIEITHIAD O SAESONAEG *POPE*.

DECHREUWCH gân wryfon Sion werdd;  
 I bynciau'r Nef y perthyn gwyachaf gerdd.  
 Y ffrwd yn trydar—gwig yn gwatwar gwynt,  
 Breuddwydion Pindus a'i awenau gynt,  
 Ni foddant mwy. Dwyfola di fy nghân  
 A gwrddaist santaidd fant Esaia â thân.

Gan dreiddio i oesau i dd'od dechreuai'r bardd :  
 Ymddyga morwyn fab ! blaguryn dardd  
 O wreiddyn Iesse, ei flodeuyn pêr  
 Gwasgara sawr o ddaear hyd y sêr:  
 Y dwyfol ysbryd ar ei ddail a drig,  
 A ch'lomen Nef disgyna ar ei frig :  
 Ti nen, tywallta dy neithdaraidd wlith,  
 Mewn gosteg araf hidla gawod flith !  
 Y llêsg a'r clâf o'i rîn dderbyniant lês,  
 Nawdd rhag ystorm, a chysgod rhag y gwrês.  
 Diflana bai, dilëir yr ystryw lwyd ;  
 Adchwelol iawnder ei chlorianau gwyd ;  
 Ar garnedd brwydrau tŷf olewydd hêdd,  
 Cyfoda purdeb Gwynfa hên o fêdd.  
 Chwim hedwch flwyddau ! dwyre ddedwydd ddydd !  
 O rwy mau nôs tyr'd, faban, rhwyga'n rhydd.  
 Gwel, anian frysia i ddwyn ei thorchau fyrdd,  
 A'r holl darth pêr anadla'r gwanwyn gwyrdd ;  
 Libanus, gwel, ei gopa tâl a gryn,  
 A choedydd chwyfiawg ddawnsiant ar y bryn :

Gwel fwg pêr-lysiau'n dyrchu o Saron wen,  
 A Charmel freiliawg grîb bereiddia'r nen!  
 Clywch! pa lais ban drwy'r anial mûd sy'n bod,  
 Par'towch y ffordd, mae Duw, mae Duw yn d'od!  
 Mae Duw! mae Duw! atteba'r llethri'r lêf,  
 Cyhoedda'r creigiau ei ymweliad Ef.  
 Gwel! byd a'i derbyn gan'r uchelder crwm!  
 Fynyddoedd soddwch! dwyrëed glyn a chwm!  
 A brîg plygedig, gedrwydd, talwch gêd!  
 Ymlyfnhâ graig! lîf chwyrn i'th wrthol rhêd!  
 Iachawr sy'n d'od! fel d'wedodd beirdd y Nef,  
 Clywch Ef fyddariaid! ddeillion gwelwch Ef!  
 Dwg lygad tywyll o dêw gèn yn rhydd,  
 Ac ar y ganwyll ddwl arllwysa ddydd;  
 Holl foltau'r glust o flaen ei lais wnant ffoi,  
 A newydd gainc a'i swyna wrth ddadgloi;  
 Y mûd a gân,—y clôff a ddryllia'i ffyn,  
 Corelwa'n fflwch fel iwrech ar wâr y bryn.  
 Un och na thwrf ni thyr ar hinon byd,  
 Oddiar bob grudd fe sycha'r dagrau i gyd:  
 Mewn cadwyn ddiemwnt rhwymir angau mwy,  
 Certh ordeyrn annwn deimla'i fythol glwy.  
 Fel'r arwedd bugail da ei braidd o'i ol,  
 Gan geisio gloywaf nant a gwyrddaf ddôl,  
 Adferu y goll, a chyfarwyddo'r wâr,  
 Y dydd eu gwarchod, ac eu noddi'r hwyr;  
 A'i faethlon fraich yn casglu'r eiddil wân,  
 Eu porthi a'i law, ac yn ei gôl eu dwyn;  
 Felly Efe a lywia fyd a'i law,  
 Ef addawedig Dad yr oes a ddaw.  
 Gwlad yngwrth gwlad ni threulia mwy ei grym,  
 Ni chwrdda milwyr graid a llygaid llym:  
 Ni hulir aerfa mwy â llachar ddur;  
 Ni chyffry'r udgorn croch, na chas, na chur:  
 Pladuriau wneir o'r diles wayw-ffyn;



A swch fu'n glêdd braenarir godreu'r bryn.  
 Dwyrëa llysoedd, llon orphena'r hâd  
 Yr hyn ddechreu'sid gan ei fyr-oes dad;  
 Y gwinwydd nodda'r hîl a'r hefin brwd,  
 Y llaw fu'n hau a fêd, a gluda'r cnwd.  
 Rhyfedda gwr wel'd yn yr anial cras,  
 Y lili'n tarddu trwy y cwrlid glas;  
 Synlama, ynghanol diffaeth sych pan glyw  
 Y llethri'n tyrddu gan rieidr byw.  
 Yn holltau'r graig, lle ffurfiodd draig ei ffau,  
 Cryn llafrwyn îr, a gwelir hesg yn gwau;  
 Lle nidrodd drain ar lychlyd ochrau'r glyn,  
 A chwardd dan urdd o geinhardd dderi ac ynn.  
 Tÿf palmwydd gwyrdd yn mangre'r grinllyd berth,  
 A myrtwydd prid lle cysgodd cegid certh.  
 Y blaidd a'r oen gyd-borant gyleh y gail,  
 Tywysa'r plentyn lêw wrth dennyn dail;  
 Yr arth gyd-ieua â'r ych mewn dinych dang,  
 A llyfa seirph di-lîd y troed a'u sang:  
 Y baban nwyfus rêd oddiwrth y fron,  
 I chware â gwiber hyd y barth yn llon,  
 A rhifa frychau'r cèn symudliw, hardd,  
 Try'r colyn fforchog gyleh ei fÿs,—a chwardd.

Cwyd! cwyd! yr haul yw'th goron, Salem wen:  
 Derchafa'th olwg! dwyre'th gaerawg ben!  
 Gwel hîl dirif i'th eang lÿs yn urdd,  
 Gwel fyd yn esgor iti feibion fyrdd,  
 O'th ddeutu tyrant, llu ar lu'n un lef  
 Erfyniant fywyd; brysiant am y nef.  
 Gwel wylltion lwythau'n toi dy byrth â mawl,  
 Dy Dduw addolant, rhodiant yn dy wawl.  
 Gwel wrth d'allorau'n plygu lywion byd,  
 Gan dyru arnynt gnwd Sabæa'i gyd!  
 I ti anadla llwyni Edom glaer,  
 I ti esgora bryniau Ophir aur.

Gwel! Nef ei gemawg byrth yn agor sydd,  
 Ac arnat yn ymdorri'n ddylif dydd.  
 Mwy ni oreura dwyrain haul y wawr,  
 Ni leinw'r lloer ei harian gorn yn awr;  
 Ar goll yn dy belydyr, gwelwant hwy;  
 Un llif o râd, un fflam ddigwmwl mwy  
 Orlanwa'th lŷs: Tywyna'r gwawl ei hun  
 Yn llachar; tŷr dydd bythol Duw ar ddyn!  
 Try'r nen yn fwg, hysbydda'r cefnfôr trwch,  
 Y moelydd doddant, syrth clogwyni'n llwch;  
 Ond sier ei air, yr un ei allu fydd;  
 Dy sêdd ni syfl, yn deyrn MESSIA sydd.

---

## Y MOR COCH.

CHWYTHWCH yr udgyrn ar gopa Baalsephon,  
 Jehofa orchfygodd, daeth rhyddid i'r caethion:  
 Cenwch—ucheldrem y gelyn a dorwyd,  
 Carlantau'r gwyr meirch yn y tywod arafwyd;  
 Mor wag oedd eu bôst! ni wnaeth Duw ond llefaru,  
 Dyna fyrdd yn y dôn yn gwingo ac yn trengu!  
 Cenwch yr udgyrn ar glogwyn Baalsephon,  
 Jehofa farchogodd ar wâr ei elynion!  
 Mawl, mawl i'r Gorchfygydd,—Hosanna i'r Iôr,  
 Y gormes a gladdwyd yn meddrod y môr;  
 Ei air oedd y saeth a enillodd yr orchest,  
 Anadl ei ffroenau oedd cleddyf y goncwest.  
 Pwy ddychwel â'r newydd i'r Aipht am y nifer  
 A yrodd hi allan yn niwrnod ei balchder?  
 Edrychodd yr Arglwydd o le ei ogoniant,  
 A'i miloedd yn nhrochion y llîf a suddasant!  
 Chwythwch yr udgyrn ar aelgerth Baalsephon,  
 Mae Israel yn rhydd a Pharao yn yr eigion.

# “IDDO EF.”

Dat. i. 5.

'DoEs testun gwiw i'm cân  
Ond cariad f' Arglwydd glân,  
A'i farwol glwy ;  
Griddfanau Calfari,  
Ac angau Iesu cu,  
Yw nghân a mywyd I,  
Hosana mwy.

Paham bu i ddeddf y nef  
Ymaflyd ynddo Ef,  
A rhoi iddo glwy ?  
Fe roddwyd yn y drefn,  
Fy meiau ar ei gefn ;  
Pwy na ro'i floedd drachefn—  
Hosana mwy.

Ergydiwyd atto Ef,  
Gan uffern, byd, a nef,  
Eu saethau hwy :  
Arhodd ei fwa'n gry',  
Nes maeddu uffern ddu,  
A phrynu mywyd I,  
Hosana mwy.

Caniadau'r nefol gôr,  
Sydd oll i'm Harglwydd Iôr  
A'i ddwyfol glwy ;  
Y frwydr wedi troi,  
Ellyllon wedi ffoi,—  
Sy'n gwneyd i'r dyrfa ro'i  
Hosana mwy.

O faint ei gariad EF!  
 Ni's gall holl ddoniau'r nef,  
     Ei dreiddio drwy :  
 Mae hyn i mi'n beth sŷn,  
 I ruddfan pen y bryn  
 Droï'n gân i mi fel hyn,  
     Hosana mwy.

Pan ddelo'r plant yn nghŷd,  
 O bedair rhan y byd,  
     I'w mangre hwy ;  
 Tan obaith yn ddilyth,  
 Cael telyn yn eu plith,  
 I ganu heb gwyno byth,  
     Hosana mwy.

Tra bwyf ar riwiau serth,  
 Preswilydd mawr y berth,  
     Rho'th gwmni trwy ;  
 Mae cofio am y loes  
 Dan arw gur y groes,  
 Yn rhyw feluso f'oes,  
     Hosana mwy.

Na ddigied neb o'r plant,  
 Am imi ganu ar dant  
     O'u telyn hwy :  
 Myfyrio'r tywydd du  
 Fu ar ein Iesu cu,  
 A droes fy nghân mor hy',  
     Hosana mwy.

---

☞ Mae yn debygol fod y Pennillion uchod, a gyhoeddwyd yn GOLEUAD GWYNEDD, Rhagfyr, 1818, yn un o'r cyfansoddiadau cyntaf, o eiddo ein Bardd, a ymddangosodd trwy y wasg. Ymddangosodd, hefyd, yr Englynion sydd yn eu dilyn yn yr un cyhoeddiad am Gorphenaf, 1821, dan y ffug-enw 'Pererin.'—GOL.

## ENGLYNION

A YSGRIFENWYD YN DDIFYFYR YN MYNWENT Y WYDDGRUG.

---

Ni foddor (mae'n rhyfeddol)—chwai angau,  
A chynghor dymunol ;  
Er wban, griddfan greddfol,  
(Uthr in' yw!) ni thry yn ol.

Er gwaedd mam,—er gweddi myrdd,  
Er gwên byd,—er gwyneb hardd,  
Er sŵn cŵyn,—er seinio cerdd,  
Er ing ffull, mŷn angau'i ffordd.

Ni eiriach rai bach rhag bedd,—i'r cedyrn  
Rho'ir codwm i'r dyfn-fedd ;  
A mirain feibion mawredd  
Ostyngir, siglir o'u sêdd.

I'r llaid yr aeth fy nhaidiau,—i huno,  
Fu'n heinyf er's dyddiau :  
I'r ystafell dywell dau,  
Ryw funud, yr âf innau.

Ond cael nôd hynod, a hêdd—yr Iesu,  
A drws i dangnefedd ;  
Yn dawel yn y diwedd,  
Af i gaban bychan bedd.

## ENGLYNION

AR AGORIAD EISTEDDFOD CAERWYS, 1823.

---

HAWDDAMOR bob gradd yma,—orwych feirdd,  
 Rhowch fyrddau 'ni wleda;  
 Lluman arfoll Minerfa  
 Sydd uwch Caerwys ddilys dda.

Bu Caerwys, er pob corwynt—a 'sgydwai  
 Weis cedyrn eu tremynt,—  
 Er braw, anhylaw helynt,  
 Nyth y gain farddoniaeth gynt.

Troi o hyd mae byd heb oedi—â'n isel,  
 Mewn oesoedd, brif drefi;  
 Rho'es Groeg hên, a'i Hathen hi,  
 Awr i Gaerwys ragori.

---

## ENGLYN

O fawl i'r Bardd clodwiw, DAFYDD IONAWR, am ei ymdrech-  
 iadau haeddbarch i ddiddyfnu yr Awen oddiwrth ffiloreg a sothach,  
 a'i chysegru i wasanaeth rhinwedd a duwioldeb.

---

*Un o destunau yr Eisteddfod uchod.*

---

YR Awen burwen ga'dd barch,—unionwyd  
 Gan IONAWR o'i hamharch;  
 Hefelydd i glâf alarch  
 A'i mawl yw yn ymyl arch.



## PENNILLION

A DDATGANWYD YN NGHYMDEITHAS GYMROAIDD RHUTHYN,  
WYL DEWI, 1823.

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Tôn,—“*Ar hyd y Nos.*”

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TRYSTIO arfau tros y terfyn,  
Corn yn deffro cawri y dyffryn,—  
Tanio celloedd—gwaed yn colli,  
Yn mro Rhuthyn gynt fu’n peri  
I’r ael dduo ar *Wyl Ddewi*,  
Ar hyd y nos.

Heddyw darfu ystryw estron,  
Ellyll hwyr, a chyllill hirion;  
Saeson fu’n elynion ini,  
Heno gwisgant gènin gwisgi—  
Law-law’n dawel *Wyl ein Dewi*,  
Ar hyd y nos.

Clywch trwy Gymru’r beraidd gyngan  
Rhwygo awyr â goraian—  
Sŵn telynau—adsain llethri—  
O Blumlumon i Eryri—  
Gwalia ddywed—‘*daeth Gwyl Ddewi*,’  
Ar hyd y wlad.

Felly ninnau rhoddwn fonllef  
Peraidd lais ac adlais cydlef;  
Rhaid i’r galon wirion oeri  
Cyn’r anghofiwn wlad ein geni,  
Na gwlêdd Awen bob *Gwyl Ddewi*,  
Ar hyd y wlad.

## CERDD CALAN GWYLIEDYDD Y WYDDGRUG.

YMYSGYDWCH o'ch cysgadrwydd—  
 Yn filoedd dowch i foli Duw ;  
 Torodd gwawr ar flwyddyn newydd,  
 Gobeithiaf mai un ddedwydd yw :  
 Mae pob Calan fel yn gwaeddi,  
 A'r tymhorau bob yr un,—  
 Yn eu dull yn dwys bregethu—  
 “Derfydd dyddiau byrion dyn.”

Heddyw'm gorchwyl innau dderfydd,  
 Alwai'n chwaneg mo'no chwi;  
 Drwy fy nghylch yn bur wyliedydd \*  
 A lladmerydd y bu'm I ;  
 Mi fynegwn ddull y tywydd,  
 P'un a'i tég a'i garw'r gwaith,  
 Fel y gwypech ar obenydd  
 Ai addas oedd y dydd i daith.

Do, mi wyliais gylch eich drysau  
 Ar ryw oerion oriau hir,  
 Rhag i ddynion drwg eu nwydau  
 Dorri eich anneddau'n wir ;  
 Tywydd garw, mwy nag oerni,  
 Ni wnai nhroi oddiar fy nhaith,  
 A chan ofal i'ch gwas'naethu,  
 Methais gysgu lawer gwaith.

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\* Byddai y Gwyliedydd, neu y *Bellman*, yn arfer a myned trwy heolydd y Wyddgrug yn foreu bob dydd trwy ystod y gauaf, gan hysbysu ansawdd y tywydd, a pha amser a fyddai, fel y gwypai y gweithwyr pa bryd i gyfodi; ac ar ddydd Calan byddai yn derbyn eu rhoddion fel cydnabyddiaeth am ei lafur. Arferai yr awdwr alw y Pennillion hyn ‘Blaenffrwyth awen Sion B.’—GOL.

Daeth fy ystod at ei therfyn,  
 Darfu'm tro oddeutu'ch tre',—  
 Un galenig wyf yn ofyn  
 Am fy llafur yn y lle ;  
 Chwi sy'n meddu da a moddion—  
 Digon sy'n eich llety llawn,—  
 Gwnai ychydig o'ch gweddillion  
 Dic a'i deulu'n llawen iawn.

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## ENGLYNION

## I

## GYMDEITHAS GYMREIGYDDOL CAERLLEON.

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Boed llwydd, mewn pob dull addas,—a chynnydd  
 I'ch enwog Gymdeithas ;  
 Heb stŵr, na chynwr', na chât—  
 Geni beirdd heirdd fo'i hurddas.

Bu gannoedd drwy bob gweniaith,—addefant,  
 Am ddifa'r Omeriaith ;  
 Aent hwy i lawr i fynwent laith—  
 I fynu safai'r fwyn-iaith.

Heddyw gwelaf na faidd gelyn—er gwŷn,  
 Ro'i gair yn ei herbyn ;  
 A dolef gref sy'n dilyn,  
 “A lwyddo Duw, ni ludd dyn.”

Cur llawer fu Caerlleon,—y gw'radwydd  
 Sy'n gwrido hanesion ;  
 Am groesi'r clawdd hir i hon,  
 Brethid calonau Brython.

'Nawr Cymry gânt wisgant wên,  
Chwarddu gânt a cherddi gwîn,  
Ceir bri, a chwmni, a chân,  
O fewn Caer heb ofn y cŵn.

Byw undeb, gyda bendith,—a daenir  
O'ch doniawl athrylith :  
Gelyn brêg, rhwyg rhêg rhagrith  
I chwerwi'ch plaid, na cha'er i'ch plith.

Yn Nghaerlleon, Mehefin 10, 1822.

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## DAU ENGLYN

Ar Briodas Mr. P. WILLIAMS â Miss WHITLEY, Broncoed.

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GAN Naf eiddunaf i'r ddau—bob undeb,  
A bendith, a grasau,  
I fyw'n hir, ac i fwynhau  
Dedwyddwech hyd eu dyddiau.

Eirchion y gwaelion heb gelu,—pur râd  
Parhaus fo'n defnynu :  
Pob urddawl ollawl allu  
Iddyn' ddel—medd IOAN DDU.

Tach. 1821.

## EMYN PASG.

WELE'r Ceidwad gaed yn Meth'lem  
 Accw'n marw dan ei loes,  
 A gwryfon tyner Salem  
 'N gwlychu â dagrau droed ei groes :  
 Caua'r haul ei lygaid llachar  
 Rhag gwel'd chwyfo'r Sanct ei hun ;  
 Ei ruddfanau sigla'r ddaear,  
 Cryna pob peth ond y dyn.

Deuwch saint, gollyngwch ddagrau  
 Uwch trychineb Calfari,  
 Dros yr hwn a ro'es och'neidiau  
 Dan y baich haeddasoeh chwi ;  
 Drossoch hidlodd ddafnau heilltion  
 Is arteithiau gŵg y nen,  
 Nid o ddwfr, ond gwaed ei galon,  
 Yna trengodd ar y pren.

Dyma dristwch heb ei debyg,  
 Gras a chariad pur y'nglŷn,  
 Duw'r gogoniant dan y dirmyg,  
 Ac yn marw i brynu dyn :  
 Ond wele achos llawenychu !  
 Testun cân dragwyddol fydd,—  
 Iesu'r Ceidwad sy'n dadebru  
 'N gynnar ar y trydydd dydd.

Gwelwch fel mae'n conero angau !  
 Syllwch ar ei ddwyfol wedd !  
 Grym ei fraich, a gair ei enau,  
 Sydd yn dryllio bolltau'r bedd :

Llengau'r nef, annrhaethol nifer !

A'i gwarchodant tua'i wlad—

Rhwygai cerddi yr ehangder,

Cerddi croeso i lŷs ei Dad.

Bellach, saint, eich dagrau sychwch,

T'rewch y gu drag'wyddol gân,

C'weiriwch eich telynau, cenwch

Wyrthiau eich Gwardwr glân ;

D'wedwch iddo fathru'r gelyn,

'Speilio'i luoedd certh di ri',

T'wyso angau du mewn cadwyn,

A chysegru'r bedd i chwi.

Bloeddiwch, 'Ryfedd Frenin Sion,

Doed y ddaear dan dy iau !

Ganwyd ti'n Waredydd dynion,

Wyt yn gadarn i iachau.'

Gofynwch wed'yn i'r anghenfil,

'Ple mae'th golyn oer yn awr ?

Fedd ymfrostgar, ddu dy grombil,

P'le mae'th fuddngoliaeth fawr ?'

---

“A PHA LE Y MAE?” Job. xiv. 10.

(CYFIEITHIAD.)

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PA le y mae ! ow gwae ! ai gwir ?

Nad yn ei dir, o dan y dail

A eiliai gynt drwy helyg îr ?—

Nid uwch ei fîr—gan d'wchu ei fail ;—

Ni wela wych olygfa'r waen,

Ni swnia'i droed yn nawnsiau'r dref,

Gwych yw'r olygfa fel o'r blaen,

A dawnsia myrdd, *ond p'le mae ef ?*



Ei ddiddan *Elia* ddyddiau'n ol  
 Dywysai i'r ddol ar hwyrol hynt;  
 Wrth ochrau'r llyn, o'r dyffryn dardd  
 A gwaelod gardd f'ei gwelwyd gynt  
 Is gwê o'r fill ni wasga'r fûn,  
 (Ei ardd a wnaeth fel gerddi nef)  
 Ag urdd o rôs; mae'r gerddi'r un,  
 Ac *Elia*'r un—*P'le gwelir ef?*

Fel Nablau'r côr rhoe'i Gerddor gân,  
 O'i deithi glân, nid aeth yn gloff;  
 Rhaiadrau, llynau, gwyrthiau gant,  
 Oddeutu ei nant sydd etto'n hoff:  
 O'i dŷ—mur hwn nid yw mor hardd;  
 Adwyau geir ar hyd ei gae,  
 A gwywa'n rhês eginau'r ardd,  
 Ymhola mill—*Y'mh'le y mae?*

Mae beddfan newydd yn y Llan,  
 Yr aelwyd ddengys gadair wâg;  
 Ac wrth y bêdd, a'r wêdd yn wan,  
 Doluriau serch rhyw fereh a fâg;  
 A'r ddol, lle bu yn gadu'r gwynt,  
 Ni wela'i lân, ni chlywa'i lêf,  
 Bonllefau rhai a garai gynt,  
 Pa le maent hwy? *Pa le mae ef?*

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## ENGLYN I ANNERCH MISS COTTON, OFYDDDES.

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Eisteddfod y Trallwng, 1824.

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GWALIA lwyd lonwyd eleni,—Awen  
 Flodeua fel lili;  
 Bron bûn yw ei gardd hardd hi,—  
 Hîl anwyl hael Lyweni.

## LLINELLAU

AR FARWOLAETH MISS HUGHES, MERCH Y PARCH. M. HUGHES,  
PERIGLOR LLANWYDDELAN, TREFALDWYN.

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Ceisiais dybio'r sôn yn anwir,  
Syrthio Caroline i lawr,  
Ac nad allai seren eglur,  
Fachlud wedi t'wnu ond awr :  
Ond y glul ar gefn yr awel,  
Sŵn y fron yn hollti'n ddwy,  
Adsain och sy'n gwaeddi'n uchel,  
Ofer anghrediniaeth mwy.

Hir y cofir y diwrnod  
A esgorodd ar y gwae,  
Pan y rhedai i gyfarfod  
Cyfeillesau i odrau'r cae ;  
Blaenai'r dyrfa tu a'r annedd,  
Crechwen ar ei hwyneb prŷd ;  
Ychydig dybiai mai i'w hangladd,  
'Roedd yn gwa'dd y cwm'ni y'nghŷd.

Gyd âg eistedd, deuai angau  
'N nesu atti gam a cham,  
Ac ni throi oddiar ei siwrnai,  
Er gwaedd mil, er gweddi mam ;  
Delwai'r tylwyth gan yr alaeth,  
Gwnaent ei gwely fel yn lli',  
Hithau'n dawel dan yr artaith,  
Pawb och'neidient, ond y hi.

Pan oedd oed yn rhoddi coron  
Aeddfed ar ei dull a'i dawn;  
Myrrh ac olew yr Ysgolion,  
Wedi'i pherarogli'n iawn ;

Pob disgwyliad gwych yn agor,  
 Hithau'n ddedwydd yn ei rhan,  
 Ca'dd ei galw ar ei helor,—  
 Y swyn a dôrwyd yn y fan.

Treigliad ei golygon llachar,  
 Ei throediad ysgafn ar y ddôl,  
 Corph ac enaid oll yn hawddgar,  
 Dynai'r galar ar ei hol;  
 Ond mae tryliw rhôs a lili,  
 Wedi gwelwi ar ei gwedd,  
 'N awr ni ddena serch cwmpeini  
 Mwy na phryfed mân y bedd.

Ffarwel iddi ! boed i'r ywen  
 Gadw llysiau 'i bedd yn llon,  
 A gorwedded y dywarchen  
 Werdd, yn ysgafn ar ei bron;  
 Sycher dagrau ei rhïeni,—  
 Iôr y Nef i'w harwain hwy,  
 Nes y cwrddant ryw foreuddydd,  
 Na raid iddynt 'mado mwy.



#### CYFIEITHIAD O FEDD-ARGRAFF SEIS'NIG.

FY llong ga'dd làn, lle'r oedd fy nghais,—  
 O'r tônau treiddiais trwy;  
 Er dryllio'm hwyl gan lawer gwynt,  
 Na chlywir mo'nynt mwy.

O gernau'r 'storm ce's dd'od yn rhydd,  
 Daeth angau'n llywydd llon,  
 A pharodd im' mewn gobaith glan,  
 Angori'n 'r hafan hon.

## ENGLYNION DIFYFYR

## I'R ARGLWYDDDES CLIVE A'I PHLANT.

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A farnwyd yn fuddugol yn Eisteddfod Trallwng, 1824.

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ENYNWN i uniawn anerch——talaeth,  
 Am ro'i telaid eurferch  
 MONTROSE, mewn rhwymyn traserch  
 I Bowys hên—mân gwîb serch.

Yr *ysgeill* yn ol hir wasgar—cân-oes  
 I'r *cennin* sy'n gydmar ;  
 Tan wên cyd-dyfant yn wâr  
 Eu deuodd yn fri daear.

Mwy yn yr hîl, y mae'n rhaid—y rhenir  
 Holl rinwedd y ddwy-blaid ;  
 Trwy eu bron, yn hylon, naid  
 Hên nwyfau eu hynafiaid.

Os daw ryw haid, i rwystro hêdd—ein tir,  
 Nes troi ein tai'n garnedd,  
 Yn y ddiras gynddaredd,  
 Hîl CLIVE fydd yn dal y clêdd.

Ond i hêdd a dyhuddiant,—i godi  
 Dysgeidiaeth, tueddant,  
 Awenyddion a noddant,  
 Eu hiaith hên, a cherdd, a thant.

Trwy'u diwrnod tyrred arnynt—bob undeb  
 A bendith—llwydd iddynt ;  
 Anwylaid gynnal wnelynt  
 Dud a gwaed hên dadau gynt.

## BUGEILGERDD.

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Ar dôn "*Kate Kearney*."

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DEWI.

A WELAIST, a 'dwaenaist ti DOLI,  
 Sy' a'i defaid ar ochr Eryri?  
     Ei llygad byw llon  
     Wnaeth friw ar fy mron,  
 Melusach na'r diliau yw DOLI.

HYWEL.

O do, mi adwaenwn I DOLI,  
 Mae'i bwthyn wrth droed yr Eryri;  
     'D oes tafod na dawn  
     All adrodd yn iawn  
 Mor hawddgar a dengar yw DOLI.

Un dyner, un dawel yw DOLI,—  
 Mae'n harddach—mae'n lânach na'r lili;  
     'D oes enw îs nen  
     A swnia'n ddisen  
 Mor bêr gyda'r delyn a DOLI.

DEWI.

Ow! ow! nid yw'n dyner wrth DEWI,—  
 'D oes meinir yn delio fel DOLI,  
     Er ymbil â hi  
     A'm llygaid yn lli,  
 Parhau yn gildynus mae DOLI.

Ymdrechais wneud pob peth i'w boddio,  
 Mi gesglais ei geifr idd eu godro,  
     Dan obaith yn llwyr  
     Y cawn yn yr hwyr  
 Gusanu yn dalu gan DOLI.

Mae'i mhyndwys mor wŷned a'r eira,—  
 Mae'i chalon mor oered mi wiria';  
     Ar f' elor ar fŷr  
     Fy nghariad a 'ngŷr,—  
 O oered a dèled yw DOLI!

Tri pheth a dim mwy wy'n ddymuno,—  
 Pob bendith i DOLI lle delo,—  
     Cael gweled ei gwêdd  
     Nes myned i'm mêdd,—  
 A marw yn nwylo fy NOLI.

## I ———

F'ANWYL ferch, delw'm serch, clyw anerch clwy enaid,  
 Tro'ist yn ddu'r cariad cu, a chanu'n ochenaid;  
 A oedd un llaw drwy'r dref draw i nharaw'n anhirion?  
 A oedd yn mhlêth, at y peth, ddwrn yr eneth union?  
 Yn wir dy wŷg dagrau ddwg i'r golwg o'r galon,  
 Oni chaf hêdd af i'm bêdd i orwedd yn wirion.

P'le mae'r grêd, gofus gêd, adduned oedd anwyl?  
 Ai sî a siom yr ammod drom unasom ryw noswyl?  
 P'le mae'r drem, fel gwawr gem, a luniem dan lwynydd?  
 Torai'n sŷn swyn y llŷn, y delyn, a'r dôlydd:  
 Yn iach i'th wêdd, mi wela 'mêdd, wan agwedd yn agor;  
 Dywed di fy mŷn i mi, a wyli ar fy elor?

Pan weli sail y bêdd, a'r dail ar adail mor hoywdeg,  
 Ac uwch y tir, ysgrif hir, o'r gwir ar y garreg,—  
 Mai d'achos di, greulon gri, fu gwelwi'r fau galon; [fron?  
 Ai dyma'r pryd, daw gynta'i gyd, iaith hyfryd o'th ddwy-  
 Gorchwyl gwan, rho'i llef drwy'r llan, troi'r fan yn afonydd,  
 Bhy hwyr serch, felly ferch i'm llanerch bydd llonydd.



“ R H Y W U N . ”

---

CLYWAIS lawer sôn a siarad  
Fod rhyw boen yn dilyn cariad ;  
Ar y sôn gwnawn innau chwerthin,  
Nes y gwelais wyneb RHYWUN.

Ni wna cyngor, ni wna cysur,  
Ni wna càn-mil mwy o ddolur,  
Ac ni wna ceryddon undyn  
Beri im' beidio caru RHYWUN.

Gwyn ac oer yw marmor mynydd,  
Gwyn ac oer yw ewyn nentydd ;  
Gwyn ac oer yw eira Berwyn,  
Gwynach, oerach, dwyfron RHYWUN.

Er cael llygaid fel y perlau,  
Er cael cwrel yn wefusau,  
Er cael gruddiau fel y rhosyn,  
Carreg ydyw calon RHYWUN.

Tra b'o clogwyn yn Eryri,  
Tra b'o coed ar ben y Beili,  
Tra b'o dwfr yn afon Alyn,  
Cadwaf galon bur i RHYWUN.

Pa le bynag bo'm tynghedfen,  
P'un ai Berhiw neu Rhydychen,  
Am fy nghariad os bydd gofyn,  
Fy unig ateb I fydd—RHYWUN.

Caiff yr haul fachludo'r borau,  
Ac â moelydd yn gymylau,—  
Gwisgir fi mewn amdo purwyn  
Cyn y peidiaf garu RHYWUN.

## ELEN Y GLYN.

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Alleiriad o "*Jessy of Dumblane*."

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YR haul æthai' lawr dros gopa Plumlumon,  
 Gan gochi'r cymylau uwch aelgerth y bryn,  
 Ymrodiwn drwy'r cwm yn yr hafaidd Fehefin  
 Gan feddwl am Elen, blodeuyn y Glyn :  
 Y rhosyn symudliw, mor bêr mae'n arogl,  
 A pheraidd yw'r lili a'i gwisgiad yn w yn ;  
 Ond cân-mil mwy peraid,—i'm bron yn fwy anwyl,  
 Yw'r hawddgar lân Elen, blodeuyn y Glyn.

Mae'n llon, y mae'n wylaidd,—mae nôd diniweidrwydd  
 I'w weled yn ngwênau ei gwêdd gor-dêg gwyn ;  
 A phell fyddo'r adyn—heb deimlad, un gronyn,  
 Wnai ddifa'n ei darddiad flodeuyn y Glyn :  
 Cyweiria di 'r fronfraith dy gainc i'r prydnewnddydd,  
 Wyt anwyl i adsain llwyn gwyrdd Tal-y-llyn ;  
 Ac anwyl i minnau,—mor ddidwyll a dengar  
 Yw'r hawddgar lân Elen, blodeuyn y Glyn.

Mor ddiwerth fy oes nes cwrddais âg Elen,  
 Mor ddiflas oedd campau ar dwmpath a bryn ;  
 Ni welais un feinir wnawn alw'n anwyllyd,  
 Nes cwrddais âg Elen, blodeuyn y Glyn :  
 Pob mawredd pe meddwn,—mewn rhadau pe rhodiwn,  
 Er llawnder fil-miliwn, ni wênwn er hyn ;  
 Gwnawn gyfrif fel diddym, uchafiaeth ysplenydd,  
 O eisiau'r lân Elen, blodeuyn y Glyn.

## YR HEN AMSER GYNT.

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Ar y dôn Albanaidd "*Auld Lang Syne*."

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Bu'n hoff i mi wrth deithio 'mhell  
 Gael croesaw ar fy hynt:  
 Mil hoffach yw cael "henffych well"  
 Gan un fu'n gyfaill gynt.

## BYRDON.

Er mwyn yr amser gynt fy ffrynd,  
 Yr hên amser gynt;  
 Cawn wydriad bach cyn canu'n iach,  
 Er mwyn yr amser gynt.

Yn chwareu buom lawer tro,  
 A'n penau yn y gwynt;  
 A phleser mawr yw cadw cô'  
 O'r hyfryd amser gynt.

Er mwyn yr amser gynt, &c.

Er digwyddiadau fwy na rhi',—  
 Er gwario llawer punt;  
 Er llawer coll, ni chollais I  
 Mo'r côf o'r amser gynt.

Er mwyn yr amser gynt, &c.

Tra cura calon yn fy mron,  
 Drwy groes neu hylon hynt,  
 Rhed ffrydiau serch drwy'r fynwes hon  
 Wrth gofio'r amser gynt.

Er mwyn yr amser gynt, &c.

## CERDD HELA,

A GYFANSODDWDYD YN NGHERI, SWYDD DREFALDWYN.

MAE awelon dydd yn deffro,  
 Gwelwch ruddiau'r boreu'n gwrido;  
 A glywch chwi sain corn hela'r Gelli,  
 Yn rhoi tafod i'r clogwyni?  
 Twrf helyddion—cŵn yn udo,  
 Pob peth megis yn cydfloeddio,  
 "Heddyw ydyw'r dydd i ddala  
 Cadno cyfrwys Craig-y-byllfa."

Dacw'r fywiog dyrfa'n cychwyn,  
 Ac yn mlaenaf yn y fyddin,  
 Gwelir ar ei helfarch gwisgi  
 Foneddigaid wr y Gelli,  
 A'i gâr, ymffrost Blaen-y-corwg,  
 Mêl ac enaid hîl Morganwg:  
 O gwm i fynydd, dacw'r dyrfa  
 'Nawr yn ymyl Craig-y-byllfa.

Oergri'r cŵn sydd accw'n dangos  
 Fod llochesau'r cadno'n agos,  
 Clywch y floedd sy'n crygo'r creigiau,—  
 Dacw'r cadno'n llamu'r rhiwiau,  
 I Gwm-aman, i Gwmgwyngul,  
 A chŵn y Gelli yn ei ymyl:  
 Rhy ddiweddar edifara  
 Gadael cilfach Craig-y-byllfa.

Gwelwch, ni wna nant na chlogwyn  
 Beri i *Nimrod* wyro mymrym;  
*Leader, Guider, Topper, German,*  
 Fel yn hedeg drwy Gwm-aman;

*Ringwood, Famous, Countess, Collier,  
Blucher, Stately*,—am gyflymder,  
Haeddant sylw yn ngherdd hela  
Cadno cyfrwys Craig-y-byllfa.

Gan mor gyflym y mae'r cwmni  
'N gado ar ol y coed a'r llethri,  
Y mae'r llethri fel yn neidio,  
A'r coedwigoedd fel yn dawnsio.  
Gwelwch fel mae'r holl helyddion,  
Yn neidio'r cae—yn rhydio'r afon :  
Hwy na hîr y cofir hela  
Cadno cyfrwys Craig-y-byllfa.

Troes yn awr, am nawdd a chysgod,  
I'r Garreg-lwyd—hên ffau'r llwynogod ;  
Ond gwylwyr effro a chŵn yr Ystrad  
Yma dorent ar ei fwriad.  
At Graig-y-llyn cyfeiria'n brysur,  
Ond prysurach ei erlidwyr :  
Rhy ddiweddar edifara  
Gadael cilfach Craig-y-byllfa.

Clywch y floedd sy'n rhwygo'r entrych,  
Mae'n carlamu'n Nghwm-grefelych :  
At Bont-walby hwyliar cidwm  
A thrwy'r coed wrth Aberpergwm ;  
Mae'n Nghwm-mêdd ond ofer iddo  
Ddisgwyl hamdden i orphwyso :  
Rhy ddiweddar edifara  
Gadael cilfach Craig-y-byllfa.

Helwyr, meirch, a chŵn yn ymlid  
A'i troes yn ol, er cadw 'i fywyd,  
At Graig-y-llyn, â'r gorngoch etto  
I'r Garreg-lwyd am le i ymguddio :

Methai gyrhaedd ffau ddiogel ;  
 Dyna'r fonllef ar yr awel,  
 "Daliwyd, daliwyd, daliwyd yma  
 Gadno cyfrwys Craig-y-byllfa."

Nid hyn yw'r cyfan,—dacw'r cwmni  
 Wrth groesawgar fwrdd y Gelli,  
 A gwydraid llawn, a chalon lawen,  
 Yn yfed 'hedd a llwydd y nenbren' :  
 Yfed 'teulu Blaen-y-corwg,  
 A helwriaeth gwlad Morganwg,'  
 A phob gwron a fu'n hela  
 Cadno cyfrwys Craig-y-byllfa.

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## PENNILLION I CADI O DDAROWEN.

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Lodes hannercall ddiniwed, o'r enw Cadi, wrth ei myned i'r Amwythig i wasanaethu, a ofynai i'r Bardd ieuange am ryw bennillion cyn ei chychwyn.

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SYLWA byd ar urddasolion,  
 Ni thry lygad ar dylodion ;  
 Collir golwg ar y bwthyn  
 Gan y palas sydd gyferbyn,  
 Ond Ner, er nad yw byd yn sylwi,  
 Nid yw'n gadael heibio Gadi.

Er i gyfoeth ac uwchafiaeth  
 Wgu ar ei genedigaeth,  
 Er na chafodd fam i'w suo,  
 Ni wnaeth angen iddi lwydo ;  
 Pwy o'r plant sy' a'u bochau'n cochi  
 O liw gwiwdeg ail i Gadi.



Heb lân hardd, heb lygad manwl,  
 Byr o gorph, a byr o feddwl;  
 Heb y ddawn, y dull, na'r duedd,  
 Eilw'r byd yn glod rhianedd;  
 Hwyrach y daw'r drefn wrth droelli  
 A rhyw godiad pur i Gadi.

Gwelwch, ferched hardd Amwythig,  
 Ddiniweidrwydd pur mynyddig,  
 Un na wisga'i gwên â rhodres,—  
 Nytha Rhinwedd yn ei mynwes:  
 Noddwch hon, gochelwch ffromi,  
 Na rhoi gwawdus drem ar Gadi.

Nes darfyddo gyrfa adfyd,  
 Ar hyd llwybrau troellog bywyd,  
 Le mae llewod fyrdd yn cerdded,  
 I 'sglyfaethu rhîn ddinodded:  
 Rhag pob drwg, y Duw sy'n noddi  
 Amddifad, fyddo Ceidwad Cadi.

---

#### ENGLYNION

I wahodd Mrs. VAUGHAN o Benmaen-dyfi, Meirionydd, i Eisteddfod  
 Dinbych, oddiwrth yr Ofyddes Miss DAVIES, Manafon.

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GAIFF Eisteddfod fod mewn un fan—o fodd  
 Ofyddesau diddan,  
 Heb iddynt ar hynt gael rhan  
 O fwyniant uchaf anian?

O! â chân y cychwynwn—i y daith  
 Ein dwy ymgerbydwn,  
 “Gwalia'n foneddig” welwn  
 Ni draw—heblaw y *Balún*.

# PENNILLION

AR YMADAWIAD A CHYFEILLION YN ABER-RHIW, TREFALDWYN.

Ar "Orhoffedd Gwyr Harlech.

GOFID dwys a wasga 'nghalon,  
Adael *Rhiw* a'i glànau gleision,  
Dolau hardd lle chwardda'r meillion,  
A chysuron fyrrd :

Gadael mangre'r Englyn,  
Diliau mêl, a'r Delyn ;  
Gadael cân gynhenid lân,  
Eu cael a'u gadael gwed'yn ;  
Gadael mân na sangodd achwyn ;  
Ond er gadael ceinciau'i gorllwyn,  
Yng auaf oes fe saif Trefaldwyn,  
Ar fy nghôf yn wyrdd.

Trwm, rhy drwm, rhoi ymadawiad  
A bro na welir cuwch ar lygad,  
Na diffyg ar ei haul na'i lleuad,  
I ddylu blodau fyrdd:

Troi i sych Rydychen,  
O Bowys, hên bau Awen,  
Lletty hêdd, a bwrdd y wlêdd,  
Lle'r adsain bryn â chrechwen :  
Gadael llon Athrawon gwiwfwyn  
Och ! ni wn pa fodd i gychwyn :  
Yng auaf oes fe saif Trefaldwyn,  
Ar fy nghôf yn wyrdd.

Try yr ymadawiad ysol,  
Nwyf i loesau anfelusol,  
Ond pa'm beiaf ragluniaethol  
Anorphenol ffyrdd?

Dyma law 'madawiad,  
 A'r llall mi sychaf lygad ;  
 Mae'r Fèn gerllaw, i'm cludo draw,—  
 Ofer—ofer siarad :  
 Yn iach bob dengar gwm a chlogwyn,—  
 Yn iach, yn iach, gyfeillion addfwyn,—  
 Yng auaf oes fe saif Trefaldwyn  
                                           Ar fy nghôf yn wyrdd.

---

 ENGLYNION MILWR

## AR AGORIAD EISTEDDFOD GWENT.

Cain cynnwyre lle bu llad  
 Brycheiniog bêr ei chaniad,  
 Eleni hi yw lili'r wlad.

Cain cynnwyre llafar nant,  
 Gnawd i'w thir ganiad a thant,  
 Coed ac awenydd gyd-ganant.

Cain cynnwyre wŷr Glyw ton,\*  
 Ar ei hoen, hoen o hinon,  
 Iforiaid fo ei wŷrion.

Marchwiail o hydwf gêd,  
 Hil Ifor lŷs agored,  
 Ni wêl haul o'u hol haeled.

Cain cynnwyre bre a bron,  
 Cymru arllwys i'r llŷs llon,  
 Ei thegwch a'i chyfoethogion.

Achlân un ein cân megis cynt,  
 Gwênodd o'i phlaid Gwynedd a'i phlant,  
 Nef o'i bodd wênodd ar Went.

---

\* Adm. Lord Rodney, yr hwn a lywyddai yr Eisteddfod a gynhaliwyd yn Aberhonddu, Medi, 1826.

## TELYN CYMRU.

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ALLAN O SAESONEG MRS. HEMANS, I GYMDEITHAS GYMREIG-  
YDDOL RHUTHYN, 1824.

---

O Delyn oesol ! dyro eto gainc,  
Fel pan ewynai'r hirlas yn y wlêdd ;  
Pan gurai bronau gan wladgarol aine,  
Pan gwlychid byrddau Owain gan y mêdd :  
O Delyn ! deffro 'ngrym yr oesoedd hên,  
Adleisia'r bryn dy geinciau gyda gwên.

Dy dant ni's tÿr—Rhufeinydd erchyll dôn  
Ddaeth dros lân ddyfroedd, gyda llawer rhwyf,  
Enynai fflam trwy dderi santaidd Môn,  
A gwna'i gromlechau'n garnedd yn ei nwyf,  
Rho'i lwch y creiriau gyd â'r gwynt a'r lli',  
Delyn rho gainc, ni's gallai d'attal di.

Dy dant ni's torir. Chwyfiodd baner Sais  
Yn ddig ar awel flith Eryri gerth,  
Uwch bloedd ei udgyrn, clywid sŵn dy lais,  
Pan guchiai gestyll ar y clogwyn serth,  
Cynhyrfai'th dôn y dewrion i fwy bri,  
Ei llethri, oedd ganddynt, bronau rhydd, a thi.

Oes ddu oedd hon ; pan gwympai'r glew dirus,  
Pan dyfai chwyn gylch bwrdd lle gwleddodd cant,  
Pan lechai'r llwynog yn y drylliawg lÿs,\*  
Oedd nerth i ti'r pryd hyn—dawn ym mhob  
tant.

Yn nyddiau hêdd dy geinciau grymmus gÿr,  
O Delyn bêr ! o'th dannau un ni's tÿr.

---

\* *Yn fwy llythyrenol fel hyn: "A'r barth yn unig yn y drylliawg lÿs."*

## LLINELLAU

*Ar Enedigaeth Cynfab Mr. a Mrs. E. Parry, Caerlleon, a anwyd  
Mehefin 16eg, 1823.*

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HENFFYCH anmhrisiadwy drysor,  
Blaenffrwyth y serchiadau mād;  
Ni fedd natur bleser rhagor  
Na theimladau mam a thâd.

Wrth olygu'th wyneb siriol,  
Gaiff dieithr godi ei lef,  
'Mhell uwchlaw syniadau bydol—  
Erfyn it' fendithion Nef?

Nid am gyfoeth, clod, na glendid  
Caiff fy nymuniadau fod ;  
Dylai deiliad tragwyddolfyd  
Gyrchu at amgenach nôd.

Boed i'th rudd sy'n awr a'i gogwydd  
At y bur dyneraidd fron,  
Ddangos oedran diniweidrwydd,—  
Gwisged bob lledneisrwydd llon.

Dy wefus sydd wrth ei chusanu  
'N ail i rosyn têt ei liw,—  
Boed i hon yn ieuange ddysgu  
Deisyf am fendithion Duw.

Na wna achos wylo defnyn  
O'r llygaid 'nawr mewn cwsg sy'n cloi,  
Ond i dlodi dyro ddeigryn  
Os na feddi fwy i'w ro'i.

Dy ddwy law, sy'n awr mor dyner,  
Na b'o iddynt gynnyg cam ;

Ond rho' mhleth i ddweyd dy bader  
Ac i ofyn bendith mam.

Na boed gwên dy wyneb tirion  
Byth yn gymmysg gyda thraais,  
Ac na chaffo brâd ddichellion  
Le i lechu dan dy ais.

Na boed byth i'th draed ysgogi  
Oddiar ffordd ddaionus Duw :  
Er ei chau â drain a drysni—  
Llwybr i'r Baradwys yw.

Boed i'th Riaint fyw i'th arwain'  
Gam a cham ar lwybrau gwir ;  
Na foed arnat ras yn angen  
Tra yma yn yr anial dir.

---

#### CYFIEITHIAD

*O Linellau a briodolir i'r Dywysoges Amelia, merch Sior y III, ar  
ei chlâf-wely.*

YN wammal, a gwawr ie'netyd ar fy ngrudd,  
Y chwarddais, dawnsiais, cenais, cefais glod,  
Yn falch o iechyd, hoff o bleser rhydd,  
Ni thybiais unwaith fod gofidiau i dd'od,  
Gan farnu, yn nghanol ffol bleserus swyn,  
I'r ddaear gael ei gwneuthur er fy mwyn.

Ond pan ddaeth awr y brofedigaeth erch,  
A siglo'r babell gan angeuol glwy',  
At bleser gwag pan oerodd bryd a serch,  
Nad allwn droi'n y ddawns, na chanu mwy ;  
Meddyliais yna, drymed fuasai 'nghwyn,  
Pe'r byd yn unig wnaethid er fy mwyn.



## CWYN AR OL CYFAILL

PAN HIRAROSAI YN RHYDYCHEN, MEHEFIN, 1827.

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EFELYCHIAID O "BUGAIL CWMDYLL," GAN I. G. G.

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Trwy ba bleserau byd  
Yr wyt yn crwydro c'yd?  
Mae pleser fel y lli',  
A'r moethau goreu i mi  
Yn wermod hebot ti,  
Sior anwylaf.

Trwm wibio llygad llaith  
Am danat yw fy ngwaith;  
A rhodio godre'r bryn,  
A gwyrddion lànau'r llên,  
Lle rhodit ti cyn hyn,  
Sior anwylaf.

Mae peraidd flodau d'ardd  
Yn gwywo fel dy fardd;  
A'th ddefaid hyd y ddôl,  
A'u gwirion wryn o'u hôl  
Yn gofyn ddo'i di'n ôl,  
Sior anwylaf.

Mae'n Nghymru laeth a mêl,  
Mae'n Nghymru fron ddi-gêl,  
Mae'n Nghymru un yn brudd  
O'th eisiau, nôs a dydd,—  
A'i gair wrth farw fydd,  
Sior anwylaf.

## MARWOLAETH YR ESGOB HEBER.

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Baruwyd y Farwnad hon yn fuddugol yn Eisteddfod Dinbych, 1828.

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LLE treigla'r *Caveri*\* yn dônau tryloywon,  
 Rhwng glênnydd lle chwadd y pomgranad a'r pîn,  
 Lle tyfa perllysiau yn llwyni teleidion,  
 Lle distyll eu cangau y neithdar a'r gwîn ;  
 Eisteddai *Hindoo* ar lawr i alaru,  
 Ei ddagrau yn llif dros ei ruddiau melynnddu,  
 A'i fron braidd yn rhy lawn i'w dafod lefaru,  
 Ymdòrai ei alaeth fel hyn dros ei fîn :—

“Fy ngwlad ! O fy ngwlad, lle gorwedd fy nhadau !  
 Ai mangre y nôs fyddi byth fel yn awr ?  
 Y Seren a dybiais oedd Seren y borau,  
 Ar nawn ei dysgleirdeb a syrthiodd i lawr ;  
 Y dwyrain a wênai, y tymmor tywynodd,  
 A godrau y cwmwl cadduglyd oreurodd ;  
 Dysgwyliais am haul—ond y Seren fachludodd  
 Cyn i mi weled ond cysgod y wawr.

“Fy ngwlad ! O fy ngwlad ! yn ofer yr hidlwyd  
 I'th fynwes fendithion rhagorach nag un,  
 Yn ofer âg urdd bryd a phryd y'th anrhegwyd,  
 Cywreindeb i fab, a phrydferthweh i fûn ;  
 Yn ofer tywyni mewn gwedd ddigyfartal,  
 A blodau amryliw yn hulio dy anial,  
 A nentydd yn siarad ar wely o risial,  
 A phob peth yn ddwyfol ond ysbryd y dyn.

---

\* *Caveri*—afon yn Ngorllewin Hindostan, a lifa heibio Trichinopoly, claddfa yr Esgob Heber, ac a ymarllwysa i fôr Coromandel wrth Tranquebar.

“Yn ofer y tardd trwy dy dir heb eu gofyn  
 Ddillynion pêr anian yn fil ac yn fyrdd;  
 Yn ofer y gwisgwyd pob dôl a phob dyffryn  
 A dillad Paradwys yn wŷn ac yn wyrdd;  
 Yn ofer rhoi awen o Nef i dy adar,  
 A gwythi o berl i fritho dy ddaear;  
 Yn ofer pob dawn tra mae bonllef a thrydar  
 Yr angrhed a'i anrhaith yn llenwi dy ffyrdd.

“Dy goelgrefydd greulon wna d'ardd yn anialdir,  
 Ei sylfaen yw gwaed, a gorthrymder a cham:  
 Pa oergri fwrlymaidd o'r *Ganges*\* a glywir?  
 Maban a foddwyd gan grefydd y fam:  
 Ond gwaddod y gwae iddi hithau ddaw heibio;  
 O! dacw'r nèn gan y goelcerth yn rhuddo,  
 Ac uchel glogwyni y *Malwah*† 'n adseinio  
 Gan ddolef y weddw o ganol y fflam.

“Gobeithiais cyn hyn buasai enw Duw Israel,  
 A'r aberth anfeidrol ar ael Calfari,  
 Yn destun pob cerddi o draeth Coromandel,  
 A chonglau Bengal hyd i eithaf *Tickree*; ‡  
 Ac onid oedd *Bramah*§ yn crynu ar ei cherbyd,  
 Er y pryd y bu Swartz yn cyhoeddi fod bywyd  
 Yn angau y groes i Baganiaid dwyreinfyd?—  
 Pan gredodd fy nhad yr hyn ddysgodd i mi.||

---

\* *Ganges*—prif afon India—gwrthddrych addoliad y Brahminiaid. Cyffredin ydyw i wragedd daflu eu mabanod i'w thonau er mwyn boddio y duw Himalaya, a elwir yn Dad y Ganges.

† Y *Malwah*—rhês o fynyddoedd uchel yn nghanol Hindostan. Nid yw cyngor na cherydd Prydeiniaid yn gallu rhwystro yr arfer 'greulon gynhwynol o losgi gweddwon byw gyda'u gwyr meirw.

‡ Nid anghyffelyb Hindostan i drionglyn, Coromandel, Tickree, a Bengal, ydynt y conglau. § *Bramah*—prif dduwies y Brahminiaid.

|| Tybir bod tua 40,000 o Gristionogion, ond bod mwy na'u hanner yn Babyddion, yn y Carnatic. Nid yw prin werth crybwyll mai un o hil dyseyblion Swartz, Cenadwr enwog tua chan' mlynedd yn ol, ydyw yr Hindoo a ddychymyga yr Alarnad.

“A’th ddoniau yn uwch, ac yn uwch dy sefyllfa,  
 A’th enaid yn dân o ennyniad y Nef,  
 Cyhoeddaist ti, HEBER, yr unrhyw ddiangfa,  
 Gyda’r un serch ac addfwynder ag ef;  
 Dyferai fel gwlith ar y rhôs dy hyawdledd,  
 Enillai’r digrêd at y groes a’r gwirionedd,  
 Llonyddai’r gydwybod mewn nefol drugaredd;—  
 Mor chwith na chaf mwyach byth glywed dy lêf!

“Doe i felynion a gwynion yn dryfrith,  
 Cyfrenit elfenau danteithion y nèn;  
 Y plant a feithrinit neshaent am dy fendith,  
 A gwênent wrth deimlo dy law ar eu pen;  
 Doe y datgenit fod Nef i’r trallodus—  
 Heddyw ffraethineb sy’ fud ar dy wefus—  
 Ehedaist o’r ddaear heb wasgfa ofidus,  
 I weled dy Brynwr heb gwmwl na llên.\*

“Fy ngwlad! O fy ngwlad! bu ddrwg i ti’r diwrnod  
 ’Raeth HEBER o rwymau marwoldeb yn rhydd;  
 Y grechwen sy’n codi o demlau’r eulunod,  
 Ac uffern yn ateb y grechwen y sydd;  
*Juggernaut*† erch barotoa’i olwynion—  
 Olwynion a liwir gan gochwaed dy feibion—  
 Duodd y nôs—ac i deulu Duw Sion  
 Diflanodd pob gobaith am weled y dydd.”

Yn araf, fy mrawd, paid, paid anobeithio,  
 Gwnai gam âg addewid gyfoethog yr Iôr:  
 A ddiffydd yr haul am i seren fachludo?  
 Os pallodd yr aber, a sychodd y môr?

---

† Angeu disyfyd a gymmerodd HEBER ymaith tra y mwynhai drochfa dwymn. Y dydd o’r blaen—y Sabbath—cyflawnai ddyledswyddau ei daith Esgobawl.

† *Juggernaut*—un o eilunod penaf Hindostan. Ar ei gylehwyl llusgir ef ar gert anferth iymweled â’i hafoty. Ymdafia miloedd o’i addolwyr dan ei olwynion trymion, ac yno y llethir hwynt.

Na, na, fe ddaw boreu bydd un Haleluia,  
 Yn ennyn o'r *Gauts* hyd gopäau *Himalaya*,\*  
 Bydd baner yr Oen ar bob clogwyn yn India,  
 O aelgerth Cashgur hyd i garth Travancore.

A hwyrach mai d'wyrion a gasglant y delwau,  
 A fwrir i'r wâdd ar bob twmpath a bryn,  
 Ar feddrod ein HEBER i'w rhoi yn lle blodau,—  
 Ei gyfran o ysbail ddymunodd cyn hyn :  
 HEBER!—ei enw ddeffrödd alarnadau,  
 Gydymaith mewn galar, rho fenthyg dy dannau,  
 Cymmysgwn ein cerddi, cymmysgwn ein dagrau,  
 Os dinôdd y gerdd bydd y llygad yn llên.

Yn anterth dy lwydd, HEBER, syrthiaist i'r beddrod,  
 Cyn i dy goryn ddwyn un blewyn brith ;  
 Yn nghanol dy lesni y gwywaist i'r gwaelod,  
 A'th ddeilen yn îr gan y wawrddydd a'r gw lith :  
 Mewn munyd newidiaist y *mitre* am goron,  
 A'r fantell esgobawl am wisg wên yn Sïon,  
 Ac acen galarnad am hymn anfarwolon,  
 A thithau gymmysgaist dy hymn yn eu plith.

Llwyni *Academus*,† cynorsaf dy lwyddiant,  
 Lle gwridaist wrth glod y dysgedig a'r gwâr ;  
 Y cangau a eiliaist a droed yn adgofiant  
 O alar ac alaeth i'r lluoedd a'th gâr :  
 Llygaid ein ieuenctid, a ddysgwyd i'th hoffi,  
 Wrth weled dy ardeb‡ yn britho'r ffenestri,  
 A lanwant, gan gofio fod ffrydiau Caveri,  
 Yn golchi dy fynwent wrth draeth Tranquebar.

\* *Gauts*—mynyddoedd uchel wrth Travancore, penrhyn *deheuol*.—*Himalaya*, mynyddoedd uwch, wrth Cashgur, penrhyn *gogleddol* Hindostan.

† *Llwyni Academus*. Nid oes ond a wypo a ddichon ddychymygu y parch a dalwyd yn Rhydychain i HEBER, a'r parch a delir yno etto i'w enw. Yno y daeth gyntaf i wydd yr oes drwy ei Balestine, a gyfieithwyd i'r Gymraeg mor ardderchog gan yr unig wr cyfaddas i'r gorchwyl—yr enwoeaf Gymro, Dr. Pughe.

‡ Ardeb, *Portrait*.

Llaith oedd dy fin gan wlithoedd *Castalia*,  
 O *Helicon* yfaist yn moreu dy oes ;  
 Ond hoffaist wlith Hermon a ffrydiau Siloa,  
 A swyn pob testunau daearol a ffoes :  
 Athrylith, Athroniaeth, a dysg ar Awenau,  
 A blehent eu llawryf o gylch dy arleisiau ;  
 Tithau'n ddi-fòst a dderbyniaist eu cedau,  
 I'w hongian yn offrwm ar drostan y Groes.

Pan oedd byd yn agor ei byrth i dy dderbyn,  
 Gan addaw pob mwyniant os unit âg ef,—  
 Cofleidiaist y Groes, a chyfrifaist yn elyn  
 Bob meddwl a geisiai fyn'd rhyngot a'r nef :  
 Yn *Hodnet*\* yn hir saif dy enw ar galonau  
 Y diriaid ddychwelwyd yn saint trwy'th bregethau—  
 Amddifad ga'dd borth yn dy briod a thithau—  
 Y weddw a noddai—y wân wneist yn grêf.

Gadawaist a'th garant—yn ysbryd Cenadwr  
 Y nofiaist tros dônau trochionog y môr,  
 I ddatgan fod Iesu yn berffaith Waredwr  
 I Vahmond Delhi, ac i Frahmin Mysore ;  
 Daeth bywyd ac adnerth i Eglwys y Dwyrain—  
 Offrymwyd ar allor Duw Israel a Phrydain—  
 Yn nagrau a galar Hindoo gallwn ddarllain  
 Na sengaist ti India heb gwmni dy Iôr.

O Gôr Trichinopoly, cadw di'n ddiogel  
 Weddillion y Sant i fwynhau melus hûn,  
 Pan ferwo y weilgi ar làn Coromandel,  
 Gofynir adfeilion ei babel bob un ;—  
 Ond tawed ein pruddgerdd am bennill melusach,  
 A ganodd ein HEBER ar dannau siriolach,

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† *Hodnet*—yn Amwythig—yno y cyflawnai HEBER swydd Bugail Cristionogol yn ddifefl hyd ei symudiad i India.



Yn arwyl y Bardd â pha odlau cymhwysach  
Dilynir ei elor na'i odlau ei hun ?

“Diangaist i'r bêdd—pa'm galarwn am danat,  
“Er mai trigfa galar a niwl ydyw'r bêdd ?  
“Agorwyd ei ddorau o'r blaen gan dy Geidwad,  
“A'i gariad wna'r ddunos yn ddiwrnod o hêdd.  
“Diangaist i'r bêdd—ac wrth adael marwoldeb,  
“Rhwing hyder ac ofn os unwaith petrusaist,  
“Agoraist dy lygaid yn nydd tragwyddoldeb,  
“Ac angel a ganodd yr Anthem a glywaist.”

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## TRANC Y CRISTION.

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CYFIEITHIAD O EMYN SEIS'NIG YR ESGOB HEBER.

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DIANGAIST i'r bêdd—ni alarwn am danad,  
Er mai trigfa galar a niwl ydyw'r bêdd ;  
Agorwyd ei ddorau o'r blaen gan dy Geidwad,  
A'i gariad gwna'r ddunos yn ddiwrnod o hêdd.

Diangaist i'r bêdd—ac ni welwn di mwyach  
Yn dringo rhiw bywyd trwy ludded a phoen :  
Ond breichiau rhâd râs a'th gofleidiant ti bellach,  
Daeth gobaith i'r euog pan drengodd yr Oen !

Diangaist i'r bêdd—ac wrth adael marwoldeb  
Rhwing hyder ac ofn, os unwaith petrusaist,  
Dy lygaid agorwyd yn nydd tragwyddoldeb,  
Ac angel a ganodd yr Anthem a glywaist.

Diangaist i'r bêdd—byddai'n bechod galaru,  
At Dduw y diangaist—y Duw a dy roes :  
Efe a'th gymerodd—Efe wna'th adferu  
Digolyn yw angau trwy angau y groes !

## SEREN BETHLEHEM.

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*Cyfieithiad o Saesoneg H. K. WHITE.*

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PAN bo sêr annhraethol nifer  
Yn britho tywyll lèn i'r nèn,  
At *un* yn unig drwy'r eangder  
Y tâl i'r euog godi ei ben ;  
Clywch ! Hosanna'n felus ddwndwr  
Red i Dduw o em i em,  
Ond *un* sy'n datgan y Gwardwr,  
Hono yw Seren Bethlehem.

Unwaith hwyliais ar y cefnfor  
A'r 'storm yn gerth, a'r nôs yn ddu,  
Minnau heb na llyw, nac angor,  
Na gwawr, na gobaith o un tu,  
Nerth a dyfais wedi gorphen,  
Dim ond soddi yn fy nhrem,  
Ar fy ing y cododd seren,  
Seren nefol Bethlehem.

Bu'n llusern a thywysydd imi,  
Lladdodd ofn y dyfrllyd fêdd,  
Ac o erchyll safn y weilgi  
Dug fi i borthladd dwyfol hêdd ;—  
Mae'n awr yn dêg, a minnau'n canu,  
F'achub o'r ystorom lem,  
A chanaf pan bo'r byd yn fflagu  
Seren ! Seren ! Bethlehem !

## EMYN YR ADVENT.

*(Cyfieithiad.)*

Ti Oen Duw, sydd yn preswyllo  
 Draw yn mynwes y Tad cu,  
 Rhad ymwel â phechaduriaid  
 Oddiar dy orseddfainc fry :  
 Duw mewn natur, gad dy fawredd—  
 Na ddi'styra'r wryf-fru ;  
 Iachawdwriaeth rhed fel afon—  
 Iesu doed dy deyrnas di.

Glywsoch chwi E'n d'od, fugeiliaid,  
 Noswaith wrth i'ch wyllo'ch praid,—  
 Welsoch chwi y seren nefol,  
 Yn cyhoeddi newydd draidd ?  
 Brysiwch, ddoethion, dowch addolwch,  
 Dwyrain seren sydd ger bron,—  
 Rhowch anrhegion, aur, perlaysiau,  
 Gaed o wlad Arabia lon.

Lluoedd llawen, nef y nefoedd,  
 Cenwch glod Iachawdwr glân,—  
 Saint, angylion, rhowch ogoniant  
 Iddo'n awr o fawr i fân ;  
 Dowch, O dowch a'ch Halelua,  
 A dadseiniwch yn ddisen,—  
 Nef a daear llawen floeddiwch,  
 Molwch ei enw byth, Amen.

## MYFYRDOD YR AFRADLON.

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“Wylasom pan feddyliasom am Sion.”—SALM 137. 1.

---

Er ar làn afonydd Babel  
 Rhwng gelynion drwg eu rhyw,  
 Yr wyf yn methu canu ffarwel  
 Llwyf â Sion yn fy myw;  
 Ni fedraf alw yn elyn imi,  
 Neb o deulu Sion wên,  
 Er i'w holew penaf dori  
 Clwyfau dyfnion ar fy mhen.

Cofio'r tŷ a'r teulu tirion,  
 Cofio'r brenin ar y bwrdd,  
 Sy'n creu cri o dan fy nwyfron,  
 “O na chawn I eto eu cwrdd!”  
 Ac 'rwyf heddyw yn tynghedu,  
 Sion, pan anghofiaf di,  
 Rhof fy nhelyn a'i holl gelfi,  
 Y diwrnod hwnw gyda'r lli.

Cefnais I ar fro'r addewid,  
 Wedi profi'r sypiau grawn;  
 Cerais y caethiwed tomlyd,  
 O flaen rhyddid Canaan lawn:  
 Gwedi bwyta'r nefol fanna,  
 Gweled rhwygo'r dyfnfor dig,  
 Trois, gan gymmaint oedd fy nhraha,  
 At yr hên grochanau cig.

Mi ddywedais mai ffloreg  
 Oedd addewid fawr fy Nuw,  
 Tynais f'enw o'r ddwyfroneg,  
 Wrth ymado â Sion wiw;—

Do, mi daflais dom a lludw,  
 Iesu, ar dy enw drud,  
 Nid i mi mae'r diolch heddyw,  
 Fod iti enw yn y byd.

Maith a blin gofidiau'r Negro,  
 Gwasgwyd iddo phiol lawn,  
 Ei chwys a'i waed sydd yn gwrteithio,  
 Tir gormeswr creulon iawn;  
 Er i flinder ei ddihoeni,  
 Ac er cael arteithiau ci,  
 Ni thal ei ofid mo'i gydmaru  
 Funiyd awr a'm gofid I.

Ymgysura Negro tywyll  
 Mewn nef ddychmygol dros y bryn;  
 Nef heb dresi, nef heb fflangell,  
 Nef heb un gormeswr gwyn;  
 Nef lle cwrdd berth'nasau tirion,  
 A'i gariadau goreu' dawn;  
 Cynnal hyn ei feddwl gwirion,  
 Dan arteithiau creulon iawn.

Ond os adyn gwrthgiliedig,  
 Feiddia edrych ar y bêdd,  
 Mil o liwiau dychrynedig,  
 Ymddangosant yn ei wêdd;  
 Ofn y Barnwr—ofn y ddedfryd  
 Yn dygyfor fel y lli';  
 Coeliwch bellach nad oes gofid  
 I'w gydmaru â'm gofid I.

Angylion glân, os medrwech wylo,  
 Dewch, cymmysgwech ddagrau 'nghyd,  
 Dros un ffol sydd wedi gwerthu  
 Gwynfyd nef er benthyg byd;

Er mwyn lloffa rhyw flodeuyn  
 A droes ei droed o'r llwybr cul,  
 Ni choelia fyth fod hwnw'n wenwyn,  
 A fu'n angeu i lawer mil.

Dywedwch, rywun, wna gruddfanau,  
 Anfon eirchion at y nef,  
 Colli'n ddistaw fil o ddagrau,  
 Brynu'n ol ei heddwch Ef?  
 A wna myrdd o addunedau,  
 Byw a marw dan y groes,  
 Llenwi'm cylch o ddyledswyddau  
 Olchi fyth mo feiau f'oes.

Ust! beth glywaf o'r uchelder,—  
 “Adyn, taw a'th lediaith lom,  
 “Nac ymddiried i'th gyfiawnder,  
 “Trochwyd hwnw yn y dom;  
 “Tyr'd y'mlaen er beiau duon,  
 “Tyr'd, ymolcha yn y gwaed,  
 “Ti gei wella dy archollion,  
 “Ti gei felly bardwn rhad.”

Beth, ai fi sy'n cael ei wahodd?  
 Dâl i mi wynebu y'mlaen?  
 All y brwnt ganwaith ddiwynodd  
 Yn y domen fyn'd yn lân?  
 Dâl i un o diroedd Basan,  
 A gwrthgiliad Babel bell,  
 Droï ei wyneb euog aflan,  
 Eto tua'r Ganaan well?

Dâl?—ond taw amheuaeth bellach,  
 Pa'm amheuaf eiriau'r nef?  
 Meiddiaf, er nad oes f'aflanach,  
 Droï fy wyneb ato Ef:



Ni chelaf un o'm meiau bryntion,  
 Af, ymsyrthiaf wrth ei draed,  
 Gwerth yr aberth dan yr hoelion,  
 Fydd fy nadl o flaen fy Nhad.

Gwnaf, mi dd'weda' wrtho'm hanes,  
 Ac mi hidlaf ddagrau 'nghyd;  
 Mi agora iddo'm mynwes,  
 Mi ddangosa'm mriwiau i gyd;  
 Mi ddesgrifia'r ffôs a'r pyllau,  
 Yr ymdreiglais yn eu llaid,  
 Yna'r Gwr fu'n Gethsemane,  
 Gyfyd ddadl o fy mhlaid.

Gwaeddaf,—“ Geidwad plant marwolaeth,  
 “ Gwel y gwaelaf wrth dy draed,  
 “ Heb un esgus, heb un gobaith,  
 “ Heb un ddadl ond y gwaed:  
 “ Haeddais uffern a'i harteithiau,  
 “ Am aneirif feiau f'oes!  
 “ Ond mwy nag uffern haeddais innau,  
 “ A ddioddefwyd ar y groes.”

Wel, angylion, tewch ag wylo,  
 Gwelaf gilfach dêg a glân;  
 Pwy feddyliodd buasai'm cwyno  
 Yn troi'n ganu yn y man!  
 Cefais fyw yn angau'r croesbren,  
 Gwella'm mriw trwy farwol glwy;  
 Caiff y creigiau ddiaspedain  
 A fy Haleluia mwy.

Ni chaiff yr helyg mwy mo nhelyn,  
 Tra bwy'n meddu bÿs i'w thrin,  
 Gwerth y groes a gras yn dilyn,  
 Gaiff fy ngherddi bob yr un;

Codi o bydewau filoedd,  
 Fydd y testyn yn ddiau ;  
 Ac " Iddo Ef yr hwn a'n carodd,"  
 Fydd y byrdôn i barâu.

Yn awr cychwynaf daith i Sïon,  
 Er mor geimion ydyw'r ffyrdd,  
 Ac mi olcha 'nghanrau byrion,  
 A fy nagrau'n filoedd myrdd ;  
 Fwy a wŷr nad llô pasgedig,  
 Gaf fi yno'n groeso gwiw ;  
 Teulu hynod o garedig,  
 Eto erioed sy'n Sïon Duw.

Ac yn lle dannodi beiau,  
 Tro'nt fy ngolwg at y gwaed ;  
 Cyrchant allan y wisg oreu,  
 Rho'nt esgidiau am fy nhraed ;  
 Gan godi 'mhen oddiar y trothwy,  
 Hèl y dawns, cyweirio'r tant,  
 Ac am fy mŷs I rhoddi modrwy,  
 Na chiliwn mwy o blith y plant.

Ond os gwrthyd deddfau Sïon,  
 (Purdeb sydd yn gweddu i'r tŷ)  
 I un brwnt fu mor afradlon,  
 Droedio ar y lloriau cu ;  
 Dan y ddedfryd gwaeddaf "euog,"  
 Ni dd'wedaf air i'w herbyn hwy,  
 Ond er hyny wrth y rhiniog,  
 Byddaf byw a marw mwy.

Cyn rhoi 'nghorff rhwng pridd a cherrig,  
 I lawr yn nghrombil daear ddu,  
 Lle y gorphwys y lluddedig,  
 Heb i'w blino fel y bu ;

E gaiff teulu Salem wybod,  
 Drwy y gogledd oer a'r de',  
 Y galar dwys a ge's o'r diwrnod,  
 Gwyrtais gam o lwybrau'r ne.'

Gwrandewch funyd eiriau dwysion,  
 Bawb a gawsant wneud eu nyth  
 O dan dô grisialaidd Sion,  
 O ! aroswech yno byth !  
 Nac edrychwch dros y muriau  
 Ar bwsiau têt heb ri',  
 Nid yw *mwyniant* gwael bleserau,  
 Werth gydmaru a'ch *blinfyd* chwi.

Gyda chwi mae Duw'n preswyllo  
 Ar y drugareddfa râd,  
 Chwi bia'r llyfrau gwedi eu clirio,  
 Llechau'n ddiddig yn y gwaed ;  
 Chwi bia'r goron, chwi bia'r delyn,  
 Crochan aur a'r manna gwell—  
 Cibau môch, a marw o newyn,  
 Yw goreuon 'r ardal bell.

Rhosyn Saron i chwi perthyn,  
 Sy heb bigyn dan y dail,  
 Pwysi myrrh, a lili'r dyffryn—  
 Dyna enwau Adda'r ail ;  
 Ond yr afal teg gwenwynig,  
*Bahon Upas* erchyll sy,  
 Yn tyfu'n llwyni gau plethedig,  
 Yn y wlad y crwydrais I.

Cymm'rwch rybudd fel o'r beddrod,  
 Blant diniwed Sion wiw,  
 Cofiwch rodio bob diwrnod,  
 Yn agos, agos at eich Duw ;

Ac na chrwydrwch ar ol blodau,  
 Sydd yn tyfu ar hyd y rhôs—  
 Cadwch gartref—cadwch gartref,  
 Y mae'n tynu at y nôs.

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### CATHL I'R EOS.

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PAN guddio nos ein daear gu  
 O dan ei du adenydd,  
 Y clywir dy delori mwyn,  
 A chôr y llwyn yn llonydd;  
 Ac os bydd pigyn dan dy fron  
 Yn peri i'th galon guro,  
 Ni wnai, nes toro'r wawrddydd hael,  
 Ond canu a gadael iddo.

A thebyg it' yw'r feinir wâr  
 Sydd gymhar gwell na gemau,  
 Er cilio haul, a hilio brô  
 A miloedd o gymylau;  
 Pan dawo holl gysurwyr dydd,  
 Hi lyna yn ffyddlonaf;  
 Yn nyfnder nôs o boen a thrais  
 Y dyry lais felusaf.

Er dichon fod ei chalon wan  
 Yn delwi dan y dolid,  
 Ni chwyna, i flino'i hanwyl rai,—  
 Ei gwên a guddia'i gofid:  
 Ni pheidia'i chân trwy ddunos faith,  
 Nes gweled gobaith goleu  
 Yn t'wynu, megys llygad aur,  
 Trwy bur amrantau'r boreu.

## EMYN ANGLADD :

A gyfansoddwyd erbyn Claddedigaeth y Parch. D. GRIFFITHS, o  
Nefern, yn Swydd Benfro, ac a ganwyd yn angladd y gwr  
rhagorol hwnw, ar y 29ain o Fedi, 1834.

---

I TI, ION glân, y rhoddwn glod,  
Y dwyfol annherfynol Fod,  
Tydi sy'n dwyn i'r nefol dir  
Dy blant i gyd, o'u hadfyd hir.

O llawenhawn, na byddwn brudd,  
Nid ydyw dagrau'n gweddu i'r dydd ;  
Mae'n brawd yn ddedydd yn y wlêdd—  
'Does ond ei gorph yn myn'd i'r bêdd.

Mae enw newydd ar ei fron  
Yn nghwmni'r Oen y funyd hon ;  
Yn hwyr y dydd dibenai 'i daith  
Mewn màn ddymunodd lawer gwaith.

O fel mae'n rhodio llÿs ei Dad !  
Balmantwyd oll â chariad rhâd :  
A'i gân am boen Iachawdwr byd,  
Nes adsain muriau'r nef i gyd.

Clywch ef o flaen yr orsedd wên,  
Ag enw ei Grist yn llenwi'r nèn—  
Lle na ddaw pechod, llid, na phoen,  
I'w flino i lÿs y nefol Oen.

Tra ar ei daith trwy'r anial dir,  
Ei enaid ga'dd feddianu'r Gwir ;  
Mae 'n awr yn iach, trwy werth y gwaed,  
A'r bêdd ac uffern dan ei draed.

Paham galara neb yn awr ?  
 Cyn hir fe dora boreu wawr ;  
 Ei Brynwr ar gymylau ddaw,  
 Ac yntef ar ei ddeheu law.

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## LLINELLAU AR ABAD-DY TINTERN.

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PA sawl bron a oerodd yma ?  
 Pa sawl llygad ga'dd ei gloi ?  
 Pa sawl un sydd yn y gladdfa,  
 A'r côf o honynt wedi ffoi ?  
 Pa sawl gwaith, ar wawr a gosber,  
 Swniai'r gloch ar hyd y glyn ?  
 Pa sawl *Ave*, crêd a phader,  
 Dd'wedwyd rhwng y muriau hyn ?

Ar y garreg sydd gyferbyn,  
 A faluriwyd gan yr hîn,  
 Tybiaf wel'd, o flaen ei eilun,  
 Ryw bererin ar ei lîn ;  
 Tybiaf fod y mŵg o'r thuser  
 Eto'n codi'n golofn wen,  
 A bod sŵn yr organ seinber  
 Etto yn dadseinio'r nen.

Ond Dystawrwydd wnaeth ei phabell  
 Lle cartrefai'r anthem gynt ;  
 Nid oes yma, o gôr i ganghell,  
 Un erddygan, ond y gwynt.—  
 Felly darffo pob coel-grefydd,  
 Crymed byd ger bron y Gwir ;  
 Hedd a chariad, ar eu cynnydd,  
 Fo'n teyrnasu tros y tir.



## ENGLYNION AR BRIODAS SYR R. B. W. BULKELEY.

---

A farnwyd yn fuddugol yn Eisteddfod Beaumaris, 1832.

---

Eto unwyd mewn tynion—aur rwymau,  
 Rymus ddwy lîn Brython :  
 Treiddia trwy wlad Derwyddon  
 Gerddi mawl—nes gwardda Môn.

Iforaidd yw myfyrion—Syr Risiart,  
 Rhoes roesaw i feirddion :  
*Ystanley* fydd Nêst hoenlon  
 Iddo—a merch newydd Môn.

Golau haul, a gwawl hylon,—tirion wên  
 Datry'n ol gysgodion ;  
 Od oedd ddwl îs dydd alon,  
 Nid tywell mwy mantell Môn.

Dwy oes hir, hyd i oes wŷrion,—i'w rhan,  
 A gwir hêdd yn goron ;  
 A gadael tra Caergwydion,  
 Lu o'u meib i lywio Môn.

---

BEDDARGRAFF DEWI SILIN,

SEF Y PARCH. DAVID RICHARDS, VICER LLANSILIN.

---

DITHAU, iach hoyw ymdeithydd,  
 Rhyw forau fel finnau fydd.  
 Mi gefais bob ymgyfarch  
 Gan y byd, ac enw o barch ;  
 Ond dim ! dim ! yw im' yma,  
 Llwydd, clod, câr, daear, a dê :—  
 Yr hyn fu'm i'r Ior yn fyw  
 Yw oll sydd yn llês heddyw.  
 Cofia'r bêdd sy'n dy aros,  
 Ac ymaith i dy daith dôs.

## CAN GWRAIG Y PYSGODWR.

GORPHWYS dòn ! dylifa'n llonydd,  
 Paid a digio wrth y creigydd ;  
 Y mae anian yn noswyllo,  
 Pa'm y byddi *di* yn effro ?  
 Dwndwr daear sydd yn darfod,—  
 Cysga dithau ar dy dywod.

Gorphwys fôr ! mae ar dy lasdòn  
 Un yn dwyn serchiadau 'nghalon ;  
 Nid ei ran yw bywyd segur,  
 Ar dy lifiant mae ei lafur ;  
 Bydd dda wrtho, fôr diddarfod,  
 Cysga'n dawel ar dy dywod.

Paid a grwgnach, bydd yn ddiddig,  
 Dyro ffrwyn yn mhen dy gesig ;  
 A pha esgus i ti ffromi ?  
 Nid oes gwyut yn mrig y llwyni :  
 Tyr'd â bâd fy ngwr i'r diddos  
 Cyn cysgodion dwfn y ceunos.

Iawn i wraig yw teimlo pryder  
 Pan bo'i gwr ar gefn y dyfnder ;  
 Ond os cyffry dîg dy dônau,  
 Pwy a ddirnad ei theimladau ?  
 O bydd dirion wrth fy mhriod,—  
 Cysga'n dawel ar dy dywod.

Byddar ydwyt i fy ymbil,  
 Fôr didostur ! ddofn dy grombil :  
 Trof at Un a all dy farchog  
 Pan bo'th dônau yn gynddeiriog ;  
 Cymmer Ef fy ngwr i'w gysgod,  
 A gwna di'n dawel ar dy dywod.

## Y DDEILEN GRIN.

SECH yw'r ddeilen ar y brigyn,  
 Buan iawn i'r llaid y disgyn ;  
 Ond y meddwl call a ddarllen  
 Wers o addysg ar y ddeilen.

Unwaith chwarddodd mewn gwyrddlesni,  
 Gwawr y nef orphwysodd arni ;  
 Gyda myrddiwn o gyfeillion,  
 Dawnsiodd yn yr hwyr awelon.

Darfu'r urdd oedd arni gynnau,  
 Prin y deil dan wllth y borau,  
 Cryna rhag y chwa ireiddlon  
 Sydd yn angeu i'w chyfoedion.

Ni all haul er ymbelydru,  
 Na llawn lloer er ei hariannu,  
 Ac ni all yr awel dyner  
 Alw yn ol ei hên ireidd-der.

Blaguro ychydig oedd ei chyfran,  
 Rhoi un wên ar wyneb anian ;  
 Llef o'r nef yn Hydref waedda—  
 "Darfu'th waith,"—a hithau drenga.



## ENGLISH PIECES.

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A BARD'S ADDRESS TO WALES, 1282,  
AFTER THE DEATH OF LLEWELYN, ITS LAST PRINCE.

---

THY valour was proud as the cliffs of thy mountains,  
Whose brows o'er the home of the thunder are hung;  
Thy glory was bright as the gush of thy fountains,  
Ere traitors and tyrants thy requiem sung.

Where, and oh! where are thy Bards whose wild numbers  
The iron-nerved soul of the warrior awoke!  
Thy hill-echo sunk into heart broken slumbers,  
When the strings of thy bow and thy *Telyn* they broke.

What, tho' round thy standard no mailed chieftain rallies,  
Tho' mantles of midnight are flung o'er thy fame,  
Thy genius still lags in the depth of thy vallies,  
And thy sons strike the breast at the sound of thy name.

The madness of warfare which battered thy towers,  
One stubborn resolve of thy soul could not break;  
Nor could the red deluge which scattered thy flowers  
Tinge a blush of the *rose* on thy evergreen *leek*.

Perchance in the glens where thy cataracts rattle  
A branch from the stem of thy Princes still grows,—  
A Chief who may yet lead thy heroes to battle,  
And ring on his buckler the knell of thy foes.

But I shall not live to relate his bright story,  
I die on the spot where thy Liberty died:—  
I come to your rest, sainted children of Glory,  
Kind death will prepare me a bed by your side.

## THE RAINBOW.

'Twas a phantom of grandeur! sublimely it stood  
With its hues overarching stream valley and wood!  
'Twas a halo of glory! encircling the form  
Of that Genius which guarded his vale from the storm;  
'Twas Peace stilling Discord! its calm gleam it cast  
On the clouds which to tempest were gathering fast;  
'Twas the soul of deceit! as I gazed on its form  
Thought I, such a fair thing could herald a storm!  
It seemed as it glowed on the thick-veiled sky  
Like a flush on the cheek of one ready to die.  
How my soul up the arch of the bow longed to glide!  
For it seemed in that moment of rapture and pride  
A pathway of light by Omnipotence given,  
For mortals to soar to the regions of Heaven:  
For a while it gleamed bright, but its beautiful hue  
Like the mist before sun-beams, was fading from view;  
With tearful eyes watching, I marked it decay,  
Till the beautiful pageant had vanished away.—  
And 'tis so with ourselves! when our life bloom hath  
    caught  
But a slight tinge of years, and our bosoms are fraught  
With youth's rapturous feelings, we heed not the cares  
And the sorrows and pangs to which mortals are heirs.  
When the sky of our youth is o'ercast, we can gaze  
With delight on the rainbow-like feelings they raise.  
We can gaze with delight—but not long, for stern Time  
As he glides in his car, dims those hues of our prime;  
And we must view feeling on feeling decay  
Till all, like the Rainbow, have vanished away.

## KILGERRAN CASTLE:

*Written on an aquatic visit to those Ruins, June 21, 1833.*

---

'Tis passing sweet to see the red sun setting,  
    Whilst low and plaintive sighs the evening gale,  
And the young moon above the mountains getting,  
    Like eastern beauty casting off her veil;  
The world, and all its grief and care, forgetting,  
    'Tis sweet o'er Tivy's glassy flood to sail;  
And view those ruins frowning from above,  
Like Titans withered by the bolts of Jove.

Oh! there is nought that brings the vanity  
    Of human grandeur closer to the heart,  
In its right mood—than sight like this to see:—  
    A once huge whole, now dwindled to a part;  
Like mighty genius sunk to idiocy,  
    It glances through one like a barbed dart,  
Leaving a wound in the aspiring mind,  
A something to be felt, but not defined.

Time was—and at the close of autumn day  
    The sun beheld full many a gallant tower  
Gleaming, like spears of fire beneath his ray,  
    Seeming to dare both time and tempest's power:  
Alas for human greatness! where are they?  
    Sunlight is streaming at this peaceful hour,  
Ah! not on turret brave, and battlement,  
On shattered arch, and goodly pillar rent.

Time was—and when the eve breeze whistled by  
    The flap of red-cross banner ye might hear:  
And sounds of harp and voice—sweet minstrelsy!  
    Like fountain murmur stole upon the ear:



What floateth now beneath the clear blue sky ?

What music greets the lonely wanderer ?

The rank grass waving from yon hoary wall,

The sigh of night-winds through deserted hall.

Time was—and that same hall of loneliness

Once echoed shout and revelry afar,

And woman's wail at parting. Happiness

Once lit it when it's chief returned from war,—

The husband's clasp,—the wife's soft chaste caress,—

And cry of little ones the kiss to share.—

Alas for man ! time's tide hath rolled between,

All these are now as if they ne'er had been.

Alas for thee ! who o'er this fallen pile

Chantest a weak and melancholy strain,

Thou too, perchance, shalt stand thus ruined, while

The wreck of heart and thought, and vision vain,

Are scattered round thee ; and the heartless smile,

Worn to conceal that chill and deadly pain,

Shall be, as on yon tower the ivy-wreath,

All gay without, but scathed and worn beneath.

---

### TO AN ONLY SISTER,

*AFTER VISITING CARN INGLI, PEMBROKESHIRE, 1835.*

---

MY Sister ! when of late I stood

On Ingli's lone and lofty brow,

What mingled with each changeful mood

Of thought and feeling ?—dearest Thou.

The Alpine flowers around me gleaming,

The fairy streams—the wide wide sea,

The distant vales in sunlight beaming,

The summer breeze—all spoke of thee !

And still, if e'er thine image set  
Deep in my heart could be removed,  
Could I in any place forget  
All I owe thee, 'twere there, beloved,—  
For there, to every sense appealing,  
Sweet sights, and sounds, and odours be,  
That wake the very soul of feeling,  
Yet, Sister, there I thought of thee.

And when, stirred by the spot and scene,  
Arose again the buried past,  
And visions of what once had been  
Came thronging o'er me thick and fast,  
The Roman Eagle's pinion gory,  
The Norman's mail-clad chivalry,  
Those pageants of departed glory,  
Soon vanished—and I thought of thee.

The ties that bind my soul to earth  
Art thou! and dear ones that are thine!  
The children fair that crowd thy hearth,  
I love them all—God bless the *nine*.  
Say—does the ninth, more than another,  
In form or feature—'mid the throng,  
Bear image of that sainted mother  
We both have mourned and wept so long?

I think on thee when nature pours  
Her softest charms on mortal sight,  
Of thee and them in social hours  
And in the hush of solemn night;  
Yes every fancy, thought, emotion,  
Whate'er their origin may be,  
Like rivers blending with the ocean,  
Will end in thoughts of them and thee.

ON A LITTLE GIRL.

---

Fair child ! when late in happy play  
I held thee smiling on my knee,  
My thoughts were wandering far away,  
Dreaming what thou should'st be.

Said I, " thy bark shall fortune guide  
Securely o'er life's treacherous sea,  
No storm to break its glassy tide,  
No billow burst o'er thee."

" Or shall pale grief make thee its mark,  
Dimming those dove-like eyes with tears ;  
Sprinkling with grey those tresses dark,  
Even in thy early years."

Away such fears, disturb them not  
Whose love o'er thee hath its abode ;  
Happy, whatever be thy lot,  
To trust thee to their God.

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## A MOTHER'S PRAYER OVER HER INFANT CHILD.

---

*Inscribed to Mrs. Whitley, Broncoed-isaf.*

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HAIL ! fond Mother's first-born treasure,  
Offspring of connubial love ;  
Nature has no greater pleasure  
Than a parent's feelings prove.

Let me, while thy features viewing,  
Breathe to Heaven a fervent prayer ;  
Every wordly thought subduing,  
Make an interest for thee there.

Not for riches, rank, or beauty,  
Shall my hopes ambitious rise,—  
More essential is the duty  
Which a mother's heart should prize.

May those lips, which, as I'm pressing,  
Rival the carnation's hue,  
Ask betimes a heavenly blessing,  
And to virtue long be true.

May those little feet ne'er ramble  
From that safe and happy road,  
Which, though fenced with thorns and bramble,  
Leads thee to a blest abode.

May those hands, so soft and tender,  
Every duty do with care ;  
Oft to want assistance render,  
And to God lift up in prayer.

May thy Parents live to guide thee,  
Step by step, to thoughts divine ;  
And no blessing be denied thee,  
While an upright heart is thine.

---

LINES WRITTEN IN A "FORGET ME NOT."

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FORGET me not ! Forget me not,  
Was all the wish my sigh could tell,  
When by the elm that shades your cot,  
I took, I gave my sad farewell !  
But lest rude time that wish and sigh,  
From memory's page might chance to blot,  
Accept this boon and think that I  
Breathe in it still "Forget me not."

## L I N E S

On reading "The Remains of HENRY KIRKE WHITE."

---

THRICE happy youth! thou shalt not pour  
Again thy melancholy moan,  
Nor startling, wake at midnight hour,  
To weep, "thou wert alone."

The moon that saw thee—sadly dream,  
When stretched beside the murmuring wave,  
Seeming the genius of that stream—  
Now sleeps upon thy grave.

The world had not a charm for thee :  
Thy spirit like a nightingale  
That's held in thrall, longed to be free,—  
To burst its prison frail.

The prison burst—thy spirit flew  
To realms of bliss beyond the sky :  
There—there to strike thy lyre anew  
'Midst seraph-harmony,

Thou art where some I loved below  
Have passed,—where God dries every tear :  
For thee—for them—I feel no woe,  
I weep that I am here.

A pilgrim, at death's cold shrine—  
Spirit ! pour one celestial lay,  
To smooth this thorny path of mine,  
And cheer me on my way.

## LINES

On seeing old LEWIS LEWIS viewing the grave of the REV. DAVID GRIFFITHS, Nevern, his pastor and employer for 40 years.

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YES, pious pilgrim, there he lies ;  
He who thy steps through this life led  
In paths, which point to brighter skies ;  
There now he slumbers with the dead !

Full deeply still his voice and look  
Impressed are on thy memory's roll ;  
When truth from God's eternal book  
He brought, to rouse or cheer the soul.

And told how in light of heavenly day,  
All man's best actions are but loss ;  
And how a sinner's hope and stay,  
Should centre on the Saviour's cross.

Things are now changed—the lips where hung  
So oft thy soul's attention deep ;  
The fiery eye—the fluent tongue,  
Are mute and cold in silent sleep.

Not silent all—for from the tomb  
There whispers, pilgrim, in thine ears,  
That well-known voice, through death's dark gloom,  
Rejoice my friend, dry up thy tears.

A few declining sunsets more,  
Of weary toil, and heart sore pressed,  
Will bring thee to a happy shore,  
Thy home—thy everlasting rest.





Traethodau ac Areithiau.

Essays and Orations.

# TRAETHAWD AR YR IAITH GYMRAEG.

## Y CYNNWYSIAD.

PA beth ydyw IAITH.—Nad ydyw dyn yn llefaru o anian.—Tybiau y'ngghyleh tarddiad iaith.

I. Rhagoroldeb unrhyw iaith ydyw fod ynddi gyflawnder o eiriau cyfaddas—bod ei chyfansoddiad ieithadurol yn rheolaidd ac eglur—a'i bod yn erddyganol a darluniadol ei seiniau.—Bod y Gymraeg yn feddiannol o'r teithi hyn. 1.—Yn gyflawn o eiriau oherwydd lliosogrwydd ei gwreiddiau, a'i gallu i ffurfio geiriau at bob achos—engraffau.—Yn anymddibynol cystal ag yn gyflawn—Addasrwydd e geiriau, a'i chynnwysfawredd. 2.—Yn odidog yn ei chyfansoddiad ieithadurol—yn syml a dirwystr—engraffau.—Yn meddu llais canol i'r ferf, fel y Roeg—yn cyssylltu nifer o enwau cedyrn heb ragair—yn cydio y rhagenw gyda'r ferf—ac yn gallu cyssoddi brawddegau heb ferf, fel yr Hebraeg. 3.—Yn effeithiol ac awenyddgar ei seiniau, am ei bod yn amgyffredawl, yn ystwyth, ac yn ddarluniadol ei hymadroddion—sain lawn ac unwedd ei geiriau, ac unfurfiad ei haccen yn deledion—Hynafiaeth ac anghyfnewidioldeb y Gymraeg yn haeddu edmygedd.

II. Rhesymau dros goleddu yr Iaith Gymraeg. 1.—Ei hardderchawgrwydd. 2.—Gwerth hanesiol a barddonol ysgrifeniadau ei chyn-feirdd.—I'w hiaith y mae'r Cymry yn ddyledus am y pethau a ymffrostiant ynddynt fel cenedl—eu hynafiaeth, a'u digymmysgedd—eu cymeriad moesol a didwyll—eu cariad at eu gilydd, ac at eu gwlad. Y Gymraeg ydyw unig gyfrwng hyfforddiad i'r nifer amlaf o Gymry. Sylwadau ar wrthddadleuon yn erbyn coleddiad y Gymraeg.

III. Moddion i ddiogelu parhad a llwyddiant y Gymraeg.—Nad oes perygl y diflana, eto angenrhaid iddi wrth nawdd a diwylliad—y moddion goreu i'r dyben hyn—nid trwy attal hyfforddiant yn y Saesonaeg, na thrwy briodoli i'r Gymraeg rinweddau anarddelwedig—Ymdrechiau y Cymry o blaid eu hiaith yn gyfyngedig i noddi llenyddiaeth gynhwynol a phregethu ac ymddiddan mewn Cymraeg pur. 1.—Gorchwylion anarferol yn angenrheidiol i feithrin dysgeidiaeth Cymru.—y sefydliadau enwocaf o'r natur hyn ydynt yr Eisteddfodau taleithiol, y wasg, y cyhoeddiadau cylchynol—y dylai awdwyr arfer geiriau cadarnaf yr iaith—eisiau sefydlu trefn y lythyreg—y mesurau caethion yn llyffeitheirio iaith—y dylid cyhoeddi ysgrifeniadau y cyn-awduron—eisiau Geiriadur Saesoneg a Chymraeg cyflawn—Ysgolion—y rhai Sabbothol o lês arbenig—prinder Ysgolion Dyddiol Cymreig. 2.—Pregethu—y pwys o gael Offeriadau Cymreig—diffyg hyfforddiant Cymreig yn y prif Ysgolion. 3.—Dymunoldeb cael y bonedd i lefaru Cymraeg a'r boneddigesau i'w noddi a'i harfer—y Cymdeithasau Cymreigyddol a'u defnydd—y lês a darddodd drwy'r moddion a arferwyd yn annogaeth i ymdrechiau helaethach.—Terfyndraith.

# TRAETHAWD

## AR YR IAITH GYMRAEG.

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A farnwyd yn fuddugol yn Eisteddfod y Trallwng, 1824.

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IAITH ydyw cyfanrif o eiriau a arferu dyn i amlygu ei amrywiol feddyliau i'w gyd-greaduriaid, yn llafar neu yn ysgrifenedig.

Y mae gan yr holl ysgrubliaid alluoedd i hysbysu y teimladau angenrheidiol er hanfodiad eu rhywogaeth. Adwaenant lais eu cydryw: pan y rhybuddia'r iâr fod perygl yn agos, ymdyra y cywion yn naturiol o dan ei hesgyll. Adnabyddant hefyd lais eu gelynion: pan rua'r llew, dychryna holl fwystfilod y goedwig.

Ond y mae gwahaniaeth rhwng lleisiau y creaduriaid, ag iaith ddynol. Y mae'r olaf yn alluog i hysbysu syniadau na ddichon y meddwl anifeilaidd eu llunio. Tebycach ydyw lleisiau yr ysgrubliaid i'n gwaith ni yn wylo, yn chwerthin, &c., nac i'n lleferydd. Gwahaniaeth arall ydyw fod lleisiau yr anifeiliaid o anian, ac iaith ddynol o gelfyddyd. Canai ceiliog pe nas clywsai geiliog yn canu erioed, a deallai cŵn Lapland gyfarthiadau bytheiaid Cedewain; ond ni lefarai dyn heb glywed lleferydd dyn arall. Daliwyd gwyllt-ddynion mewn coedwigoedd, ac er y meddent beiriannau ymadrodd yn eu perffeithrwydd, ni allent siarad. Y mae llafar un wlad yn annealladwy mewn gwlad arall; ond pe byddai iaith yn egwyddorol mewn dyn, geiriau cyntaf pob cenedl a fyddent yr un; a phob plentyn, pa le bynag y genid ef, ai mewn llys ai mewn anialwch, a ddeallai iaith plentyn arall.

Nid natur, gan hyny, a'n cynnysgaeddodd ag iaith. Y mae yr hyn a gawsom gan natur genym eto; ac ni allodd cwymp Eden, na chymysgedd Babel, ei ddileu. Gwelir ei argraff ar yr Hottentot fel ar y Cymro; a dichon y cyntaf ei ddarllen gystal a'r olaf. Deallant oll fod gwên yn dangos difyrwch—llygad llawn yn brawf o alar, a'r olwg guchiog ddu yn arwyddo digllonedd. Gwir y gellir croesi cymhelladau anian, a chuddio calon ddichellgar o dan wyneb siriol; ond *dysgu* twyllo a wnaeth dyn, fel y dywed Tudur Aled,—

“Dynion sy'n gwneud *dau* wyneb,  
Duw ni wnaeth ond *un* i neb.”

Ymddengys oddiwrth hyn mai nid o egwyddor y mae dyn yn llefaru. Yr ydym yn gweled fod plant yn dysgu siarad trwy ddynwared, ond nid oedd gan ein cyn-rieni neb i'w ddynwaredu. Yn awr gellid ymofyn pa fodd y dysgodd dyn lefaru gyntaf? Llawer a ddywedwyd ar y pwnc hwn gan ddysgedigion o oes i oes; ond ni wnaeth cruglwyth o amcanseiliau (*hypotheses*) nemawr tu ag at ei egluro. Barna rhai fod iaith yn gyfan ac yn gwbl o ddyfais dyn.\* Eraill a feddyl-iant fod ein Creawdwr, trwy ysbrydoliaeth, wedi cynnysgaeddu ein rhieni cyntaf âg iaith barod a chyflawn, y dydd y cawsant eu bodolaeth o'i law.† Trydedd blaid a dybia nad oedd ar ddyn eisiau iaith berffaith yn ei holl gywrain-ranau ieithadurol, yn yr amser hwn o'i hanfodiad; oherwydd o angenrheidrwydd nid oedd ei feddylddrychau ond ychydig a chynnwysaidd; a chan nad ydyw iaith ond hysbysiad o feddylddrychau, mai anhawdd tybied ei fod yn perchen geiriau cynnwysfawr am bethau na wyddai ddim am danynt, neu fod yr effaith yn rhagflaenu'r achos. Yr Ieithyddion hyn a farnant i Adda gael ei ddoniaw yn oruwch-naturiol i ffurfio geiriau, fel y byddai angen am danynt. Pan y llunid amgyffredion yn ei feddwl, arferai ei ddawn i wneuthur ymadroddion addas i'w hamlygu.‡

Pa fodd bynag cytuna pob plaid, gan fod bucheddau cyn-drigolion y byd yn symlaidd, fod eu hiaith hefyd yn ddiaddurn, ond yn ddarluniadol, ac yn gynnwysedig o seiniau egwyddorol (*elementary sounds*) a gwreidduriau, y rhai fuant yn seiliau i adeilad orwech y llafar dynol yn ei holl amrywiaeth ysblenydd.

Barna llawer, a Grotius yn eu plith, ddarfod colli iaith y cynddiluwiaid yn nghymmysgedd Babel, a bod y gwreiddiau, o ba rai y cyfansoddasid hi, wedi cael eu gwasgaru rhwng yr amrywiol dafodieithoedd yr esgorodd yr amgylchiad hwnw arnynt.

Y mae gan yr holl ieithoedd hyn rai pethau yn gyffredin. Ffurfir pob un o honynt o ranau anhebgorol ymadrodd. Ond y mae priodoliaethau nodwedol yn perthyn i bob iaith, ac yn ol y priodoliaethau hyny y gellir barnu am ei hardderchogrwydd neu ei diffyg. Gellir dywedyd mai rhagoroldeb iaith ydyw ei gallu i hysbysu yr amrywiol amgyffredion a lunir yn y meddwl, yn gywir, yn eglur, ac yn effeithiol. I'r dyben hyn mae yn angenrheidiol fod ynddi gyflawnder o eiriau cyfaddas at bob achos,—fod ei chyfansoddiad ieithadurol yn symlaidd, rheolaidd, ac eglur,—a'i bod hefyd yn ddarluniadol a chynghaneddol ei theithi.

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\* Diodorus Siculus, Dr. Adam Smith, a'r Arel. Monboddó. † Dr. Johnson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Beattie, a'r Parch. T. Charles. ‡ Y Ffrencyn De Gebelin, Dr. Pughe, Awdwr y Celtic Researches, a Golygydd y Cambro Briton.

Dygir ni gan y sylwadau hyn at y rhan gyntaf o'r testyn. Ein gorchwyl, gan hyny, a fydd ymholi i ba raddau y mae yr Iaith Gymraeg yn perchen y cynneddfau hyn, y rhai sydd hanfodol i iaith odidog.

Os oes rhai ieithoedd, trwy gael gwell diwylliad, a thrwy fenthycu oddiar eu cymmydogion, yn gallu cyfartalu iddi yn helaethrwydd ac amledd ei geiriau, nid oes un iaith, yn ol barn a'i gwypo, yn meddu ar y fath drysorfa o ddefnyddiau.

Dywed y Dr. Pughe, nad ydyw yr holl seiniau egwyddorol ag y dichon y llais dynol eu ffurfio, (sef cyssylltiad llafariad a chydsain yn unsill,) yn gwbl dri chant, a bod yn y Gymraeg yn agos i ddau cant ac ugain o honynt; ac y mae, hyd yn oed yn ei llafariad, briodoliaethau na fedd un iaith arall yn Ewrob. Y maent oll yn llawn ystyr, ac yn darlunio ysgogiad a gweithrediad mewn amrywiol amserau: y gwreiddiau hyn ydynt egwyddorion cyntefig yr iaith, a ffynonell annysbyddawl ei chynnwysfawredd a'i melusder.

O'r gwreiddseiniau hyn, y mae oddeutu pedwar ugain yn eiriau o ystyr anymddibynol, megys *el, aw, da, &c.*; arferir oddeutu hanner cant yn rhagenwau, bannodau, cyssylltiadau, a rhageiriau, megys *ef, yr, ac, am, &c.*,—rhai yn gyfryngddodau a rhagferfau, megys *aw, is, &c.*, ac o'r gweddill y ffurfir blaendodau, a therfyniadau, trwy ba rai y lleiheir neu y mwyheir, grym y geiriau yn ol un rheol sefydledig.\*

O'r gwreiddiau y ffurfir geiriau cymhleth;† a pha beth bynag a fyddo ystyr gyntefig y gwreiddyn, y mae yn dwyn yr un ystyr trwy yr holl gyfnewidiadau cyfansoddol. Y gwreiddyn *wy* a arwydda yn gynhenid unrhyw beth a ddyger allan, ac a darddo,—dyna'r enw sydd ar gibyn aderyn; ac y mae y swm yma yn nghyfansoddiad llawer o'r geiriau ag sydd yn dangos y meddwl cyffredinol hwn,—megys *gwjdd, wjr, gwydd, gwybod, rhwy, gwyr, a gwyrdd*. Y mae yn dwyn y meddwl dechreuol yn *gwy*, sef unpeth tarddedig, hylifawl; ac o'r gair hwn y tardda *gwyawl, gwyar, hwyaid, gwyach, gwyllys, wybren, eilwy, gwyllan, gwymon, gwyad, gwylar, gwythen, gwysigen, gwynt, wylo*, a lliaws eraill o eiriau, oll yn profi eu perthynas â'r meddylddrych cynnwynol.

Ni theimlir un anhawsdra yn cymhlethu geiriau i ateb pob angenrhaidd, am fod y rheol i hyny mor seml, rhwydd a pherffaith; a'r defnyddiau mor lliosog a pharod. Y cydseiniaid hefyd a doddant i'w gilydd mor beraidd ac esmwyth, fel nad ydyw'r cyfansoddair byth yn ymddangos yn glogyrnaidd.

\* Cambro Briton, vol. i. p. 84. † *Compounds*. "Pan arferer geiriau cymhleth, darnoder eu gwraidd a'u tyfiant."—*Cyfrinach y Beirdd*.



Fel prawf o symledd ac unweddiad adeilad y Gymraeg, ac hawdded adwaen y gwreiddyn trwy yr holl gyfnewidiadau, detholwn un o'r geiriau hwyaf sydd ynddi:—

*Anghyfanneddedigaethau*—sydd liosogiad o

*Anghyfanneddedigaeth*—enw cadarn, yn arwyddo mangre ddi-boblawg ;

*Anghyfanneddedig*—cyfraniad (*participle*) yn yr amser gorphenol ;

*Anghyfannedded*—ansoddair mewn gradd gymmariaethol ;

*Anghyfannedd*—ansoddair ;

*Cyfannedd*—ansoddair o ystyr wrthwynebol i'r olaf ;

*Annedd*—enw cadarn o *an* a *dedd* ;

*Dedd*—enw cadarn yn arwyddo cyfraith, deddf, (o *dy*-*edd*) ;

*Edd*, gan hyny, yw y gwreiddyn, yr hwn, medd y Dr. Pughe sydd yn arwyddocau 'cyflwr llonydd, rheolaidd.'

Wrth ffurfio cymhlethion, a'u troi a'u cyfnewid, gellir amlhau geiriau yn ddiderfyn. Meddai Bardd, wrth ddarlunio teleidrwydd anian,—

Llysiau'r ardd a flaendarddant.

Nid ydyw y rhai hyn ond geiriau cyffredin ; ond dichon garddwr yn y gair olaf o'r llinell, trwy gynnorthwy blaenddodau yn unig, ddarlunio ei wely tryfrith ar hyd y flwyddyn. Yn Alban Eilir dywed, "*y llysiau a darddant*,"—os bydd eu tyfiant yn gyfartal, "*cyfdarddant*," neu "*cyd-darddant*,"—os nad yn gwbl felly, "*gogyfdarddant*,"—os hiliant y llannerch, "*amdarddant*,"—os nad felly yn hollol, "*goamdarddant*,"—os ant dros y terfynau ar desog Alban Hefin, dyweda, "*goramdarddant*,"—os tyfant trwy eu gilydd, "*trydarddant*,"—os ewyllysia ddangos y gweithredyddion yn fanylach, ac effaith y weithred arnynt, dyweda, "*ymdarddant, dydarddant, ymddyddarddant*," &c. Yn Alban Elfed, pan ymddihatra anian ei gwisg freiniol, dyweda, "*dadymdarddant*," a "*diamdarddant*." Ac wedi gwywawl ruthriadau Alban Arthan, pan baro "huan i anian wenu," gan dynu y rhew o adenydd yr awel, a thoddi coron arian y bryn yn ffrydiau i ddyfrhau y dyffryn,—dyweda y garddwr, "*y llysiau a ddarddant, a adymdarddant*; hwy a *ardarddant, a aymdarddant, &c.*, nes llenwi y talwrn cyntefig."

Bellach gwelwn mai annichonadwy bod prinder geiriau yn y Gymraeg, tra y mae yn meddu y fath allu i ffurfio rhai newyddion i ateb pob angenrhaid. Yn wir, dyma'r penaf o'i rhagoriaethau, a sail y lleill. Sylwodd y Dr. Davies ar ei phriodoledd hon gydag ymfrost teilwng, gan haeru ei bod yn rhagori mewn amledd geiriau ar y Roeg ei hunan. Gwel ei Ragymadrodd i'w Ieithadur.

Y mae ieithoedd eraill yn ymglyfoethogi fel y byddo gwybodaeth yn cynnyddu ; ni raid i'r Gymraeg ond arfer y geiriau sydd ganddi.

Dysger un o feibion Hu Gadarn yn y saith gelfyddyd freiniol,—gyrer ef i farchog gwâr y dôn yn ol cyfarwyddyd y cwnpawd, ac i fesur pob hydred a lledred ar y bydysawd,—anfoner ef i ymddiddan âg anian yn ei chilfachau dirgelaf,—i syllu ar ei haruthredd a'i gweithredion, i gyfrif y sêr ac i nodi eu troadau,—i

Olrheinio, chwilio yr uchelion

Llwybrau'r taranau a'r terwynion,

\* \* \* \*

Llun daear ogylech, llanw dwr eigion,

Nodau'r lloer a'i newidion,—hynt cwmwl

O frô y nifwl i fôr Neifion.

Ac yna gosoder ef i ddarlunio y cyfan yn holl flodau ffraethineb, a chaffai ym mhergellau y Gymraeg ddigon o eiriau cyfaddas at y gorchwyl.

Er mor oludog ydyw y Gymraeg mewn geiriau, ni addurnodd ei hunan ar draul eraill. Y mae yn bur ac anymddibynol cystal ag yn gyfoethog. Pan ystyriom mor hawdd ydyw i ieithoedd ymgymmysgu, a glâned ydyw'r Gymraeg o eiriau dieithr hyd yr amser hwn o'i hoedran, ni's gallwn lai na phriodoli ei digymmysgedd i ryw deithi anwahanol oddiwrth ei hanian; nid amgen, amledd ei gwreiddiau a'i gallu i gymhlethu. Nid ydyw fod ynddi ychydig o eiriau o darddiad estronol, a ellid eu hebgor yn hawdd, yn ymyraeth dim a ffurfiad yr iaith. Y mae hon yn parhau yr un. Dichon fod boneddigeiddrwydd ein cyn-awduron, yn ymwrthod ag ymadroddion dieithr, wedi gwneuthur llawer tuag at gadw ein hiaith yn ddilwgr; eithr nid oeddynt hwy ond arfer y defnyddiau a roddasid yn eu dwylaw. Pe na buasai yr iaith yn gyflawn i amlygu amrafael nwydau ac amgylchiadau dynolryw, rhaid fuasai i'n cyn-feirdd fenthycu oddiar eu cymmydogion; ond tra yr oedd trysorfa mor helaeth yn eu hymyl, buasai yn wrthuni troi i gardota. Addefir purdeb ein hiaith gan estroniaid. Camden, ym mhlith eraill, a ddywed, ei bod yn llai cymmysgedig, ac yn llawer henach nac un arall.

Ond nid ydyw ardderchogrwydd y Gymraeg yn gynnwysedig, yn unig, mewn amledd a phurdeb geiriau; y mae addasrwydd y geiriau hyny i amlygu pob meddylddrych yn ol ei ansawdd, yn un o ragoriaethau ein hiaith. Arferir y cydseiniaid hagraf, ac acceniad drom, i ddarlunio teimladau cryfion a chyffrous; a chydseiniaid erddyganol ac acceniad ysgafn, i hysbysu syniadau tyneraidd a gwastad; megys, *gwyllt, gwâr; twrf, tawel; cuchio, gweni; taran, alaw; rhyferthwch, hinon; corwynt, avel; chwerw, melus; rhuo, sisial; cethin, telaid; drewllyd, pér*; ac y mae *ochain, gruddfan a chwrnu*, yn darlunio y meddwl a gynnwysant yn nodedig. Tebyg ddigon fod perygl i ni

gael ein harwain gan ddychymyg ar y tir hwn; ond pan y mae esbonwyr Homer a Virgil yn cyfrif hyn yn ardderchogrwydd yn ieithoedd eu hawduron, nid anfuddiol ei nodi y'mhlith cofrestr rhagoriaethau y Gymraeg. Coleddir rhai o ieithoedd y Cyfandir ym Mrydain o achos melusder eu sain; ond pe cymherid y Gymraeg yn ei gallu darluniadol ag un o honynt, ni byddai yn ol i'r benaf. Nid oes, hwyrach, un o'r ieithoedd diweddar yn gymhwysach at ddefnydd cyffredin na'r Saesonaeg; ond y mae yn gymmysgedig ac afreolaidd. Mae y Ffrangaeg yn ystwythach, ond yn wanach.—Yr Italaeg sydd fwy hylithr ac eiddil fyth.—Y mae yr Ysbaenaeg yn ddwys ac uchelwyl, ond yn fynych yn glogyrnaidd. Ym mha le y mae cymmaint o deleidion, a chyn lleied o anferthweh yr ieithoedd hyn yn ymgyfarfod mor nodedig ag yn y Gymraeg? Mae hon yn seml, heb fod yn warthus,—yn ystwyth heb fod yn wan,—yn soniarus heb fod yn fursenaidd,—ac yn grêf heb fod yn grâs.

Peth arall sydd yn gwneuthur yr iaith o dan sylw yn addas at bob achlysur ydyw, ei chynnwysfawredd. Cwyna Rhesymyddion fod diffyg cynhenid mewn iaith i fynegu amgyffredion amryddull (*complex ideas*); ond gwelir wrth angraffftiau a ddynodwyd eisoes, ac wrth yr hyn a ganlyn, leied o le sydd i gyhuddo y Gymraeg o'r gwall hwn. Pe dywedai Sais, "*they will mutually recede a little*," gallai Cymro grynhoi y cwbl i un gair trwy ddyweyd, *goymgifiant*. Nid oes testyn na all y Gymraeg ei egluro yn uchelwyl a hardd, ac mewn pob dull o ysgrifeniad. Nid oes tymher na ddichon ei darlunio yn gyflawn a chywir. Ynddi yr oedd geiriau a chynganeddion cyfaddas i awenau tlysion Tudur Aled, W. Llŷn, a Goronwy Owain,—i ddoniau tanbaid Aneurin, a Gwalchmai ab Meilir; i deimladau torcalonus Llywarch Hen;—i gyforddodau crefyddol Sion Cent;—i amgyffredion nwyfus D. ab Gwilym;—i ddigrifweh Sion Tudur;—i syniadau uchelion Taliesin a Chynddelw;—ac i gerddi mynyddig Huw Morus ac Iorwerth Risiard. Pwy yn fwy gwahanol eu dull, yn eu hamrywiol ysgrifeniadau, na chyfieithydd Coll Gwynfa ac awdwr Cwyp Llywelyn? Y mae'r cyntaf yn fanwl, yn egwyddorol, ac yn drefnus, ac mor gryno fel y tybiwn ein bod yn darllen tu dalen ym mhob brawddeg; tra mae'r olaf yn helaethlawn, yn farddonol, yn fawrwyl, ac yn llawn cyfeiriadau at hanes ac arfer gwlad. Er hyny y mae iaith y ddau mor gyfaddas i'w dulliau, fel y meddyliem wrth ddarllen un o honynt, mai hwnw yn unig a darawodd ar nodweddiad yr iaith, ac na's gallasai ymddangos mor geinwech mewn un dull arall. Fel hyn y mae harddweh, amrywiaeth, ac ehangder yr adeiladau, yn profi helaethrwydd a chyfoeth y gloddfa.

Nis gellir crynhoi y sylwadau hyn ar alluoedd gwreiddiol ein hiaith, yn well nag yn ngeiriau y dysgedig Humphrey Prichard, yn ei Ragymadrodd i Ieithadur y Dr. S. D. Rhys. Wrth enwi y cymhelliadau a barasant i'r awdwr dysgedig gymeryd y gorchwyl hwnw mewn llaw, dywed "Achos arall achlysuroidd y bwriad hwn, oedd gorardderchog-rwydd yr iaith; yr hon am unffurfiad, amledd, a thlysni ei geiriau, nid ydyw yn ol i neb o'i chwiorydd. Iaith yn ddiamau mor gyfoethog o darddeiriau, cymhlethau, addasrwydd sain, a harddwch ymadrodd, fel na allasid dymuno dim yn fwy rhwydd a chymhwys i egluro gwybodaeth o unrhyw gelfyddyd." Y mae ymadroddion awdwr Cyfrinach y Beirdd mor gyttunol â'r golygiadau hyn, fel y teilyngant le.— "Teilyngdod a theithi yr Iaith Gymraeg," meddent, "ydyw cyflawn a pherffaith nerth a gallu, herwydd gwraidd, ansawdd, a phwyll ei geiriau a'i hymadroddion, i arwedd y meddwl a'r ystyr yn gydred â'r amcan. Canys ynddi y mae geiriau yn cydfyned â'r synwyr a'r pwyll, yn gyflwyr a pherffaith. Ac iaith ydyw yn medru dyfalu pob pwyll a chrebwyll, a phob amcan er a ddichon meddwl dyn ei sylweddu, a phob dychymyg er a ddichon bryd ac awen dyn ei nodweddu, a'i ddarfeddylu; a hyn yn llwyr berffaith, heb lediaith, na chymmysg estroniaith, gan ei hamledd helaethgyrch, a'i chyflawnder cyrhaeddbell."

Y teithi nesaf yn y Gymraeg ag sydd yn galw ein sylw, ydyw, perffeithrwydd ei chyfansoddiad ieithadurol. Soniwyd yn helaeth am symledd ffurfiad ei geiriau, ac mai o anian y cafwyd ei helfenau; felly, dilyn anian ydyw deddf ei chystrawen. Mympwy dynion a ddyfeisiodd lawer o reolau cystrawenol ieithoedd eraill. Cynnwysant liaws o bethau na ellir rhoddi cyfrif am danynt. Gorehymynant amrywiol eithriadau (*exceptions*) na wyddis paham. Ond nid ydyw ffurfiad cystrawen y Gymraeg yn ymddibynu ar ddewisid y dysgedig, nac yn cael ei reoli gan arferiad. Y mae ei rheolau yn cyfodi oddiar ei chynneddfau ei hun, a chan y mwyaf yn rheolau cyffredinol; a phan y dynodir eithriad, ansawdd yr iaith ydyw yr esgus drosto, ac nid cynllun o hen awduron. Fel ag y gellir darllen y Gymraeg yn gywir, os adwaenir y llythyrenau, felly wedi unwaith ddeall ei nodweddiadau, gellir ei hysgrifenu yn ieithadurol, heb gynnorthwy dwnedwr, gan mor syml ei chyssoddiad. Ni ddichon Sais ysgrifenu yn gywir heb ddeall ei ieithadur yn rheolaidd; ond ni wyr llawer o Feirdd Cymru enw rhan ymadrodd, na pheth a gynnwysa deddfau cyfansoddiad. Er hyny awenant ar y pedwar mesur a'r hugain heb gamgymeryd yn y gystrawen, er cymmaint eu coll o barth ystyr a dyfaliad. Godidogrwydd yr iaith, felly, ydyw gallu adrodd y medd-

ylddrychau yn y drefn yr ymgodant yn y bryd, yn eglur a rheolaidd, fel na byddo yr ymadrodd yn fwysaidd-dra dyryslyd. Gan hyny naturiol ydyw gosod yr enw cadarn yn gyntaf, yna ei briodoliaethau a'i berthynasau. Yn y Roeg a'r Ladin gwelir yr enw cadarn yn fynych yn nechreu ymadrodd, a'r ansoddair yn ei ddiwedd. Ond y mae priod-ddull y Gymraeg yn gofyn fod yr ansoddair pennodol (*positive adjectives*,) bob amser yn dilyn yr enw cadarn. Hefyd y mae gosod y gweithredydd o flaen y ferf, a'r ferf o flaen y gwrthdrych, yn fwy unol â ffurf y Gymraeg, yn gystal ac âg anian pethau, nac un dull arall; megys, "*gwr cadarn wna wrolwaith*." Er hyny angenrheidiol ydyw cyfnewid y dull weithiau, er mwyn symud pwys yr ymadrodd, a'i feluso: felly caniata y Gymraeg ddywedyd, "*gwrolwaith wna gwr cadarn*," neu, "*gwna gwr cadarn wrolwaith*."

Gormod i gylch y Traethawd hwn fyddai nodi holl reolau llywodraethiad a chyd-gerdd geiriau yr iaith o dan sylw, na'r modd y totda ei chydseiniad mewn ymadrodd; ond nid anfuddiol enwi rhai priodoliaethau y'mhellach.

Fel y Roeg, y mae ganddi lais canol i'w berfau, yr hwn a ffurfir gyda'r blaenddodau *dy* ac *ym*, megys *dyfarnu*, *ymroddi*. Ac fel yr Hebraeg, y mae yn cyssylltu y ferf gyda'r rhagenw, *caraf*, *dysgit*, *credwch*. Y mae ei dull o gydio y'ngghyd nifer o enwan cedyrn heb un rhagair yn nodedig. Dywedai Gruffydd ab Meredydd ab Dafydd,

"Argledrad trefnad tra'n bröydd gwynfyd."

A hir y cofir am "*bereidd-dra tôn ceinciau telynau telynorion Eisteddfod Powys*." Nid llai nodedig ydyw gallu y Gymraeg i ffurfio ymadroddion heb gynnorthwy berfau. Fel prawf o hyn dyfynwn y llinellau canlynol o waith Cynddelw:—

"Tarf aergawdd, Aergwl gadarnweh,  
Torf eurgorff eurgyrn gyfeddweh.  
Cyfeddach forach fireinweh,  
Cyfeddfalch cyfeddweilch elweh,  
Elyf draig dragon digrifweh;  
Araf lyw, lluoedd amgelweh;  
Amgeledd Brython, brythweh teyrnon  
Teyrnas ynielweh."

Gwneir y llinellau uchod i fynu yn gwbl o enwau cedyrn a gweinion. Nid oes ynddynt gymmaint ag un ferf; er hyny y mae y synwyr yn eglur a dirwystr.

Perthyna y priodoliaethau olaf a enwyd i'r Hebraeg hefyd, a gellid enwi llawer o ragoriaethau eraill, o ethryb ffurfiad geiriau a chys-trawen, sydd yn gyffredin i'r ddwy. Ac fel y dywed y Dr. Davies,



yn ei Ragymadrodd i'w Ieithadur, "Os cyfrifir iaith yn ardderehocach, yn berffeithiach, ac yn addasach i adrodd syniadau y meddwl yn briodol, yn ol fel y tebygo i'r Hebraeg, unig iaith dynolryw am 1700 o flynyddoedd; ac mewn gair, mam, ffynonell, a chynllun yr holl ieithoedd eraill,—yna fy marn I ydyw, nad oes un yn rhagorach, un yn gyfartal i'r hen Frythoneg."

Hyd yn hyn sylwasom ar y Gymraeg yn benaf yn ei pherthynas â'r deall, a'i gallu llawn ac amrywiog i amlygu syniadau'r meddwl. Ond nid ydyw hyny yn ateb holl ddibenion iaith. Angenrhaid ei bod yn erddyganol a soniarus, fel yr effeithio ar y tymherau. Nid oes dim yn meddu cymmaint o lywodraeth ar y meddwl â chynghan. Er nad ydyw ceinciau'r delyn yn cyflwyno un meddylddrych, pwy a ddichon eu gwrandio heb brofi teimladau pêrlewygol? Ym mhlith rhagoriaethau ein hiaith, nid oes un yn fwy nodedig na melusder ei seiniau, a'i chymhwysder at farddoni. Yma gwnaeth ein Beirdd eu rhan, trwy goleddu a meithrin yr iaith yn y cyn-oesoedd, gan ddefnyddio geiriau cymhleth, cysseiniawl, a chynnwysfawr i enwogi gorchestion eu gwroniaid. Tri pheth sydd yn gwneuthur iaith yn awenyddol,—ei bod yn amgyffredawl, yn ystwyth, ac yn ddarluniadol. Wrth iaith amgyffredawl y deallir, "iaith a fyddo a'i geiriau yn ddarluniadol o ryw ddrychfeddwl, a gymerir gan ein synwyrâu a'n teimladau, oddiwrth anian; sef, oddiwrth y gwrthddrychau allanol o'n hamgylech, neu ansawdd ein cyrph." Un sylw ar y Gymraeg a brofa ei bod o'r nodweddiad hwn. Dywedwyd eisoes fod ystyr ei gwreiddiau wedi ei fenthycu oddiwrth anian, ac felly ei chymhlethau. Cyfrifir lliw gwyn yn bur, am hyny defnyddiwyd y gair *gwyn* i ddarlunio dihalogrwydd a dedwyddwch. Dyma wreiddyn *gwyniant*, *gwyndawd*, *gwynedd*, *gwynfryd*, *gwyneithiad*, *gwynfa*, *gwynfyd*, ac ugeiniau o eiriau eraill. Cyfeiriwyd o'r blaen at ystwythder y Gymraeg; er na fedd ei henwau cedyrn a gweinion, achosion a threigliadau (*cases and declensions*), yr hyn a bâr felusder yn y Roeg a'r Ladin, gwneir y diffyg i fynu drwy amledd o flaenddodau a therfyniadau, ac yn enwedig y gallu o doddi y cydseiniaid. Tybia awdwr dysgedig yr *Archæologia Britannica*, fod toddegion yn perthyn yn ddechreuol i bob iaith, ac mai yr esgeulusdod o honynt a fu'r achos o'r holl dafodieithoedd. Cytunir eu bod o'r hynafiaeth uwchaf, eu bod yn cymhwyso iaith at gynganeddu, ac yn meluso'i sain; ac heblaw hyny, fel y dywed y Dr. Pughe, "maent yn rheoleiddio cyfansoddiad cys-trawen y Gymraeg, cystal a ffurfiad ei geiriau." Er mor ddyrys yr ymddangosant i estron, nid ydyw'r annysgedicaf ym mhlith y Cymry bron un amser yn camgymeryd ynddynt. A phe gwypai'r cyntaf y



rheolau ieithadurol sydd genym at eu toddi, gwelai fod yr holl drefn yn gywrain a destlus. Ni chyfnewidir llythyren wefusol i un ddeintiol, nac un wefusol na deintiol i un oruchfantol, ac *vice versa*. Y mae yr holl gyfnewidiadau yn esmwyth a rheolaidd, ac yn cydweddu yn y modd cywiraf â galluoedd a chynganedd y llais dynol.

Y trydydd cymhwysder at y dyben a enwyd ydyw gallu darluniadol, neu fod dull a swm yr ymadroddion yn gyfatebol i'r synwyr a dros-glwyddant. Soniwyd am y priodoldeb hwn eisoes cyn belled ag y perthynai i ffurfiad geiriau y Gymraeg. Er fod y Dr. Johnson ac eraill yn cyfrif yr engraffau a ddyfynir i brofi hynodrwydd y teithi hyn yn y Beirdd Groegaidd a Rhufeinig, yn ddychymygion gwyr penboeth, ni ellir gwadu nad ydyw sain a chynganedd addas i'r ystyr yn gwneuthur barddoniaeth yn fwy effeithiol. Ond rhag cael ein cyfrif yn hygoelus byddwn yn brin o'n dyfyniadau. Y mae darluniad pyrth uffern yn grillian ar eu bachau, yn cael ei gyfrif ym mhlith campau Milton, a gwelir wrth a ganlyn na chollwyd y grym yn Ngholl Gwynfa.—

“ ——— trwy serth chwim agorynt gan  
Chwyrn encil, a chan drydar cras y pyrth  
Uffernawl, ar eu col o rygnu croch  
Daranau, hyd nes crynai isaf sawdd  
O Abred.” Can. II. u. 879.

Pwy a feddyliai fod yn yr un iaith a'r rhai hyn linellau mor feddalion a'r rhai canlynol, lle y darlunia Bardd ei gariad ferch?

“ Oleuloer ail y lili,  
Ail y mêl ddiliau i mi  
Yw Elia; mae'n hilio'i min,  
Eli oes, mewn melyswin.”

Y dyfyniadau nesaf fydd o'r mwyaf cynganeddol o feirdd yr oes, Dewi Wyn o Eifion, fel hyn y darddullia raiadr:—

“ Uchel-gadr raiadr dwr ewyn,—hydrwyllt  
Edrych arno'n disgyn,  
Crochwaedd y rhedlif crychwyn  
Synu pensyfrdanu dyn.”

*Awdl Molawd Ynys Prydain.*

Ond wedi i'r nant gyrhaedd y gwastad-dir, a'r ffrwd droi yn hoewal-aid, geilw hi yn

“ Elfen deneu, ysblenydd,  
Lyfndeg yn rhedeg yn rhydd,  
Rinweddol olesol lan,  
Loew oeraidd o liw arian.”

Y mae D. Ionawr, yn Nghywydd y Drindod, wedi dangos cryn gywreinrwydd yn ei ddetholiad o eiriau a chynganeddion cyfaddas.

Dyweda am y garreg yn cael ei hergydio o'r fflon-darl at Goliath,—

“Yn chwern yr ae dan chwrnu,  
Yn bellen i'w dalcen du.”

Yna,

“Swnfawr y cwmpai'r cawr certh.”

Gellid dynodi llawer o ranau o Awdlau ardderchog ‘Cwyp Llewelyn’ ac ‘Ymdrech Caswallon,’ yn brofion o alluoedd ein hiaith i ddarlunio anian a damweiniau, ac yn glodus i awen a darbwyl eu hawdwr enwog. Cymerer un englyn fel angraffft yn ei ddarluniad o'r nôs :—

“Y Nôs dywell yn dystewi—caddug  
Yn cuddio'r Eryri,  
Yr haul yn ngwely'r heli,  
A'r lloer yn arianu'r lli.”

*Cwyp Llewelyn, gan y Parch. Walter Davies.*

Gweler hefyd ddull yr un awdwr yn ethol y cydseiniaid mwyaf soniarus eu tyrddiad, yn enwedig y *t* a'r *r*, i ddarlunio echryslondeb Brwydr ar y môr, rhwng llyngesau Prydain a Ffrainge, yn y rhyfel diweddar :—

“Twrw yn ufeliar taranau floedd  
Twrw y taerion yn taraw y tiroedd  
Twrw o rym arwyr yn turio moroedd  
Twrw terwyn yn torri trwy'r tyroedd  
Teirw crygion yn rhuaw trwy y creigoedd  
Twrw och ! och flin ! tery uwch uwchfloedd  
Twrw geirw tra chwerw—taer och ! oedd—y byrdon,  
Twrw anafion a'u gwaedd tu a'r nefoedd !”

*Awdl Jubili i Sior y 3ydd.*

Fel hyn, yr ymdrechwyd dangos rhai o ragoriaethau cynhenid y Gymraeg ; ac at hyn oll gellid ychwanegu sain lawn a digyfnawid ei llythyrenau, ac unweddiad ei haccen. Bellach gweler ei bod yn perchen teleidion ag y sydd yn llawer mwy na gwrthfantoli rhai diffygiadau a ddichon fod ynddi. Yn lle dymuno alltudio y cydseiniaid geirwon o'r egwyddor, yr ydym yn ymffrostio ynddynt. Hagrwech y rhai hyn ydyw y cymhwysder i arddangos digwyddiadau echrydus a thymherau cyffrous ; ac y mae yn ein hiaith ddigon o lythyrenau lleddf i amlygu teimladau gwahanol.

Y mae diffyg y Gymraeg o genedl ganolryw yn peri i'r rhai a'i dysgant mewn oedran gyfeiliorni weithiau. Nid yw ein plant fyth yn camgymeryd ; a phe deallid y rheolau, ni theimlid un rhwystr gan eraill. Hefyd, mae anian annrheigladyr yr enwau cedyrn a gweinion yn gwneuthur rhai brawddegau yn fwysaidd. Wrth ddywedyd “y gwr a garodd y wraig :” ar yr olwg gyntaf ni wyddis pa

un yw y gweithredydd, na pwy y gwrthddrych. Ond y mae'r cwbl yn oleu pan ystyriom mai trefn gyffredin y Gymraeg ydyw rhoddi yr enwedigydd (*nominative*) o flaen y ferf, ac yna'r cyhuddydd (*accusative*), neu arfer arddodiad i ddangos y gweithredydd, megys, "y gwr a garwyd gan y wraig." Y mae rhyw ddiffyg ym mhob iaith, ac y mae brychau yn ngwyneb yr haul. Os ydyw pall y Gymraeg o'r amser presenol yn y rhan fwyaf o'r moddau, yn angysfleus, y mae yn profi ei pherthynas agos â'r Hebraeg, yr hon sydd a'r un diffyg ynddi. Felly y mae hyd yn oed ei chloffi yn tystio ei hâch uchel. Os oes diffygion ynddi, yr oedd yr un diffygion yn yr ieithoedd henaf a phuraf. Os oes llaid yn ei dyfroedd, y mae, fel llaid y Tagus, yn gymmysgedig ag aur.

Haerir weithiau nad oes yn ein hiaith nodeiriau\* cyfaddas i egluro amrywiol ranau gwybodaeth a chelfyddyd. Felly yr oedd pob iaith cyn bod traethodau ar y pynciau hyny wedi eu cyhoeddi ynddi. Arfer a chymeriad, yn fwy nag ystyr gynhenid, sydd yn gwneuthur geiriau celfyddydawl yn briodol. Ond y mae'r haeriad uchod am y Gymraeg yn ddisail. Y mae genym hen ysgrif-lyfrau ar agos holl adraniadau dysg, yn cynnwys ymadroddion darluniadol o ddarganfyddiadau oes eu hysgrifeniad. Diffyg nawdd a chynnorthwy i argraffu y rhai hyny, ac nid diffyg yn yr iaith, ydyw'r achos o'r pall. Cyhoeddwyd mwy ar y gelfyddyd o farddoni nac un gelfyddyd arall, ac nid oes neb yn cwyno fod prinder nodeiriau mewn ymarferiad i egluro hono. Ac fel y dywedwyd o'r blaen, ac ni ellir ei ryfynychu, y mae trysorfa gynhenid yr iaith yn ddigon i ateb pob achos.

Darllenwyr y cyn-awduron a wyddant, nad ydyw y rhan fwyaf o ysgrifeniadau yr oesoedd diweddar, llawer llai llafar y werin, yn brofion têg o alluoedd y Gymraeg. Ymgais ein hawduron presenol ydyw bod o lês i'r cyffredin; gan hyny petrusant arfer y geiriau cadarnaf, rhag y byddant yn annealladwy. Y mae yr amcan yn deilwng, ond dylid cofio gymmaint y mae'r iaith yn ei golledu, trwy fod y dysgedigion ynddi yn dewis ei hysgubion, ac yn gadael ei gemau. Ond y mae'r ysbryd a welir yn y cyhoeddiadau cylehynol yn addaw'n dêg y bydd i'r achos o'r cwyn hwn gael ei ddileu. Ar ol y cyfan, nid rhyfedd os oes ambell adwy yn mur ein hiaith, wrth ystyried gymmaint o ymosod a fu arno o ddyddiau yr enwog Gryffydd ab Nicolas hyd 1819, ac mor ddiofal oedd y gwarcheidwaid. Ond ni allodd arfau un blaid, nac esgeulusdod y llall, effeithio dim ar seiliau y deml ardderchog hon. Y maent hwy, fel y gwelwyd, eto'n gadarn

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\* Technical terms.

a diysgog. Ac os oes ambell i golofn yn ei chyntedd, neu addurn ar ei phared, wedi adfeilio, y mae'r drylliau, fel rhai *Palmyra* a *Helipolis*, oll yn dangos eu bod yn perthyn i ryw adeilad orwech.

Heblaw y teithi cynhenid a nodwyd, y mae priodoliaethau allanol yn perthyn i'r Gymraeg, sydd yn ei gwneuthur yn ardderchog, ac yn deilwng o barch a nodedd. Y rhai hynotaf ydynt ei hynafiaeth a'i hanghyfnewidioldeb.

Nid ydyw y rhai a fynent ei difodi yn gwadu ei hynafiaeth uchel; a dangoswyd eisoes fod prawf diddadl o hono yn ei ffurf a'i han-sawdd. Tystia yr enw sydd arni ei bod yn hen. Cymraeg (*cymro-aeg*) a arwydda iaith cyn-frodorion gwlad, neu y Cymry.\* Dyna'r enw wrth yr hwn yr adnabyddid ein hynafiaid, a thystia awduron Groegaidd a Rhufeinig, mai hwy a boblogasant Ewrob gyntaf. Dywedant fod glynu wrth eu hiaith a'u harferion, yn egwyddor yn y genedl hon trwy bob oes. Tebyg felly fod yr un iaith gan y Cimbri ac sydd gan eu hiliogaeth. Y mae fod gweddillion o'r gyff-genedl hon yn awr yn preswyllo Iwerddon, a llethri'r Alban, Llydaw, Lusatia, a manau eraill ar y Cyfandir, yn gwneuthur yn debygol, fod y Gymraeg gynt yn iaith gyssefin Ewrob, o gulfôr y Bosphorus hyd fôr-gilfach Biscay. Yr anwybodaeth a'r tywyllwech sydd yn gorchuddio dechreuad y Gymraeg, a brofa ei hynafiaeth. Hen yw pob peth na wyddir ei ddechreuad. Ac fel y dywed y Dr. Davies, "nid oes rheswm cryfach dros hynafiaeth iaith, na bod ei tharddiad yn anadnabyddus." Ceisiodd llawer dynu y cysgodion sydd yn crogi dros ei ffynonell, ond y mae cymylau yr oesoedd wedi ymgau cymmaint arni, fel na lwyddasant. Myn rhai mai hon a alwai Homer yn iaith y duwiau, ac mai am hon y dywedai Plato fod gwreiddyn y chwedl-ddysg Roeg-aidd ynddi. Rhai a fynant mai yn hon y rhoddai yr *Hyperboreaid*, hen athronwyr *Delos*, eu diarhebion dirgelaid, ac y dadganai *Abaris* gyfrinau ei wellt gwenith. Nid oes achos wrth haeriadau fel hyn i brofi hynafiaeth y Gymraeg, mae yr unig amgylchiad, na wyddom am ei dechreuad, yn peri i ni wybod ei bod yn hen. Dilynydd ieithoedd eraill i fynu hyd eu tarddiad, a gwyddir cyff y rhan fwyaf o honynt. Megis y Saesonaeg a'r Ffrangaeg, o'r Ladin a'r Deütonaeg,—y Ladin o'r Roeg,—y Roeg o'r Aiphtae, neu'r Phœniciaeg; ac hwyrach y rhai hyny o'r Galdeag. Ond nis gall y mwyaf dysgedig a chraff, pan y golygo y Gymraeg, ond codi ei ddwylaw i fynu gyda syniadau cyffelyb i'r ymdeithydd wrth droed Beraon (*Pyramids*) yr Aipht,

\* Cymry oedd y cyff, a Chymraeg oedd eu hiaith. Nid oedd y Celtiaid ond llywyth, na'r Geltaeg ond cangen o'r Gymraeg.—Cambro Briton, vol. I. p. 367.

gan synu at harddwch, cywreinrwydd, ac aruthredd yr adeiladaeth; ac yn gorfod addef, na wyddai pwy a osododd ei chonglfaen nac a luniodd ei cherfiadau.

Yr olaf o'r rhagoriaethau a nodwn, ydyw y dull pur ac anghyfnwidiol y mae wedi disgyn i ni trwy chwyldroadau'r oesoedd. Dywedir fod amser yn cyfnewid pob peth, ond ni effeithiodd treigliadau blynyddoedd aneirif ond ychydig ar y Gymraeg. Y mae hon yr un a phan y prophwydodd Myrddin, yr ysgrifennodd Gildas, ac y canodd Golyddan. Y mae'n wir fod gwahanol amgylechiadau ein gwlad wedi galw geiriau gwahanol i ymarferiad. Nid yr un ymadroddion a arferai y Beirdd o ddyddiau Aneurin y Gwawdrydd hyd amser Casnodyn, pan gyweirid y delyn gan dduwies rhyfel,—pan oedd swydd y Bardd i ddadebru y milwr, ac i anfarwoli y gwron,—ag a ddefnyddir o ddyddiau Casnodyn hyd yn awr, pan y mae ein hundeb dedwydd â Lloegr wedi rhydu y waywffon a'r astalch, ac wedi troi

“Rhyfela yn orfoledd,  
A bloedd cadau'n hymnau hedd.”

Ond yr un ydyw'r iaith,—yr un ydyw ei gwreiddiau,—yr un ydyw ei ffurf,—yr un ydyw ei haccen, yr un ydyw ei rheolau.\* Yr un Cymraeg a ganai Llywarch Hen, ac a ganai Huw Morus; ac nid oes neb yn deall yr iaith yn ei phurdeb, nad ydynt yn dirlad galarnadau torcalonus y blaenaf, cystal a dyriau melysion yr olaf. Trwy anwybodaeth ysgrifenydd, a dyfeisiau ieithyddion, cyfnewidiwyd ei llythyreg fwy nac unwaith; ond ni effeithiodd hyn ar deithi anianol yr iaith. Nid oes pobl yn Ewrob yn siarad yr un iaith heddyw ag oeddynt ddechreu y cyfrif Cristionogol, ond y Cymry. Iê, y mae'r awduron Ffrengig a Seis'nig a ysgrifenasant ond pedwar cant o flynyddoedd yn ol, yn annealladwy i'r darllenyddion cyffredin presenol; ond saif y nodeiriau a arferai y Derwyddon oesoedd cyn crêd, ar lafar gwerin y Cymry eto: nid oes neb na ddeallant ystyr *uchelwŷdd*, *cylch ceugant*, *cromlech*, *carnedd*, a *choelcerth*. Yn wir dywed y Dr. Pughe, (a phwy wyddai'n well,) nad oes un gair Cymraeg na lefarir ef mewn rhyw ddull neu gilydd drwy un rhan neu arall o Gymru. Fel hyn y mae'r Gymraeg, er gweled llawer gwynneb ar fyd, yn parhau i “flodeuo mewn anfarwol ieuant.” Ond pa le y mae yr ieithoedd a

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\* Profir hyn trwy Ieithadur a gyssoddwyd yn y 13 ganrif, ac a elwir *Dosparth Edeyrn dafod aur*; o'r hwn y cymerodd y Dr. S. D. Rhys, a'r Dr. Pughe, ddefnyddiau eu hieithaduron. Y mae mewn iaith a rheolau yn cyfateb yn gwbl i Gymraeg y 19 ganrif. Gellir dyfynu y Brutiau, y Trioedd, a'r Mabinogion, i wirio yr haerriad uchod. Gweler geiriau Iolo Morganwg yn niwedd ei ysgrif o *Ddosparth Edeyrn*.



fuant yn ei chydoesi? ha! y mae'r Hebraeg, a alwyd yn chwaer iddi, wedi marw er ys 2243 o flynyddoedd, a gorchuddir ei bedd gau ffregodau Rabbinaidd. Ni ddeallir areithiau Demosthenes yn Arëopagus, na Thröeg Homer yn Argos. Y mae'r iaith y llefarodd Cicero, ac y mydrodd Virgil ynddi, yn ddieithr ar lenydd y Tyber. Ond deallir Gododin Aneurin yn Nghattraeth, ac odlau Taliesin ar lan llyn Geirionydd.

Felly tra y byddai ieithoedd eraill yn cychwyn gyda hwyliau têt, —ond cyn hir yn soddi yn llynclyn dinystr, yr oedd hon o dan nawdd duwies y rhyferthwy, yn gallu gweni ar y trychineb. Bendefiges hybarch! tebygasid y buasai troion ei thynged, a'i hen oedran, yn diogelu anrhydedd iddi; er hyny, ni bu yn brin o elynion o ddyddiau Iwl Caisar hyd yn awr. Ond mwynhaodd y pleser o ganu marwnadau iddynt i gyd; ac y mae beddargraff yr olaf o honynt\* wedi ei ddarparu. Yn bresenol, y mae hwbwb gwrthwynebwy'r wedi llaesu, a gellid enwi rhai gwyr cedyrn a fwriasant arfau i lawr, gan weled, gydag enwog Fardd Nantglyn, fod

“Lle i ddirnad nad oes lladd arni.”

Wrth droi golwg ar yr hyn oll a ddywedwyd, gall estroniaid weled, mai nid dallbleidiaeth ydyw'r achos o'n parch at iaith ein mamau, ond ei bod yn gwir berchen y teleidion ardderchog a briodola ei phleidwyr iddi. Dichon fod ieithoedd eraill yn meddu ambell ragoriaeth arni; ond am grynoded o ragoriaethau, pa le y gwelir ei chyffartal? Dangoswyd ei bod, fel anian ei hunan, yn seml a diaddurn yn ei helfenau, yn anherfynol ac ardderchog yn ei ffurfiadau. Dangoswyd ei bod yn hen tu hwnt i gôf, ond heb golli nwyfiant a phlyrdferthwch ei hieuenctyd. Dangoswyd ei bod yn gadarn a bywiog i'r milwr, yn ddeniadol ac yn felus i'r serchog,—yn wastad, ystyrlawn a chryno i'r hanesydd,—yn uchel-wych a chyffrous i'r areithydd,—yn amgyffredawl a hedegog, darluniadol a soniarus, i'r bardd,—ac yn ddofn a chynnwysfawr i'r athronydd a'r dysgedig; ac, yn ngeiriau Bardd digymmar Manafon, ei bod yn

“Iaith y delyn, nyth diliau,  
A'i mêl o hyd yn amlhau!”

Dyma rai o ragoriaethau y Gymraeg, ac y maent yn rhesymau cedyrn, pa ham y dylai gael ei myfyrio a'i choleddu.

Astudir y Gothaeg gan ein llënyddion, ac addysgir yr Anglo-Sacsonaeg yn ein prif Ysgolion, am eu bod yn hen neu yn gywrain; ac onid ydyw'r Gymraeg, yr hon sydd yn perchen teleidion ardderchoc-

\* *Dic Sion Dafydd*.—Un o destynau Eisteddfod Powys y flwyddyn hon.



ach nac un o honynt, ac yn cael ei llefaru wrth ddrysau ein dysgedigion, yn haeddu mwy o sylw? Chwilir twmpathau tywodlyd yr Aipht am gyrff sychion, a llwythir llongau o ddrylliau adfeilion Memphis ac Athens, i foddio y cywraint a'r hynafiaethydd,—ac oni ddylid noddi y Gymraeg sydd yn ddernyn tlysaf a pherffeithiaf o weddillion y cyn-oesoedd? Y mae'r ddyledswydd hon yn bwysig ar Gymry, dylent ymffrostio o'u hiaith: gogoniant i'r genedl ydyw ei harddel.

Dywed un o wrthwynebwyr penaf y Gymraeg “nad oes un iaith yn haeddu esgeulusdod, er distadled fyddo.” Ac, medd gwr llawer enwocach, “nid ydwyf am ddifodi un iaith yn y byd, os gellir peidio, oblegyd oddiwrth darddiadau ieithoedd yr ydym yn deall oreu hanesion cenedloedd y byd, a'u symudiadau o un wlad i wlad arall; ie, weithiau pan na fyddo dim ysgrifeniadau o'u hanes, bydd traddodiadau credadwy oherwydd fod eu hiaith yn fyw.”

Dylai pob iaith gael ei choleddu, tra y byddo ysgrifeniadau ynddi o werth sylw y dysgedig, neu tra y byddo ei hanfodiad er llês a chysur y genedl a'i llefaro. Ein gorchwyl, wrth sylwi ar yr ail ran o'r testyn, a fydd ymdrechhu dangos fod gan y Gymraeg yr hawliau hyn i sylw a nodded.

Anwybodaeth a barodd i rai dybio nad oes yn y Gymraeg ysgrifeniadau teilwng o ystyriaeth. Y mae genym yn agos i ddwy fil o ysgrif-lyfrau, yn cynnwys gorchestwaith awduron o bob canrif er y bummed. Ac ym mhlith cynnyrch toreithiog y wasg Gymreig, am y deugain mlynedd diweddaf, cyhoeddwyd crynodeb o'u dillynion tan yr enw *Archæology of Wales*. O herwydd fod y Cymry yn genedl lythyrenog, pan oedd trigolion gorllewin a gogledd Ewrob wedi eu hamgaeru mewn anwybodaeth dudew, rhaid fod Trioedd a Brutiau ein cyn-awduron yn werthfawr i'r hanesydd a'r hynafiaethydd. Cynnwysant yr unig hanes a ellir gael am helyntion boreuaf Prydain. Y mae odlau ein cyn-feirdd, drwy y farddoniaeth dlysaf, yn anfarwoli coffadwriaethau gwroniaid a dybiasant eu bywydau ond rhy fychan i'w haberthu yn ngwasanaeth eu gwlad: rhoddant eglurhad ar hanes amrywiol lwythau y cyn-frodorion,—eu llywodraeth a'u trefn,—eu trefi a'u caerau. Yr oedd y Beirdd arwraidd Cymreig yn gwahaniaethu oddiwrth y Beirdd Groegaidd a Rhufeinig, gan na oddefent i ffug ymgymmysgu a'u hamgyffredion. Y “gwir yn erbyn y byd,” oedd arwyddair eu dosbarth. Nid oeddynt yn darlunio ond yr hyn a welsent. Ymladdasai Llywarch Hen ym mrwydr Llongborth, cyn canu Marwnad Geraint ab Erbin. Ac Aneurin a ddiangasai o'r “waedffreu, gwerth ei wenwawd,” cyn cofrestru anffodion ei genedl

yn ei Ododin. O'r achos yma, os ydynt islaw Beirdd Argos a Mantua, mewn uchelwychedd a dillynder, y maent yn llawer ardderchocach o ran eu cywirdeb a'u defnydd hanesawl. Hefyd i hoffwyr dychymyg a gwybodaeth o arferion cyntefig, nid oes ysgrifeniadau yn Ewrob mor nodedig a chywrair â'r Mabinogion.

Diammau y gellid eglurhau llawer o fanau tywyll mewn hanesiaeth, trwy orchwylion y cyn-awdwyr Cymreig. Ond heb fyned i chwilio eu coflyfrau llychlyd am helyntion cenhedloedd eraill, ystyriwn y goleuni a daflassant, pan eu dadblygwyd yn ddiweddar, hyd yn oed ar haniad ein cenedl ein hunain. Cyn hyny ni wyddai y cyffredin o'r Cymry diweddar, gyda sierwydd, oddiwrth bwy y deilliasent. Dygodd ffug-chwedlau Sieffre o Fynwy y byd i gredu yn anturiaeth Brutus ab Silfius, o Gaerdroia, a bu llawer Cymro mor benwan a meddwl dilyn ei âch trwy Priam, Iau, a Sadwrn, hyd Gomer ei hun. Ond y mae darllen y Trioedd, gwir gofrestrau y Derwyddon, wedi chwalu y caddug traddodiadol, ac wedi dwyn i'r goleu hynt Hu Gadarn a'i giwdawd heddychol.

Hir y twyllwyd y byd llëenawl gan ddychymygion disail mynachod Ynys Afallen, y'ngghylch dyfodiad cyntaf yr Efengyl i blith y Brython. Dywedent mai Joseph o Arimathea fu yn cyhoeddi gyntaf yn eu clyw, fod yr Iachawdwr a gladdasai, wedi myned "yn angeu i angeu, ac yn dranc i'r bedd." Haerai rhai mai Pedr Apostol a wnaeth i lethri Plumlumon ac Eryri, atseinio gyntaf âg enw y Gwardedwr a wadasai efe unwaith. A mynai eraill mai erlidiwr dychweledig Tarsus, a blannodd faniarau heddychlawn Cristionogaeth ar glogwyni gwynion ein hynys. Fel hyn, yr oedd y pwnc pwysig hwn o'n hanes yn gorwedd mewn ammheuaeth o oes i oes. Ni feddylodd Haneswyr Eglwysig am Drioedd y Cymry. Erbyn chwilio y Croniclau hyny, cafwyd y peth i eglurder, a sefydlwyd eu tystiolaeth tu hwnt i ddadl, trwy gydmaru yr amgylchiadau a gofrestrent, gyda'r hanesion Rhufeinig. Profwyd mai Bran a'r "gaethglud fendigaid" a'i dilynai, a fuant y llestri i ddwyn y trysor hwn drosodd i'n cyn-dadau,—trysor a wnaeth, ac a wna filoedd o'u holafiaid yn gyfoethogion byth. Gellir casglu fod y teulu hwn yn gyd-garcharorion â Phaul yn Rhufain; ac hwyrach mai trwy weinidogaeth y "Cenad mewn cadwyn" hwnw, y derbyniasant y "gwirionedd sydd yn rhyddhau," a'r "heddwch na ddichon y byd ei roddi."

Yn wir, ni wybuasai Saeson yr oes hon, er eu dysgediced, ddim am ymgyrch eu cyn-dadau, oni buasai'r hanesion Cymreig. Ni allasent wybod o ba le y deilliasent,—pa bryd, nac o ba le y daethant i Frydain,—pa beth oedd eu nheges, na pha fodd y llwyddasant.

Gellir dywedyd yr un peth am ran fawr o hanes wladol a chrefyddol yr Iwerddon. Ac onid ydyw hyn yn rheswm digonol dros goleddu y Gymraeg, pe na byddai genym yr un rheswm arall.

I'n hiaith yr ydym yn ddyledus am lawer o'r pethau sydd yn ein henwogi fel cenedl. Y mae'r cenedloedd pellaf yn ol mewn athroniaeth a moes, o'r Chineaid hyd i'r Esquimaux, yn ymffrostio o'u henw a'u trâs; ac y mae yr un yspryd i'w weled mewn rhai mwy gwareiddiedig. Os oes gradd o wag-ogoniant yn hyn, y mae'n ddigon maddeuadwy, am ei fod yn fynych yn wreiddyn gwladgarweh.

Nid oes haiach genedl yn Ewrob a all fostio o hanfodiad mor gynnar, nac un a ddichon edrych ar ei hanesiaeth â llai o achos gwrido, na'r Cymry. Yr oeddynt yn genedl heddychol, ond dewr; nid yn ddewr ond i amddiffyn eu gwlad a'u hiawnderau. Cariad at lonyddweh a'u dygodd o Ddeffrobani i Frydain; a thrwy y deuddeg can' mlynedd y buont â chleddyf mewn llaw dros eu rhyddid, ni chludent arfau i dir estronol, i blanu eu lllumanau ar gaerau nad adeiladasant. Gormes yn unig a'u cynhyrfai i'r ymgyrch. Hwylfyddent ddiweddaf yn dyfod i'r maes, a'r olaf yn ei adael. Ni tharawent y gelyn nes iddo annelu ei saeth at eu babanod. Ni chyssegrnt eu haelwydydd â gwrolder, oni byddai eu gwaed eu hunain wedi eu llychwino yn gyntaf. Er pob brâd ac ystryw, ni phlygasant eu gwarau i iau estronol. Gwir, trwy drais ac anghytundeb, cawsant eu darostwng; ond ni phlygasant. Tra yr estynent un llaw i dalu teyrnged, byddai y llall wedi ei chodi i daro'r gorthrymwr. O'r diwedd cawsant frenin a llywodraeth wrth fodd eu calon, wedi hyny pwy dawelach i'w tynged? pwy ffyddlonach i'w rheolwyr? Dyma nodweddiadau ein cenedl trwy oesoedd di-rif ein hanfodiad.

Gymmaint o genedloedd sydd wedi suddo yn nhraflwngc amser, er pan arweiniodd Hu Gadarn ei lwythau enwog drosodd i Glas Merddin, a'u coffadwriaethau wedi eu hebargoffi fel breuddwydion y nôs! Ië, pa le y mae'r teyrnasoedd fu'n byddaru'r byd â'u gorchestion, fel nad ydyw'r syfrdandod wedi ei adael yn llwyr hyd heddyw? Pa le y maent? Gofynaf i hanesiaeth,—dywed i mi, gofrestrydd penllwyd y bedd,—oni allodd pob dychymygion wedi eu sylweddoli—oni allodd trysorfeydd llawn o fasnach yr hollfyd—oni allodd buddugoliaethau glewder—oni allodd sefydliadau o'r hyn oll a wybu dyn, gadw cenedl rhag myned ar ddifancoll? Oeh na ddo! Tybiodd Chaldea ac Assyria y buasent yn gallu, ond y mae oesoedd wedi cysgu ar adfeilion Babilon. Tybiodd Groeg felly unwaith, ond y mae amser wedi briwsioni ei chaerau, a gwneuthur beddfeini ei rhyfelwyr fel y llwch a gynnwysant. Pa le y mae Carthage a Rhufain? ha! y mae'r teyrnwiaid a fu'n rheoli

byd wedi eu torri er ys llawer oes. Caethweision estronol a fathrasant lweh Hannibal; a gwnaeth y Gothiaid orsedd y deuddeg Cæsar yn goelcerth. Yr oedd y Cymry yn genedl, pan oedd y cenedloedd a enwyd yn mawredd eu rhwysg; ac y maent yn genedl eto. Yr oedd ganddynt ddeddf-roddwr cyn bod Lycurgus o Sparta, ac y mae ganddynt seneddwyr yn nirgel-gyngor Sior y pedwerydd, ac un\* o honynt ym mhlith gwyr ei ddeheulaw. Yr oedd Rhitta Gawr ym mysg eu gwroniaid cyn geni Themistocles; yr oedd Syr Thomas Picton ac Ardalydd Môn yn Waterlw. Yr oedd Prydain ab Aedd Mawr yn frenin arni cyn bod sôn am Alexander, ac y mae Tywysog o honi ar orsedd Prydain heddyw. Dyma genedl o hynafiaeth a chymeriad yn werth ymffrostio o honi. Ond pa beth a gadwodd y Cymry yn bobl wahanol oddiwrth eraill, drwy ddigwyddiadau oesoedd, pan y dylifodd tönau anghof tros genedloedd galluocach? Ai am na chawsant eu gorechfygu? nage: er fod gwaed Cymro yn nghalon ein Brenin, collasom ein hanymddibyniaeth er ys oesoedd. Ac er hyny yr ydym yn genedl, a llefaru yn gydmariaethol, yn ddigymmysg hefyd. Pa beth fu'r achos mawr o'r rhyfeddod hwn? onid ymlyniad y Cymry wrth eu hiaith a'u harferion cynhenid? Edrychweh ar drigolion Cernyw, ein cyn-frodyr,—pan y newidiasant eu hiaith, buan y collasant yr enw o fod yn genedl. Diau os dilynwn eu llwybr, bydd ein tynged yr un. Ond ni wna gweddillion y Kimmerii, wedi hërio amser am dair mil o flynyddoedd, werthu eu hanrhydedd a'u hanfodiad fel cenedl, am fillorege.

Yr ydym yn cyfrif ein harferion diniwed, a'u nodweddiad fel pobl yn enwogrwydd; a da y gallwn: tynodd hyn fawlgêd estroniaid. Clywsom sôn am Ffrancod boneddigaidd, a Saeson dewrion a haelionus,—am Ysgotiaid doeth a chyfrwysgall, ac am Wyddelod gwylltion; ond nid oes un genedl, ar a wyddom, yn cael ei galw yn onest ond y Cymry. Y cyfenwad cyffredin arnynt gan y Saeson eu hunain ydyw "*honest Welshmen*." Symledd a diniweidrwydd ein harferion ydyw eysur ein gwlad. Ni phrosir yn fynych mewn palas mo'r dedwyddweh sydd yn teyrnasu yn ein bythod. Y mae llawer o'n gwerin yn gyfoethocach na neb, am na wyddant pa beth yw cyfoeth. Mae eu boddlonrwydd i'w sefyllfa yn gwneuthur y gwely mân us yn esmwythach na'r mân blu. Nid ydynt yn prisio pa frenin a gaffo Ffrainc,—pa ffurf-lywodraeth a gymera'r Ysbaen, na phwy a gydnabyddant anymddibyniaeth Deheu Amerig. Eu hunig a'u holl ymgais ydyw, pwy a fydd fwyaf rhinweddol. Ond pe cymerid ein hiaith

\* Y Gwir Anrhyd. C. W. W. Wynn, A. S. dros Swydd Trefaldwyn, a Llywydd Bwrdd y Rheolaeth.

ymaith, agorid y ddôr i genllif o anfoesoldeb ac anghysuron. Gwelwch Rufain, a fu unwaith a'i gwng yn peri i'r ddaear grynu; ond wedi i'w phlant ymadael ag iaith eu tadau, a ffuantu siarad Groeg, och! mor anwraidd yr aethant. Eu harferion mursenaidd, yn hytrach na'r Gothiaid na'r Vandaliaid, a'u gorchfygodd. Trown olwg yn nês adref: wedi i uwchafiaid y Saeson ddewis iaith ac arferion y Ffrancod, pa beth a ddilynodd? Llifogydd o afradlondeb, penrhyddid, a thrythyllwch, a anrheithiasant yr aelwydydd, ac a ddinystriasant bob dedwyddwch teuluaidd. Dywedwyd yn fynych fod pum mlynedd o ymgyfathrach â Ffrainc, yn gwneuthur mwy o niwaid i Loegr nac ugain mlynedd o ryfel. Buan y llygrid ninnau hefyd pe collem ein hiaith: derbyniem y gwahanglwyf oddiwrth eraill. Ymchwyddai meddyliau y cyffredin,—gwnaent ddyledswyddau dwyfol a dynol yn sarn i ymestyn am uchafiaeth, deuai diwedd ar fywyd syml ac iawn drefn gwlad.

Yr ydym yn ymffrostio o'n cariad tu ag at ein gilydd; ond pa beth sydd yn rhwymo gwas ac arglwydd, boneddig a gwreng, i'e, yn gwn-euthur cenedl yn un, gymmaint a llefaru iaith eu mhamau? Ha! fel y neidiai calon Cymro yn ei fynwes, pe clywai, "pa fodd yr ydych chi," ar lethri Llydaw, neu yn nghoedwigoedd y Madawgwys? Yr oedd undeb rhwng adeiladwyr Babel cyn cymmysgu eu hiaith, wedi hyny buan y gwasgarasant. Ewch a'r Gymraeg oddiarnom, a chwi dorwch wregys y Dywysogaeth.

Dymunem gael ein cyfrif yn enwog am ein cariad at ein gwlad. Nid ydym yn eiddigeddu teimladau y sawl a allo ddarllen barddoniaeth yr enwog Oronwy, ac Awdlau "Hiraeth Cymro," heb golli dagrau. Gellir dywedyd am y gwladeiddwr Cymreig fel am eiddo gwlad y *Swiss*.—

Hoff ydyw'r bwth sy'n llenwi ei holl gais,  
A hoff y foel a'i cyfyd i'r ystorm,  
A'r cenllif crôch, a rhu y corwynt certh  
Wnant ond ei rwymo wrth ei fryniau'n fwy.  
*Goldsmith.*

Ond pe cymmerid ein hiaith ymaith, sydd yn achos o'n moesau syml a diniwed, a'n serch at ein gilydd, a pha beth a adewid ar ol? Clogwyni anferth, trumiau llwydion, gwlad heb nemawr hawddgarwch ynddi, wedi i'r trigolion golli eu rhinweddau moesol.

Dylid coleddu y Gymraeg, am mai dyma unig gyfrwng gwybodaeth mwy na haner miliwn o Gristionogion. Ni ddeallant, ac ni fynant ddeall iaith arall. Ac yn wir nid oes un iaith a wna gydweddu â nodweddiad y Cymry fel y Gymraeg. Y mae argraff nwydau cyn-



henid pobl ar eu hiaith. Cenedl ddysgedig oedd y Groegiaid, yr oedd eu hiaith yn gynnwysfawr ac erddyganol. Cenedl ryfelgar oedd y Rhufeiniaid, yr oedd eu hiaith yn grêf a bywiog. Cenedl arwynebol ydyw y Ffrancod, felly y mae eu hiaith. Cenedl fursenaidd ydyw'r Italiaid, ac y mae eu hiaith felly. Cenedl hŷf, wrol, a gwresog ydyw y Cymry, ac nid oes iaith a ddichon ddarlunio eu teimladau mor gywir â'r Gymraeg: ac am hyn ymlynant wrthi. Ni bu oes er amser eu goresgyniad, heb ymdrechiadau i'w dwyn hwynt i'w gwadu. Arferwyd cyfreithiau gwladol, cymhelliadau eglwysig, bygythiadau cyhoedd, ac ystryw ddirgelaid; ond yn gwbl ofer. Yn ngeiriau Gwallter Mechain, "Dychwelodd saethau gwenwynig y gelynion arnynt eu hunain: ni wnaeth Cymru ond cuddio'i gwyneb a gwenu." Yn lle edwino, y mae ein hiaith yn blodeuo yn ei henaint. Deallir, llefarir, ac ysgrifennir hi yn gywirach, ac yn fwy cyffredin, yn awr, nae y gwnaethpwyd er ys oesoedd. Tybid fod Clawdd Offa yn derfyn ymladaeniad y Gymraeg fil o flwyddau yn ol, ond y mae yn llai na therfyn heddyw. Fel hyn y saif corff ein cenedl yn ddiysgog o blaid iaith eu tadau; a chan na allodd tair canrif o orthrech, na thair arall o esgeulusdod, siglo eu cariad ati, ni wna chwe chanrif o'r un drefnidaeth beri iddynt ei gwrthod. Pe collai dir ar y gwastadedd, safai gyda mynyddwyr Arfon, Meirion, a Brycheiniog, nes y cryno y creigiau a sangant.

Bellach, pa beth a wneir i'n gwerin? Os na chant addysg yn y Gymraeg, byddant hebddo. Gyrwyd offeiriadau Seisnig attynt, aeth ein heglwysydd yn weigion, a llanwyd y tai cyrddau: nid am fod greddf ymbleidgar yn ein cenedl,—pell oddiwrth hyny; ond dilynent y weinidogaeth oedd yn yr iaith a garent, ac a ddeallent. Gwelir bellach mai nid gorchwyl ychydig oesoedd a fyddai difodi y Gymraeg, pe dichonadwy ryw bryd. Ond pa fath a fyddai cyflwr ein cenedl tra y dygid y gorchwyl hwnw ymlaen? Dywed y dysgedig Ddr. Heber, sydd yn awr yn llenwi y swydd uchaf yn ein heglwys ddwyreiniol, "Nad oes dim a wna fwy at lyffetheirio dawn gynhenid na diystyru ac anghefnogi iaith gynhwynol gwlad." Ni byddai hyny ond un o waeau'r Cymry, wrth geisio, trwy orthrech neu ddiystyrwech, ddi-ddymu'r unig gyfrwng hyfforiant a garant. Darostyngid hwynt i gyflwr tywyll ac anfoesgar. Parai i haul gwybodaeth, sydd wedi codi mor ddigwmwl, fachludo cyn haner dydd. Edrychwn pa effaith a gafodd triniaeth gyffelyb ar yr Iwerddon. Taenodd hygoledd ac anrhefn eu hadenydd ystlumaidd dros ei broydd; a hogodd creulonder ei chylllell yn y gwyll. Saif y tad yn llonydd i edrych ar yr offeiriad yn lladd ei blentyn, gan gredu y gall ei adgyfodi eilwaith.



Mae'r nosweithiau yn cael eu diofrydu i ysbail, gwaed dynion ydyw'r ysglyfaeth,—tai llosgedig yw'r llusernau; ysgrechiaidau'r lladdedigion ydyw'r beroriaeth. Pa beth ydyw'r achos fod yr oes a wnaeth Frydain yn baradwys, wedi gadael Iwerddon yn "fangre dreigiau a'u gorweddfa?" Ceisio gan y trigolion, trwy orthrech, dderbyn iaith ac arferion na charent, a gwrthod eu rhai cynhenid. Hyn a'u hanifelddiodd. Dylid coleddu y Gymraeg rhag digwydd i ni dynged gyffelyb. Dyma'r unig foddion i addysgu ein gwerin yn y celfyddydau angenrheidiol er eu cysur tymhorol; yn y gwybodaethau a'u gwnant yn ddoeth a moesgar; ac yn benaf oll, yn y ffordd i farw'n ddedwydd.

Bellach, ystyried dadymchwelwyr y Gymraeg ganlyniadau tebygol eu rhyfyg. Ai gwir y mynant esgeuluso y Gymraeg nes y dysgo'r werin Saesoneg? Ai gwir y mynant ei halldudio o'n heglwysydd,—o'n hathrofäau, ac o'n Biblau? ac felly tynu bara'r bywyd o ddwyllaw haner miliwn o anfarwolion, am nad ydynt yn dewis y llestr sydd yn ei ddal.—Ac felly gyru durtur yr Efengyl o'n llwyni nes y dysgo dôn arall.—Ac felly ysbeilio meibion adfyd o'r unig gysur sydd yn meluso eu cwpanaid, a chrogi cymylau anobaith uwch ben y bedd. Ddychmygwyr! gwridwch, ac "na freuddwydiwch mwyach am afresymoli cenedl hael, wrol, a theilwng, er mwyn gobaith disail o leshau eu holafiaid ym mhen mil o flynyddoedd."

Clywir rhai gwrthddadleuon yn erbyn coleddiad y Gymraeg, na sylwasom arnynt eto. Y mae ein gwrthwynebwy'r mor garedig a dywedyd, nad ydynt am ddifodi ein hiaith yn llwyr, y mynent ei chynnal a'i dysgu fel iaith farw. Diolch iddynt am eu trugaredd greulon. Rhaid cadw y Gymraeg mewn ymarferiad, onide pwy a gymer y drafferth o'i hymgeleddu? Y mae fel mwngloddiau'r aur, rhaid chwilio iddi, a llafurio ynddi, cyn y gwelir ei chyfoeth. Os nad ydyw'n werth ei chadw'n fyw, gwell ei chladdu. Gan fod cysur a llês ein cenedl yn ymddibynu ar ei heinioes, pwy a ddymunai weled ei chynhebrwng?

Dywedir y dylai deiliaid yr un deyrnas lefaru yr un iaith, er mwyn rhwyddineb masnach, a gweinyddiad cyfiawnder mewn llysoedd barn. Addefwn y byddai hyn yn ddymunol iawn; felly, y mae heddweh yn fendith ddymunol, ond nid oes un genedl mor wallgofus a meddwl aberthu ei rhyddid a'i hanymddibyniaeth er mwyn ei feddu. Os ennillid un peth ar y naill law, collid mil o bethau ar y llall. Digon ddymunol fyddai fod yr holl fyd o un iaith; ond nid dyfais dyn a all wrthdroi trefn y Goruchaf. Gwir fod materion cyfreithiol yn anhawdd eu trin lle byddo barnwr, carcharor, tystion, a rheithwyr o

ieithoedd gwahanol. Diolch a ddylem i'r Hwn sydd deilwng, mai ychydig sydd a wnelo Cymry â chyfreithio. Llawer gwaith y taflwyd drysau ein carchardai yn agored, am nad oedd troseddwy'r o'u mewn. Ond, a oes un llwybr i symud y rhwystrau yn yr ychydig orchwylion sydd, heblaw trwy ddileu iaith ein tadau? Onid cymhwysach o lawer a fyddai sefydlu yn swyddogion, ddynion a wyddent y ddwy iaith. Dichon Cymru ymfrostio o wyr digon dysgedig a chyfaddas at bob gorchwyl. Ac nid tēg â gwlad ydyw derchafu neb i swyddau dinasawl nac eglwysig ynddi, heb eu bod yn deall iaith y trigolion. A phe na cheffid Ynadon cyffelyb i Fychan, Kenyon, a Richards, efelychant Barrington, Bosanquet, a Syr W. Garrow, trwy astudio iaith a nodweddiad y Cymry wrth eistedd mewn barn ar eu materion. A phan y byddo hyn anichonadwy, oni ellir gosod cyfieithydd addas ym mhob llŷs? Yna symudir, mewn rhan fawr, yr anhawsder. Gweinyddwyd y gyfraith ym mhlith y Saeson yn Lladin, am oesoedd, ac ni soniodd neb am ddiddymu y Saesonaeg er mwyn iaith y gyfraith.

I'r rhai a haerant y dylem ymwadu a'n hiaith er mwyn hwyluso masnach, rhoddwn y diweddar ddysgedig Walters i ateb. Medd efe, "Pa un ai bod ychwaneg nac un iaith mewn teyrnas yn anghyfleus i ychydig fasnachwyr ariangar, neu borthmyn cyfrwysion, ai peidio, sydd ymholiad rhy ddiwerth i feddiannu sylw coleddwyr ieithoedd a llëenyddiaeth, gan fod elw personol y cyfryw, o lawer llai pwys na llēs tymhorol a thragywyddol miloedd o bobl."

Haera rhai y buasai ein gwerin yn berffeithiach mewn moes-ddysg a chelfyddydau, pe buasai y Saesonaeg yn iaith gyffredin y wlad; am y ceffynt drysorau diderfyn yr iaith hono o fewn eu cyrhaedd. I hyn gellir ateb, nad oes yn awr nemawr blentyn yn ein gwlad heb gael ei egwyddori yn y Saesonaeg, er na fwriadant anghofio eu hiaith gynhenid. Ac am ein gwyr uniaith, nid ydynt yn fwy anwybodus na'r Saeson sydd yn yr un cyflwr â hwy. Digon gwir, yn nhrefi mawrion Lloegr, lle y mae masnach ac amgylchiadau eraill yn gyru yr annysgedig i gymdeithas y doeth, y mae y radd iselaf yn oleuach na'r werin fynyddig. Ond pe mesurid gwybodaeth Sais o gorsydd Efrog neu Lincoln, gyda Chymro o ochrau anial Eryri, ni byddai achos i'r olaf wrido yn y gydmariaeth. A phe cymhellid ni eto i ymadael â'n hiaith, dan yr esgus nad oes nemawr o ysgrifeniadau dysgedig ynddi, a dewis y Saesonaeg am fod cymmaint, dylem betruso ychydig i ymholi, a fyddai yr enill a ddisgwyliem yn werth rhedeg y perygl. Gallem brynu gwybodaeth yn rhy ddrud, fel ein cyn-rieni. Yn lle byw ar fanna Young, a gwledda ar sypiau grawn Tillotson,— yn lle dysgu athroniaeth Locke, ac edrych trwy anian i fynu at ei

Duw, gyda Newton, hwyrach yr aem i ymdrochi yn "Abana a Pharpar" Darwin a Byron,—i bryderu gyda breuddwydion dinystriol Bolingbroke a Belsham, ac i ymdreiglo ym mhyllau Carlisle. Y mae genym ddigon o lyfrau yn ein hiaith at ddarlleniad y werin; ac wedi i oes y chwareuau (*interludes*) fyned heibio, prin y cyhoeddir llyfr na ellir ei osod ar gist y Sant, ac ar ymdrwsfwrdd y fenyw. Yn Lloegr nid oes prinder o derfysgwyr i grochfloeddio yn erbyn eu Brenin, ac o angrhedinwyr i wadu eu Creawdwr,—dynion yn yfed o gwpan penrhyddid, ac yn toddi perl eu hiechydwrïaeth yn y dracht; dynion yn gwisgo mantell gyssegredig Rhyddid, ac yn cuddio llafn yn ei phlygiadau; i.e. dynion a fynent dynu y groes a'r deyrnwialen o lumanau Prydain, a llunio delw Twm Paen o adfeiliadau'r orsedd a'r allor.—Ni adawodd yr anghensfilod hyn brin wlad heb ymdrechu ei llychwino heblaw Cymru. Pa beth a fu'n argae rhag i ffrydiau gwenwynig didduwiaeth ac aflywodraeth ymgymmysgu â dyfroedd Dyfrdwy a Hafren? Pa ham, ddyddiau'n ol, na yrasai Hunt a Cobbett eu cyhoeddiad trwy Gymru, fel pob man arall o'r deyrnas? Diau mai ein hiaith a gadwodd ein gwlad yn lân. Ni chyrhaeddodd y cennlif dinystriol o wasg rŷ-rydd Lloegr ein cyrau ni, ein hiaith a'i rhwystrai; ni wyddai'r terfysgwyr ein hiaith, am hyny cawsom lonydd. Gwelwch y camrau breision y mae angrhediniaeth yn eu rhoddi y tu arall i'r Tweed. Mae mynyddoedd y Grampian yn atseinio gan gabledau Hume; a'u hathrofau wedi eu llenwi o Fatoryddion (*materialists*). Edrychwn eilwaith i'r Iwerddon,—ha! y mae yr olygfa yn rhy drist! Mewn oes o drychineb ac angen, hefyd, yr oedd y Cymry yn foddolawn a llongydd. Safent yn osgordd o gylch y goron. Pan ysgyrnygai cyfyngder ei ddannedd, canai yr amaethwr cymreig ei garol wrth dori ei gwŷs, gan adael ei ofalon ar yr Hwn oedd yn marchog y cwmwl. Pa beth a gadwodd Gymru yn ddigryn pan siglodd Prydain? Hawdd ateb,—ein *hiaith*; Hon a fu yn gaerau ac yn rhagfôr i ni rhag ymosodiadau terfysgwyr. Nid oedd hwyrach un o gant o honom yn gwybod fod y fath ddynion wedi eu geni; nae un o fil yn gwybod eu drwg-dybiau,—a'r rhai a'u gwyddent, yr oeddynt yn meddu gormod o anrhydedd at eu Brenin, ac ofn eu Duw, i'w credu na'u taenu ym mhlith eu cyd-frodorion. Wrth ddywedyd hyn, pell ydym oddiwrth attal neb rhag dysgu iaith ein cyd-ddeiliaid. Mae y trysorau a geir ynddi yn werth y draul. Ein hancam ydyw dangos y canlyniadau a allai ddigwydd oddiwrth Seis-nigeiddio ein gwerin.

A gyfrifir ni yn anffyddlon i'n llywodraeth, ac yn angharedig at ein cyd-ddeiliaid, am ymlynu wrth ein hiaith gynhenid, ac wylu uwch

ben anffodion ein cenedl? ffiloreg: Yr ydym yn ystyried y Saeson yn frodyr agosaf, ac yn gymwynaswyr caredicaf. Nid hwy, ond yr hanerogion Cymreig, sydd yn gofyn i ni ymwadu a'n hiaith. Ni pharai un amgylchiad i'r Saeson newid eu hiaith, ac y maent yn rhy ystyriol i ddisgwyl hyny genym ninnau; i.e, gellid enwi llawer o honynt ym mhlith noddwyr gwresocaf, ac amddiffynwyr penaf y Gymraeg. Gwyddant mai yr arwydd egluraf fod cenedl wedi ei diraddio, ydyw, ei bod yn newid ei hiaith a'i harferion am eiddo ei goresgynwyr. Ac y maent yn rhy foneddigaidd i ewyllysio gweled pobl, y profodd eu tadau eu bod yn ddewr a haelionus, yn cael eu darostwng gymmaint.

Nid oes achos ein cyhuddo o "ail enyn marwydos" wrth i ni sôn am y trais a arferwyd i'n gorfod. Onid ydyw y Saeson eu hunain yn gwrido wrth ddarllen hanes eu henafiaid, ac yn ffieiddio eu hys-tryw? Y mae ffyddlondeb y Brython i goron Prydain yn rhy bur i'w ddrwg-dybio. A pha esgus a fyddai gan Gymro i wrthryfela yn erbyn gwir etifedd Cadwaladr Fendigaid, ac Owain Tudur? Na! tra y rhedo gwaed trwy galon Cymro, rhed ffyddlondeb i deulu Brunswick ar unwaith.

Am ein hundeb dedwydd â Lloegr, gallwn ddywedyd gydag awdwr dysgedig Cwypw Llewelyn,—

"Cwypw Tywysog enwog un,  
Caethder gwlad,—drwy råd yr Iôn,  
A dwfn wg, a dyfai'n wên,  
A chas cur yn achos cân."

Ac fel yr hybarch Vychan o Hengwrt, "cawsom ein colledu er ein henill, a'n handwyo er ein llês." Er hyny, ni ddileir twyll y cyllill hirion, cyflafan Bangor-is-coed, a'r brâd ym Muallt, o gôf Cymro tra y meddiano serch at ei wlad; a'r teimladau hyn a wnant i feddwl teilwng ymwrthod â'r cynnyg o fod i'r iaith, yn yr hon y parodd Hengist lawruddio ein Brëyron, yn ngwastadedd Caer Caradoc, fyned yn llafariad cyffredin ein plant.

Am foddion i ddiogelu parhad y Gymraeg, goddefer i ni sylwi gyda Golygydd dysgedig y *Cambro Briton*, "nad ydyw ein hiaith hybarch, *Quam vetat musa mori*, yn sefyll mewn nemawr o angen y fath gyn-northwy. Megis y cyssegrwyd hi gan athrylith urddasol ein beirdd, ac fel y mae yn goroesi, yn ei chadernid cyssefin, sigliad oesoedd anhyrif, a dinystr ieithoedd eraill; ei nerthoedd ei hun a'i ceidw rhag myned ar ddifancoll." Dangosodd ei hanfodiad oesol, nad oes defnydd anghu yn ei chyfansoddiad. Dichon fod ieithoedd eraill wedi eu cyd-fagu â Hanesiaeth, ac wedi tyfu yn hen yn ei chwmni; ond

yr oedd y Gymraeg yn bendefiges wedi penwynu, (gan henaint—nid gwendid,) a'i Beirdd yn benfoel a deillion, cyn i Hanesiaeth sugno bronau dysg, a chyn ei maethu ar liniau amser. A'r hon sydd fel hyn, nid yn unig a'i hieuenetyd, ond ei hen oedran, tu hwnt i wybyddiaeth dyn, nac i gôf oesoedd, sydd raid ei bod yn ysbeilio y duwiau o un o'u priodoliaethau, ac yn dyfod ei hun yn anfarwol. Yn ngeiriau arnodol Mair Risiart, yn ei llythyr at Gymreigyddion Aberystwyth, "gellid disgwyl gan gynted i fynyddoedd uchel Cymru gwmpo o'u gorddyfnion seiliau,—i Eryri gael ei gosod yn sarn i fyned dros Fenai i Fôn, ag i'n hiaith odidog syrthio i wlad anghof." Er hyny, y mae ar y Gymraeg eisiau meithriniad, er mwyn ei gwneuthur yn fwy defnyddiol. Diffyg meithriniad ydyw'r achos fod angen rhoddi geiriau Saesonaeg rhwng cromfachau i egluro geiriau Cymreig. Y moddion tebycaf i sierhau ei llwyddiant a fydd bellach yn wrthddrych ein ymholiad.

Y mae brwdfrydedd dros ein hiaith wedi gyru ei choleddwyr weithiau i gamgymeriad. Tybia rhai mai y llwybr goreu i ddiwyllio y Gymraeg ydyw atal ymledaeniad y Saesonaeg. Y mae hyn yn angharedig at ein cyd-ddeiliaid, cystal ac yn gyfeiliornus. O'u llafur hwy y medasom y rhan fwyaf o'n gwybodaeth. Yr ydym yn ystyried mai annichonadwy, a niweidiol—pe dichonadwy, fyddai cael gan y werin ymadael â'u hiaith; am hyny, dylid yn gyntaf egwyddori ein plant yn y Gymraeg, yna y fendith fwyaf a allwn roddi iddynt ydyw eu hyfforddi yn y Saesonaeg. Nid oes perygl i'r olaf rwystro cynnydd y flaenaf, tra byddo hono yn cael ei meithrin. Dysg sydd yn gwneuthur dawn gynhenid yn fuddiol. Er cadarned y maen, ni bydd o gryfder na harddweh i'r adeiladaeth nes ei naddu a'i gymhwyso. Y Cymry dysgedicaf ydynt y Cymry goreu. Eraill, mewn gormod o benboethder, a gyfrifant i'n hiaith briodoliaethau na hònr ganddi. Y mae hyn wedi gyru ein Beirdd eu hunain, gyda pharch y dyweder, yn ormod i dir hygoledd. Medd un enwog o honynt,—

"Traetha di awen, trwy iaith y duwiau!"

Un arall dysgedig a ddywed,—

"Rhwng creigiau, muriau moroedd  
 ————— hen Gymru g'oedd,  
 Gadawyd gwê y duwiau,  
 Syw deyrn gynt, Sadwrn ac Iau,  
 Sef iaith Hu —————"

Eraill a ânt y'mhellach fyth.—Medd un am y Gymraeg,—

"Iaith ydyw fu'n iaith Eden."



Un arall a ddolefa,

“Pan ddel archangel i ereh yngan,  
I'r byd ei araeth drwy bedeir-ran,  
'E geir uwch Cymru ei gân—*yn Gymraeg*,  
Ei chu a'i henaeg wech ei hunan.”

Y trydydd a ddryr naid y'mhellach fyth, ac a'i geilw yn

“Iaith nwyfiant, iaith y Nefoedd.”

Yr ateb cyffredin a geir gan y gwyr hyn, ydyw, na all neb wrthbrofi eu haeriad : digon gwir, mwy nac y gallant hwythau ei sicrhau. Nid oes neb a all wrthbrofi nad y Gymraeg ydyw iaith gynhenid trigolion y Lleuad, er fod yn ddigon anhebyg mai ê. Niwed haeriadau fel hyn ydyw, eu bod yn cynhyrfu chwerthiniad estroñiaid, ac yn gwanhau yr achos yr amcanir ei gynnal.

Y mae'r Senedd, y Frawdle, a sefydliadau dysg a chelfyddyd, wedi bod yn foddion arbenig i lwyddo y Saesonaeg : nid oes gan Gymru foddion felly i ddiwyllio ei hiaith. Cyfyngir ei hymdrechiadau i noddï llëenyddiaeth gynnwynol, ac annog pregethu ac ymddiddan mewn Cymraeg ddiledryw. Yn Lloegr nid oes achos wrth gymhell- iadau i alw dawn i weithrediad. Mae'r enwogrwydd sydd yn dilyn pob llyfr o werth, a'r llwybr i gyfoeth a egyr i'r awdwr o hono, yn ddigon o annogaethau. Ond y mae yn llwyr wahanol yn Nghymru. Nid ydyw nifer ein trigolion nemawr fwy na haner poblogrwydd Llundain ei hunan. Felly ni oddef rhif ein darllenwyr i Lyfrwerth- wyr gyhoeddi gweithiau helaeth a drudfawr ar antur. Gan hyn y mae yn angenrhaid gwneuthur ymdrechiadau anarferol er mwyn cynnal llëenyddiaeth a gwladgarwch. Y sefydliadau enwocaf o'r natur hyn ydynt yr Eisteddfodau. Ffurfiodd eu hadfywiad yn 1819 “ddechreu blynyddoedd” i awen a cherdd Gymreig. Cynhyrfwyd y dywysogaeth o gwr i gwr. Esgorodd pob cwmwd ar fardd. Dadeb- rwyd ein dysgedigion at eu dyledswydd ; a daeth yr arbenigion i hoffi yr iaith, yr odlau, a'r ceinciau a fu gynt yn adseinio'r llysoedd, ac yn cynhyrfu eu henafiaid i ddewrder ac anrhydedd. Galwyd rhai o fechgyn doniol tloidi o gilfachau dirgelwch i wydd yr oes ; a than noddod, enillodd rhai o honynt orsafoedd ar fryniau dysg ac awen. Y mae cyhoeddiadau blynyddol yr Eisteddfodau ym mhlith tlysau penaf llëenyddiaeth ein gwlad. Effieithia dylanwadau y cyfarfodydd hyn yn llawer pellach na'r dalaeth lle y cynhelir hwynt. Boneddion a welant yma, nad ydyw iaith a dawn gyssefin Cymru heb berchen teledion pur. Ant adref yn noddwyr iddynt.

Tybia rhai pe cynhelid yr Eisteddfodau taleithiog yn dair blwydd- ol, y byddent yn debycach i barhau yn eu gogoniant. Ac hwyrach



pe rhoddid rhyddid i awenu ar unrhyw fesur a ddewisai'r Bardd, y dadguddid doniau newyddion.

Y mae'r Argraffwasg wedi bod yn feithriniad i'r Gymraeg, ac o fendith i Gymru. Llai na chanrif yn ol nid oedd Gwasg yn y Dywysogaeth. Nid oes prin dref marchnad yn ein gwlad yn bresenol, heb un neu ychwaneg o honynt. Traethodau ar Dduwinyddiaeth ydyw y rhan fwyaf o'u cynnyrch. Ond o'r cwbl y cyhoeddiadau cylchynol sydd wedi effeithio mwyaf ar y cyffredin. Y mae gan bob plaid grefyddol ei chyhoeddiad. Argreffir un yn y Deheudir, a phump yn y Gogledd. A golygir pob un o honynt gyda mwy neu lai o fedrusrwydd. Ond pe b'ai ynddynt lai o ddadleuaeth grefyddol, ac ymgecu ynghylch barn mân-eisteddfodau; a mwy o sylwadau ar ryfeddodau anian a chelfyddyd; tueddent fwy at feithrin y Gymraeg, a lleshau y werin. Sylwyd yn barod y dylai ein hawduron arfer mwy o eiriau pur a chadarn ein cyn-feirdd, am eu bod yn fwy cryf a darluniadol na'r rhai cyffredin; ac am yr ehangai hyny ein trysor o eiriau ymarferol. Gwelai yr ysgrifenydd a'r areithydd y lles o hyn cyn pen ychydig. Nid ydyw fod rhai o'r geiriau yn ansathredig ddim yn esgus digonol: dylai y werin esgyn at yr iaith, ac nid yr iaith ddisgyn at y werin. Er llwyddo y Gymraeg, dylid penderfynu y ddadl ynghylch ei llythyreg a'i chystrawen. Myn un blaid arfer y sill-goll, arall a'i gwrthyd. Dywed un y dylid dyblu y cydseiniad yn ol yr accen; dywed y llall mai yn ol tarddiad y gair, a deddf y toddedigion y dylid gwneuthur felly. Rhai a fynant liosogi y ferf os bydd o flaen enwedigydd lliosog; eraill a haerant nad ydyw'r enwedigydd yn llywodraethu rhif y ferf oni bydd ar ol. Tebygid fod llawer i'w ddweyd o bob ochr; ond dylai Eisteddfod osod barn ar y peth, er mwyn cael rheol sefydledig.

Dywed llawer nad ydyw mesurau caethion cerdd ond llyffetheirio y crebwyll. Y mae'n wir eu bod yn llyffetheirio iaith. Ni all y bardd mwyaf awenyddgar arfer y geiriau cryfaf a chymhwysaf, am na wnant i fynu dinc y gynghanedd: rhaid rhoi *melus* i ateb *moliant*, a *gywrddion* ar gyfer *gerddi*. Pe caniateid i'r beirdd ganu ar y mesur a fynent, caid gweled felly pwy a ragorai mewn iaith a dyfaliad, ai y bardd rhydd, ai y bardd caethiwus: os yr olaf, dilyner D. ab Edmwnd fyth. Ond os y cyntaf, dadymchweler y *Bastile* barddonaid hwn, fel y rhyddhaer iaith a dychymyg o'r pedwar clô a'r hugain.

Gorchwyl mawr llëenyddion yr oes ddylai fod, casglu a chyhoeddi gweddillion ein cyn-awdwyr. Pa le mae'r Mabinogion a addawyd er ys blynyddoedd? Llanwai y Brutiau a'r Trioedd wall yn nysg ein gwlad; a byddai argraffiad rhad o Farddoniaeth ein hen Feirdd, yn werth pob peth i'r awenyddion ieuainge.

Galarwyd fwy nag unwaith nad oes genym Eiriadur Saesonaeg a Chymraeg digon cyflawn a chryno, yn cynnwys nodeiriau penodol mewn celfyddyd a moes. Pe cymerai ein dysgedigion y gorchwyl hwn mewn llaw, gwnaent y gwasanaeth pwysicaf i'n hiaith a'n gwlad.

Ni fu dim yn fwy bendithiol i werin Cymru na'r Ysgolion Sabbothol. Dywedir nad oes lai na dau gan mil o'n ieuenctyd yn cael eu hyfforddio yn iaith eu mhamau, ac yn egwyddorion Cristionogaeth, drwy y sefydliadau hyn. Nid oes nemawr ysgolion Cymreig eraill yn y dywysogaeth. Ysgolion rhad y ddiweddar Mrs. Bevan ydynt yr unig rai a ellir gael; ac nid ydyw'r nifer ond ychydig. Nid prawf o wladgarwch Cymru ydyw fod annogaeth mor fach yn cael ei roddi i athrawon Cymreig. Yr arfer ydyw, dysgu Saesonaeg i'r plant yn gyntaf, ac yna iddynt ddysgu eu hiaith gynhenid fel y dewisont. Oddiwrth ba genedl y derbyniasom y cynllun? Nid ydyw'r Sais byth yn dysgu Lladin i'w fab, na Ffrangaeg i'w ferch, cyn eu gwneuthur yn hyddysg yn iaith eu mhamau. Onid buddiol fyddai cael ein hysgolion gwladwriaethol yn Gymreig? Diammeu atebent ddyben eu sefydliad yn well. Ni wna dysgu darllain Saesonaeg am flwyddyn neu ddwy, nemawr o lês i'r plentyn, tra byddo y Gymraeg yn iaith yr aelwyd. Y mae, wrth adael yr ysgol, yn medru darllain iaith na fedr ei deall, ac yn deall iaith na ddichon ddarllen. Fel hyn y mae'r cwbl o'r llafur yn ofer.

Y mae o'r pwys mwyaf gael Offeiriadau Cymreigaidd i'n heglwysydd. Niweidio ein sefydliad a wna pawb eraill. Nid ydyw dull na thôn Seisnigaidd mewn areithfa, yn cyduno â thymherau Cymry. Y mae Coleg yr Iesu, yn Rhydychen, yn ymddwyn yn ddoeth a theilwng trwy wobrwyo a noddi athrylith; pe estynid annogaeth i gyfansoddiadau gwreiddiol, hwyrach y byddai y drefn o fwy o ddefnydd. Wedi sôn cymmaint, onid dichonadwy sefydlu Proffeswriaeth Gymreig yn ein Prif Ysgol? byddai yn llawer o fudd i'n heglwyswyr ieuainc. Disgwylir y bydd hyfforddiad Cymreig yn rhan arbenig o drefniadau Coleg Llanbedr.

Dymunol iawn a fyddai cael ein boneddigion i hoffi ymddiddan yn iaith eu tadau. Caent weled mai dyna'r llwybr agosaf at serch eu hisafiaid. Y mae lle i feddwl fod mwy o noddi ar y Gymraeg nac sydd o'i deall. Gorchwyl canmoladwy ydyw cefnogi iaith mor ardderchog: ond byddai ei chefnogi oddiar wybodaeth o'i hardderchogrwydd yn well. Gosododd y gwladgarol Syr Watcyn gynllun sydd yn werth ei efelychu, trwy ddysgu iaith ei wlad i'w etifedd yn gyntaf. Tra y sugno ein Brëyron wladgarwch, gyda llaeth y bronau, pwy a all ddywedyd y llês a ganlyn! Wedi iddynt ffurfio cyfeillach

â'n hiaith ar yr aelwyd fagu, ni ellir siglo eu serch ati. Ddau cân mlynedd yn ol, yr oedd ein pendefigion yn bostio bod yn awduron Cymreig. Yr oedd William Herbert, Iarl Penfro, yn trin ysgrifell yn ei iaith gyssefin. Yr oedd Esgob Mynyw ym mhlith yr ymgeiswyr am y Gadair Farddonol yn Eisteddfod Caerwys; ond Wm. Llŷn, Curad Croesoswallt, a'i cafodd. Dechrau oes Awstaid Cymru fydd adferu ein hiaith i neuaddau ein penaethiaid, manau ei hen gynefin. Dywedir mai y rhianedd sydd yn rheoli y byd.

“Nid yw tân a'i wyllt waneg  
Fwy na dim wrth fenyw dëg.”

Ni chyfodir ein hiaith i'w bri cyntefig, heb eu cynnorthwy hwy. Tybiwyd unwaith fod eppil Gwerfil Mechain, Alis ych Gryffydd, a Nest, ac Angharad Hael, wedi methu; ond bendithiwyd ein hoes ni â rhai “Elod o'r hên wehelyth.” Y mae'r awen Gymreig wedi taflu ei mantell dros rai o'n boneddesau. Arall a ddiofryda ei dyddiau i olrhain a chwilio côflyfrau hen oesoedd, am achau cenedl a mêl y gerdd; tra y mae eraill a cheinciau pêr eu telyn yn dysgu i'r adar ganu. Bydded i'r cynllun teilwng ac arbenig a roddasant, enill llawer o'n gwryfon i'w dilyn.

Y Cymdeithasau Cymreigyddol a fu'r moddion mwyaf effeithiol i buro iaith y cyffredin; i gynhyrfu awydd am ddeall anian a ffurf y Gymraeg, ac i fagu brwdfrydedd o'i thu yn mynwesau y genedl.



Mae diwedd y Traethawd wedi myned ar goll, a methwyd a chael gafael arno. Ond nid all yr hyn a gollwyd fod ond byr, fel y gwelir oddiwrth y Cynnwysiad. Yr hyn sydd yn ol heb gael traethu arno ydyw,—“y llës a darddodd drwy'r moddion a arferwyd yn annogaeth i ymdrechïadau helaethach.—Terfyndraith,”  
GOL.

## ARAITH AR UNDEB A BRAWDGARWCH.

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 TESTUN EISTEDDFOD Y WYDDGRUG.\*
 

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ER harddedd y dichon fod gwahanol ranau unrhyw gyfundrefn, nid oes dim yn argraphu delw ardderchawgrwydd a pherffeithrwydd ar y cwbl, ond undeb ac unweddiad. Os edrychwn ar y bydysawd, gwelwn fod yr holl weithredion fel dolen yn nolen; y mae tymhorau'r flwyddyn wedi eu rhwymo wrth gylch yr haul, a llanw a thrai y môr wrth newidion y lleuad, ac undeb yr amrywiol ranau, sydd oll yn mynegi y llaw oruchel a'u lluniodd. Pe torid y cytundeb cyson, prydferth sy rhwng yr holl elfenau, buan yr elai'r greadigaeth yn yfflon, buan y ciliai i'w thryblith dechreuol. Sylwn ar drefn llywodraeth y byd: mae llawer o droion Rhagluniaeth yn ymddangos i olwg rheswm yn groes, yn ddyrus, ac yn chwithig iawn. Yr anghyfiawn yn cael *nectar* yn ddiod, a'r cyfiawn yn yfed gwermod. Ond pe deallem yn iawn, mae olwynion mewn olwynion, ac oll mewn undeb â'u gilydd, ac yn y drefn oreu; mae doethineb anfeidrol yn llywio'r cyfan, ac ni ddichon hwnw gyfeiliorni. Gwelwn fod undeb yn brif anhebgor yn y byd moesol. Yr arwydd amlyccaf fod teyrnas yn tynu at ddifancoll, ydyw anghytundeb ei deiliaid; pa faint bynag a fyddo dawn a medrusrwydd ei phenaethiaid, pa faint bynag a fyddo teleidrwydd ei ffurf-lywodraeth, a gallu ei byddinoedd, os bydd "wedi ymrannu yn ei herbyn ei hun, ni saif." Undeb ydyw coron cymydogaeath. Er teced fyddo'r olygfa, er mor doreithiog y byddo'r meusydd, er llawned fyddo'r perllanau; os bydd ellyll ymrafael yn teyrnasu yn mynwesau y trigolion, yn ofer y blodeua'r twyni, ac y cana'r gôg; gwna anghytundeb *Tempe* ei hunan yn ddiffaethweh. Mae teulu heb undeb ynddo yn lle mwy anghysurus na'r purdan. Undeb sydd yn cyssegru yr aelwyd a'r gobenydd, ac yn gwneuthur y bwthyn, lle byddo, yn baradwys, mewn cydmariaeth â'r palas ymrafaelgar. Undeb ydyw harddweh cenedl a gwlad. Wrth edrych ar gynnifer o rianedd prydferth sydd yn coroni y cyfarfod hwn; wrth edrych ar y wên sydd yn gorchuddio gwynebau pawb, yn arwydd o ddifyrweh

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\* Yr Araith hon a farnwyd yn fuddugol yn Eisteddfod y Wyddgrug, 1823, a gwisgwyd yr areithydd âg ysnoden awyrlw gan y foneddiges Miss Cotton, yr ofyddes, yr hon wedi ei wisgo, a'i cyfarchodd yn Gymraeg, gan ddywedyd, "*Llwyddiant i chwi!*" ac yn wir gwrandawryd y dymuniad.

y galon ; mae'n anhawdd peidio taflu golwg yn ol ar y "dyddiau gynt, blynyddoedd yr hen oesoedd ;" wrth orfod crechweni gan mor llon mae pob llygad yn pelydru—gan mor bêr mae'r delyn yn arllwys cyngan ; mae yn anhawdd peidio newid y wep—mae yn anhawdd peidio tywallt deigrin am anffodion ein gwlad. Pa beth ydyw'r achos fod y genedl fu unwaith yn poblogi y cyfandir, yn awr wedi eu darostwng i lai na saithganmil o nifer ? diffyg undeb. Pa beth a barodd fod y bobl a roddasant unwaith gyfreithiau i Ewrop, yn awr yn gwasanaethu estroniaid ? diffyg undeb. Tra mewn undeb, byddent yn anorchfygol. Tra byddai un fyddin yn gwneuthur bylechau Eryri fel Thermopylae, a Morfa Rhuddlau fel Marathon, byddai byddin arall fel Ephraim, "yn troi cefn yn nydd y frwydr ;" tra byddai Arthur yn ymwroli, byddai Medrod yn bradychu ; os gwnai Buddug arwain ei chiwdawd i'r ymgyrch, byddai Aregwedd Foeddig yn cymysgu'r gwenwyn. Fel hyn yr aberthwyd ein gwlad i anghytundeb ei rheolwyr. Ond bellach,

—————"darfu blwyddau  
Ochain anwar a chynenau."

Mae undeb oedd wedi ei alltudio o'n plith er amser Caswallon, yn dychwelyd yn ol i'w gynefin. Bellach nid oes achos ymuno

"I fygwth elwyf a gwth cledd,  
Nac i lunio celanedd."

Mae ein cyssylltiad dedwydd â Lloegr wedi lladd ein hymrysonau, ac wedi codi undeb ar yr orsedd eto. Nid ydyw creigiau Cymru yn atseinio mwyach gan fygythiadau y gorthrymwr, nac ocheneidiau y gorthrymedig ; mae croeso mewn un dalaeth i frodorion y llall. Gall Cymro eistedd yn ymyl Sais heb daflu golwg eiddigus at ei lawes, gan feddwl fod cylllell hir wedi ei chuddio yn ei phlygiadau. Mae cyflafan *Stonehenge* wedi ei chwbl anghofio ; ac yn ngeiriau Bardd Bodfari

"Ciliodd effaith Clawdd Offa."

Mae genym dywysog o hil y Tudoriaid yn dal y deyrnwialen, a'n prif ymgais ydyw ymuno fel colofnau dan ei orsedd. Yr unig "ddial gwaed Cymro"\* a ewyllysiem bellach, ydyw tori gwddf pob eiddigedd, lladd pob anghytundeb, a boddi pob ymrafael. Undeb hefyd ydyw cadernid pob achos : anghytundeb a wna fwy o niwed i fyddin na holl arfau gelyn. Edrychwn ar alltud diweddar St. Helena, tra yr oedd undeb o'i ochr, yr oedd y byd fel yn newid ei wyneb wrth ei

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\* Arwyddair Syr Edward, Llywydd yr Eisteddfod.



amnaid. Enillodd brwydrau Marengo, Jena, ac Austerlitz iddo undeb y cyfandir; bellach daew fe âg anadl ei ffroenau yn dymchwelyd gorseddau a gyssegrasai oesoedd; yn gyru cynddrychiolwr tŷ Braganza dros y weilgi, a'r olaf o'r Bourboniaid i fyw ar elusen. Un diwrnod yn gwneuthur coron, a lwydasid gan henaint, yn bêl droed; dranoeth yn sychu'r llaid oddiar y tegan, ac yn ei gosod ar ben un o'i gadbeniaid. Gwnai deyrnwiaid y Cesariaid yn friwsion rhwng ei fys a'i fawd, a *tiara* y Pab yn gloch porthor y Thuilleries. Gosododd un troed ar rêw Siberia, a'r llall ar y Pyrenees. Hyn oedd agwedd ei amgylchiadau tra yr oedd undeb o'i blaid. Nid oedd ond Lloegr fel âg un llaw yn brwydro yn erbyn ei ymgeisiadau uchelion. Ha! daew'r gymalwst ar aelodau ei ymerodraeth: daew undeb â chyngrair yn ei erbyn: er fod ei orsedd yn Nghaergwydion, buan yr hyrddiwyd ef i graig lom St. Helena, yn ysglyfaeth i ddrychiolaethau Pichegru a D'Enghien; a bu'r gwr a syfrdanodd y byd â'i orchestion farw heb brin wybod i neb, trwy nerth undeb. Pe medrem, heb benysgafnu, edrych dros y geulan fawr y syrthiodd drosti, gwelem yn ysgrifenedig ar gareg ei fedd, "Undeb a'i cododd, undeb a'i taflodd." Fel hyn y mae undeb yn harddwch ac yn gadernid i bob achos, i fyd, i deyrnas, i gymmydogaeth, ac i deulu: nid oes dim diddanweh hebddo. Tynwch undeb a chariad o gynulleidfâ'r cyfiawnion, a chwi a dorweh y tanau i gyd; ewch ag undeb â brawdgarweh y tu arall i'r agendor, chwi a ddiffoddweh y fflam.

Brawdgarweh ydw sail oreu undeb; dichon fod undeb er mwyn masnach a chyfleusdra; ond os na bydd brawdgarweh yn wreiddyn iddo, y digwyddiad lleiaf a'i gwywa. Mae'n goron dynoliaeth; gymaint mae y natur ddynol yn cael ei derchafu mewn dynion o fath Damon a Pythias. Nid ydyw gwir frawdgarweh wedi ei gadwyno wrth berthynas gnawdol, cydnabyddiaeth a chyfeillach. Mae y gwr brawdgar yn ystyried ei hun wedi ei rwymo wrth yr holl deulu dynol. Nid ydyw yn gweled fod y môr sydd rhwng Dover a Calais, yn ddigon o reswm i Frython godi ei gleddyf at Ffrangewr, nac i Ffrangewr anelu saeth at Frython: nid ydyw yn ystyried fod mynydd neu afon a ddichon fod yn gwahanu dwy wlad, yn esgus dros anfrawdgarweh a galanas. Mae cwmp ei elyn yn peri ochenaid i'r brawdgar. Gwir, dylem feddwl yn barehus am wasanaeth dynion fel Nelson a Wellington, a phell fyddo yr adyn a ryfyo gyffwrdd y llawryf a blethodd Ewrop iddynt. Rhyddid a dynodd eu cleddyf o'r wain, angenrheidrwydd a'i cochodd, buddugoliaeth a'i dychwelodd i'r wain eilwaith. Er hyny, ni all y brawdgar ganu eu clod heb darawo bŷs ar lofrdanau galar. Gwir, achubasant eu gwlad; beth



fu'r pris ? difrodi gwlad arall : cadwasant ein meusydd a'n haelwydd yn heddychol ; pa fodd ? trwy hilio meusydd eraill â chelaneddau ; trwy beri i aelwydydd eraill nofio gan waed dynol ; trwy foddi cri y weddw, dolef yr amddifad, a griddfanau y lladdedigion, yn ngoroian y gorchfygwyr ; i.e., mae eu llawryf gwyrddaf wedi ei lychwino â gwaed ; ac ni all brawdgarwch lai nac wylo fod y fath amgylchiadau yn angenrheidiol. Mor dda troi golwg oddiwrth y ddrych alarus hon ; mor dda meddwl mai brawdgarwch ydyw sail ffurf-lywodraeth Prydain ; mae hon yn golygu yr holl ddeiliaid yn frodyr i'w gilydd ; yr un rheol, yr un breintiau sydd iddynt oll. Mae yn ystyried y cardottyn yn frawd, ac nid ydyw yn golygu y pendefig yn nes. Mae yn amddiffyn aelwyd oer y bwthyn, cystal a neuadd y llŷs : i.e., mae yn cyfrif y caethwas a'r estron yn ddyn ac yn frawd ; mae yn cyhoeddi i hwn, y munyd y tery ei droed wrth glogwyni gwynion Prydain, fod y tir y mae yn sangu arno yn sanctaidd, wedi ei gyssegru i frawdgarwch. Ni waeth ym mha iaith y byddo ei ddedfryd wedi ei chyhoeddi—ni waeth pa liw anghytunol â rhyddid y byddo haul Affricanaidd wedi ei losgi arno—ni waeth ym mha ryfeloedd echrydus y byddo ei ryddid wedi ei dori i lawr—ni waeth gyda pha wresog-rwydd y cafodd ei offrymu ar allor caethiwed ; y moment y sathro ar ddaear Prydain, mae ei gorph yn chwyddo yn ormod i'w gadwynau—maent yn syrthio yn ddarnau o'i amgylch, mae ei feddwl yn gweithredu yn ei fawredd cynhenid, mae wedi ei ryddhau, ei waredu, a'i adnewyddu drwy effeithiau anorchfygol brawdgarwch.

Brawdgarwch hefyd ydyw cyneddf trigolion Prydain. Edrychwn ar y Cymdeithasau sydd wedi eu sefydlu i wellhau cyflyrau ein brodyr o bob llin a gradd, drwy bedryfanau byd : yr arwyddair ar ein banerau sidanaidd yw, "UNDEB A BRAWDGARWCH." Mor brydferth yw brawdgarwch ym mhob sefyllfa ; pa adyn a glywai ar ei galon ei dori. Yn wir, Mr. Llywydd, yn hytrach na bod yn euog o daflu fflagl cynen i blith brodyr, dewiswn i'm llygad dê gael ei dynu o'i fortais, ag i'm deheulaw gael ei thori yn y cymal. Ond yr wyf yn cofio bellach mai tewi sydd orau. Awn ym mlaen mewn undeb a brawdgarwch, i goleddu ein hiaith ac arferion ein tadau, nes dadebru yr Awen sydd wedi cysgu er ys oesoedd, a'i phen ar adfeilion ein cenedl ; a gwneuthur pob glasfryn yn Nghymru eto yn Barnassus. Bydded i chwi fyw yn hir, Syr Edward, yn Ifor Hael eich cenedl, ei harddwch, ei cholofn, a'i hymffrost. A bydded i'ch olafiaid o dŷ Pengwern, tra byddo haul yn troi, eich hefelychu chwi, Syr, gan aberthu eu hunain i wasanaeth eu gwlad, gartref ac yn y senedd, mewn UNDEB A BRAWGARWCH.

## ARAITH

A draddodwyd yn Eisteddfod Dinbych, pan osodwyd Mr. Blackwell yn y Gadair fel cynnrychiolydd yr ymgeisydd buddugol, yr hwn oedd yn absenol.

FONEDDIGESAU A BONEDDIGION,—Y mae yn alar genyf nad ydwyf ar yr achlysur hwn ond cynnrychiolydd. Ni oddefai fy nyledswyddau yn yr Athrofa, na'm swydd fel un o'r beirniaid, i mi ymgeiso at sefyllfa uwch : ond llawen genyf yn awr gynnrychioli cyd-ysgolaig a chyfaill ; un sy fel fy hunan yn ddyledus i law hael am arweiniad o lwybrau iselach bywyd i wydd yr oes. Cymeraf ofal i fynegu iddo y gymeradwyaeth a ddilynodd ei enwi, a bod ei wlad, trwy y gwobryn a ymddiriedwyd i mi, gwedi ei restru ef yn ei gwasanaeth ; ac o hyn allan, bod i bob dychlamiad o'i galon, a phob cynneddf o'i enaid, gael eu diofrydu i wasanaeth llënyddiaeth a llës cyffredinol ei fryniau cynhenid. Cyduna pob peth i wneuthur y dydd hwn yn un o ddyddiau dedwyddaf fy mywyd. Amgylchir fi gan Feirdd ac Ofyddion a garaf, a chan noddwyr a oleuasant fy oes. O ! na chai ein gwlad gàn mlwydd yn ddyddiau fel hyn. Yn y cyrddau hyn, y rhai a noddant a'r rhai a noddir, a ymgysfaryddant. Yma y daw y noddedig, wedi eistedd a llafurio wrth y Llyfryn a'r Grëal, adroddant y daioni a wnaethpwyd, a gofynant genad i eistedd drachefn ; a derbyniant adnerth a chalondid oddiwrth wenau eu noddwyr. Ni wŷr llawer tu hwnt i Glawdd Offa fod ein Gwasg fisawl yn bwrw allan, bedwar-ar-ddeg o Realon ; a pheth sy newydd yn hanes llënyddiaeth, nid oes bron ar eu dalenau ohebwr ond y werin ! a pha beth a ddilynai ? Edrychweh i'n bythod ; nid oes yno brin astell heb ei Grëal a'i Bibl. Yn wir, pe gofynid i mi enwi urdd y Dywysogaeth, ni soniwn am y glyn coediawg a adseinia grochsw'n y rhaiadr, na'r glaslyn sydd yn britho gwastad-tir y bryn ; ni ynganwn am un o deleidion anian, ac ni chyfeiriwn at benigamp celfyddyd sydd yn cadwyno traeth wrth draeth ; dangoswn werin ddewr, wybodus, a rhinweddol,—yn ofni eu Duw, ac yn anrhydeddu y brenin ; gwerin, gyda y rhai cyfiawnder weithiau yn wir a fantola ei chlorian, ond anaml y cyfyd ei chleddyf. Pe byddai un peth mwy nag arall yn gwneuthur fy sefyllfa bresenol yn gysurus, nid lleiaf fyddai fy mod yn eistedd yn nghadair Twm o'r Nant, yspail un o'i frwydrau barddonol ; ond trwm genyf na alluoga yr orsaf llënyddawl hon i mi ad-dalu yn rhagorach y cymmeradwyaeth gwresog gyda'r hwn, fel cynnrychiolydd fy nghyfaill hoff, y bu gwiw genych fy nerbyn.

“Y BIBL, YR HOLL FIBL, A DIM OND Y BIBL.”

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ER amser y diwygiad Protestanaidd bu Cymru yn noddfa egwyddorion Protestaniaeth hyd yn hyn: ni lechodd rhwng ei bryniau llwydion ond ychydig o olion Pabyddiaeth, a llai o'i hysbryd. Dynodiad crefydd Protestaniaeth ydyw, ‘Y BIBL, YR HOLL FIBL, A DIM OND Y BIBL.’ Os gwyra crefyddwyr Cymru oddiwrth yr egwyddor hon, nid ydynt mwyach yn Brotestaniaid; a phob ymgais a wneir yn ei herbyn sydd yn cloddio dan ryddid a gogoniant crefyddol ein gwlad. Yn yr Iwerddon y mae yr ymgais hwn eisoes wedi dechreu. Yn awr y mae yr udgorn yn seinio i'r frwydr—Pabyddion ydynt yn ymrestru o dan eu hen faner, ar yr hon y gwelir, mewn llythyrenau duon, ‘GWRTHWYN-EBIAD I AIR DUW.’ Yn ddiweddar yr oedd y Bibl yn nwylaw 432,000 o blant ysgolion yr Iwerddon. Gwelodd Pabyddion nad oedd gobaith i'w teyrnas sefyll o flaen hwn. Cododd terfysg yn eu gwersyll; a lluoedd y tywyllwch yn gynnorthwy i'w byddin, rhuthrasant i'r gâd. Llwyddasant yn y Senedd i dynu ymaith holl air Duw o'r ysgolion, gan adael yn ei le ddarnau o hono gwedi eu gwyro at eu harchwaeth, a gadael allan y rhanau a wrthwynebant eu daliadau cyfeiliornus hwy. Rhoddir miloedd o arian y deyrnas i gynnal prif-ysgol y Pabyddion yn Maynooth, a thynir ymaith yr hyn a roddid er cynnal yr ysgolion Protestanaidd. Nid yw hyn ond rhan o ymddygiad Pabyddion yr Iwerddon. Y mae Protestaniaeth yn wasarn yno: llofruddir Gweinidogion yr Efengyl yn ngoleu dydd: eraill a yrir o fro eu tadau i ymofyn am noddfa ym mangre yr estron: a naceir i'r gweddill eu hiawnderau cyfreithlon.

Gymry, dyna ddarluniad cywir o gyflwr eich brodyr yn y chwaer ynys. Os ydych yn parchu eich breintiau eich hunain—os ydych yn ymffrostio yn eich enw fel Protestaniaid—os ydych yn gweled gwerth mewn meddianu gair Duw yn ei burdeb a'i gyflawnder, deffrowech at eich dyledswydd: na adewch i Brotestaniaid gael eu llofruddio yn ngwydd yr haul, heb i chwi godi eich llef yn erbyn yr alanas—na adewch iddynt gael eu hymddifadu o air y Jehofah, heb ddywedyd yn erbyn “pwys plaid orthrech”—heb ddywedyd mai genedigaeth-fraint pob Protestant a phob Cristion ydyw y Bibl; ac mai rhyfyg penaf dyn ydyw darnio yr hyn a roddodd Duw fel datguddiad cyfan o'i ewyllys, er mwyn esgusodi a boddio cyfeiliornad. Y mae “yr holl Ysgrythyr wedi ei rhoddi gan ysprydoliaeth Duw,” &c.

Gymry, pan yr ymrestra gelynion y Bibl yr ei erbyn, dyledswydd ei gyfeillion yw ymrestru o'i blaid. Y mae ergyd ar gael ei gyfeirio at eich rhyddid crefyddol chwithau. Os llwydda yr ymgais i ddarnio gair Duw, yn yr Iwerddon, nid hir y bydd cyn y gwneir ymgais cyffelyb yn Nghymru. [Mawrth, 1832.]

# A TRANSLATION OF A WELSH ESSAY

ON THE

ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THE PRESERVATION OF THE WELSH  
LANGUAGE AND NATIONAL COSTUMES OF WALES.\*

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## THE CONTENTS.

THAT the Welsh Language ought to be preserved,—on account of the value of its literary treasures,—because we are indebted to it for many of our distinguishing characteristics as a people,—and the simplicity of our habits.—Its preservation as a vernacular language promotes a brotherly affection between descendants from the same stock, and excites a love of country.—It should be preserved and cultivated because it is the only medium of religious and useful information to the majority of our countrymen. Objections answered,—that it should be preserved as a dead language—that it is an obstacle in the administration of justice—a difficulty in the way of commerce—and that our people would have been more advanced in knowledge had the English been their vernacular tongue. Of the ancient Welsh Costume. Of the present.—The hat worn by females—the mob cap—*‘pais a gwn bach’*—the mantle—the handkerchief worn around the head—wooden shoes—the general practice of wearing flannel. The materials of the Welsh dress the produce of our native hills—suitable to the climate—the utility of preserving the ancient costume.

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THE great English Lexicographer in his letter on the Gaelic edition of the Scriptures, makes the following remark, “I am not very willing that any language should be totally extinguished. The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations, and the genealogy of mankind. They add often physical certainty to historical evidence; and often supply the only evidence of ancient migrations, and of the revolutions of ages, which left no written monuments.”† A writer, who at one time distinguished himself in his opposition to the Welsh, observes also, “that no language, however poor, ought to be neglected.”‡ The utility of cultivating any particular language, whilst it continues to be a medium of communication between man and man, is universally conceded; but the claims of that language to protection becomes much stronger when it is proved, that it is the repository of documents interesting and important to the scholar; and that the welfare

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\* This Essay was intended for the Cardiff Eisteddfod, but sent in too late for adjudication. † Anderson’s historical sketches of the native Irish. ‡ D. W. of Rumney, in the Gent. Mag., 1822.

and comfort of the people who speak it depend much upon its existence. The object of the following pages shall be to show, that on these grounds, the Welsh demands from Welshmen special regard and encouragement.

Ignorance alone thought that the Welsh contained no writings deserving of notice. We still possess nearly two thousand Manuscripts, containing specimens of the authorship of every century from the fifth downwards. Many of these have of late years been presented to the world in that valuable compilation the "Archæology of Wales." As the Ancient Britons were further advanced in the knowledge of letters, at an earlier period than the other inhabitants of Western and Northern Europe, their Triads and Chronicles must be documents of importance to the historian and the antiquary. They contain almost the only account now in existence of the early affairs of Britain. They throw a light upon the state of the aboriginal tribes—their form of government and policy—their towns and places of defence. Until these records were lately unrolled, the Britons themselves scarcely knew from what source they had descended. The fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth had brought the world to believe in the expedition of the Trojan Brutus; and many a Welshman had been induced to trace his pedigree through Priam, Jove, and Saturn, to Gomer himself. But the Triads have dispelled this mist, and have shewn that the island was first colonized by Hu the Mighty and his pacific band.

Long were the reveries of the Glastonbury Monks believed, respecting the introduction of the Gospel into Britain. They taught that Joseph of Arimathea was the first who proclaimed on our shores that the Redeemer to whom he had lent a grave, had become "death unto death." Others conjectured that St. Peter, and some, that the converted persecutor of Tarsus, first planted on our white cliffs the peaceful banners of the cross. Thus, a doubt rested from age to age upon this important point. Ecclesiastical historians had not the opportunity to consult our Welsh Triads. These, when examined, brought to light a new and most interesting fact; and a comparison with the Roman annals has fully confirmed their testimony. It appears that Bran ab Llyr, and his fellow captives, were the means by which the treasures of the Gospel were introduced to our forefathers. It is made evident that this family were hostages at Rome during a part of the two years in which St. Paul was a prisoner there; and it is not improbable that that "messenger in bonds," was the instrument to bring them to the knowledge of the "truth that maketh free."



Indeed, the modern English would have known but little respecting their own ancestors, were it not for the Welsh chronicles; and the same thing may be said of much of the civil and ecclesiastical history of Ireland. Is not this one reason for preserving the Welsh language, even if there were no other reasons?

To our language we are indebted for many of those characteristics which distinguish us as a nation. There is scarcely a people, though verging on savage life, that thinks not highly of its own name and lineage: we find the same spirit also in the most civilized and cultivated. This may be called national vanity; still, as it frequently is the source of patriotism, it may be forgiven. There is probably no other nation in Europe that can boast of so ancient an existence as a distinct people as the Cymry; none who can look upon their long history with less cause of shame. They were ever the lovers of peace; but when their rights were invaded, they proved themselves to be brave also. For the sake of tranquillity, they left Deffrobani,\* and sought the shores of Britain; and for the twelve centuries in which they battled for their liberties, they carried their arms to no foreign land; nor attempted to plant their banners on citadels which they had not themselves built. Oppression alone aroused them to the conflict. They were the last in entering the field, and the last in leaving it. They never bowed their neck to the yoke of the foreigner. It is true they were subdued, but they succumbed not.† While one hand was extended to pay the tribute, the other was raised to strike the oppressor. At length, a Prince of their own race ascended the British throne; and from that period, who have been so steadfast in their loyalty? who so peaceable as the Cymry?

How many nations have sunk in the gulf of years since Hu the Mighty led over his colony to *Glas Merddin*!‡ The very names of many of them have passed away. Where now are even those who astonished the world with their achievements! Where are they? I ask History,—tell me, thou hoary chronicler of the grave, could not repositories filled with the merchandize of the world? Could not triumphs in a thousand battles? Could not institutions of all that man ever knew, save a people from passing to oblivion? No: Assyria and Chaldea thought they could, but ages have slept on the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. Where are the ancient Romans? The sceptre that swayed a world has long been broken. The Goths have trampled

\* Supposed to be the place where Constantinople now stands, whence the Cymry came to Britain. † The ancient name of Britain.

‡ “The Britons,

Who never bowed their necks to foreign yoke.”—*Falden*.



on the throne of the twelve Cæsars. Where are the Carthaginians? The vassals of a vassal are treading on the ashes of Hanibal. These are not numbered now among the nations. While they were in the height of their power and magnificence, the Cymry were a distinct people,—they are a distinct people still; they bear their original name, and possess many of their original national characteristics. How were they preserved while the waves of oblivion rolled over so many greater and more powerful nations? It is not owing to our independence, for that died with the death of Llewelyn, six centuries ago. It is not owing to our want of intercourse with others,—we are on the best terms with our neighbours. And after two thousand years of change, we remain, as to all that gives a distinct character to a people, nearly the same. The great cause of all this has been our attachment to the language and customs of our fathers. When our brethren in Cornwall lost their language, they soon lost the name of being a people.

Our innocent habits have frequently obtained the praise of the stranger. In the course of ages, some epithet generally attaches itself to a nation, which is expressive of the peculiar habits of its people. Thus we hear of brave Englishmen and crafty Scotchmen; but we are not aware of any nation being called *honest* except the Welsh. The simplicity and innocence of our habits form the source of many of our comforts; and especially that contentment which makes our peasantry appear so happy in the midst of their many privations. Should our vernacular language, which serves as a barrier against every injurious foreign intercourse, be abolished, we believe that much of our national simplicity would disappear at the same time. In the days of their degeneracy, the Romans affected to speak Greek, to the exclusion of their own tongue; and it has been frequently said, that their own effeminate manners, rather than the Goths and Vandals, worked their overthrow.

We sometimes boast of our love towards each other; but what has a greater tendency to bind together the different ranks of society, than for every grade to speak the language of their fathers? Union reigned among the builders of Babel, until their language was confused; then, they were soon scattered. More cultivation of our vernacular tongue, and a greater use of it in social intercourse, between high and low, would conduce to the increase of unity and brotherly love.

We pride ourselves on our love of country, and frequently apply to ourselves Goldsmith's beautiful description of the Swiss peasant:

“Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And the loud torrent, and the whirlwind’s roar  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.”

His language forms one, and a principal one, of those associations which attaches the Welshman to his native hills. Were this love of country gone, with the feelings that are akin to it, and which make up the general character of our people,—what would remain in the Principality? Huge cliffs and barren mountains,—a land that presented but few features that would entice the stranger and the lover of simple comfort to cast his lot within our borders.

The Welsh language ought to be cultivated because it is the only medium of religious and useful information to no less than half a million of our countrymen. They understand not—and judging from the fondness with which they cling to it, we might imagine that they do not wish to understand another. Efforts have not been wanting, in every age from the time of Edward I, almost to the present, to bring about its annihilation. Civil enactments, ecclesiastical influence, public threats, and private machinations, have all been resorted to for this purpose; but in vain. In the words of Gwallter Mechain, at the Wrexham Eisteddfod, “The poisoned arrows of the enemies returned upon themselves, Cymru only hid her face and smiled.” Instead of decaying, our language thrives in her old age. It is understood, spoken, and written more generally, and more correct now, than it has been for centuries. Offa’s dyke was the supposed boundary between the Welsh and English languages a thousand years ago; it is no more than a boundary this day. Pure Welsh is heard even on the English side of it, in many places. Thus the body of the nation still remains firmly attached to the language of our forefathers. And as three centuries of wrong, and other three of neglect, have been unable to move their affections from it, so, six centuries more of a similar treatment would not avail to accomplish this. In the lowlands, it may occasionally lose ground; but it will live amongst the mountaineers of Arvon, Meirion, and Brecknock, until the rocks, on which they tread, rend in nature’s last convulsions.

We perceive from the experience of the past, that the work of abolishing the Welsh language must take centuries for its accomplishment, even if ever possible. Now it comes an important question, what is to be the state of our peasantry while this change of language would be in progress. The difficulty of such a change would be immeasurably increased among a people scattered, as the Welsh are,

through the depth of vallies, and over pathless hills. Shall we allow our countrymen to sink into barbarism and ignorance, while this process of changing the language is going on? Shall age after age sink to the grave unblest with any instruction? "There is nothing," says Bishop Heber, "that has a greater tendency to fetter native talent, than to neglect the vernacular language of a country." This would be but one of the misfortunes of our people, if either neglect or force should prevail to keep from them that information which suits their circumstances, through the only vehicle they can profit by. Let us see what effect the neglect of a vernacular tongue, as a medium of education, has had upon the native Irish. Anderson, in his *Historical Sketches*, says, "that no less than three millions speak the Erse as their native tongue." Scarcely has a book been printed among them, nor has any effort been made, by cultivating it, to render the language a proper medium of instruction to those who speak it. The result has been, that the districts where the Erse alone is spoken, are proverbially the most uncivilized and disaffected parts of Ireland. The murky wings of a fell superstition have spread over them; and rapine and murder stalk abroad fearlessly in the gloom. Nights are devoted to outrage. The people put houses in flames to guide them on their course. The music they love are the groans of the dying. How has the same age, which proved so beneficial to our happy Principality, left Ireland still the home of all that is destructive to the well-being of society? We cannot answer the question except by saying, that while the Erse has been neglected, the Welsh has received a considerable attention and cultivation, and has been made the vehicle of useful and religious information to our people as they needed it.

Let the opponents of the Welsh reflect upon the consequences which might possibly result from the accomplishment of their wishes. Is it indeed true that they would discourage every attempt to diffuse intelligence among our peasantry, until the English had become vernacular? Would they wish to banish the language of our hills from our Churches and Schools, and Bibles,—and thus take away the bread of life from the hands of half a million of people, because the medium through which it is conveyed to them, is not according to their fancy? Would they indeed rob the children of sorrow of the only consolation that sweetens their cup,—and would they hang the clouds of despair over the grave of the departed? If not, let them no longer attempt to demoralize a nation, with the groundless hope of doing good to their children in centuries to come.

There are other objections to the cultivation of the Welsh language, which demand our notice. Some of our opponents say they have no wish to destroy it utterly; that it should be cherished as a dead language, on account of the writings it contains, but not as a living vehicle of thought, because the subjects of the same government ought to speak but one tongue, otherwise many serious difficulties are placed in the way of commerce, and the administration of justice in courts of law. We freely confess that were there only one language spoken vernacularly throughout the empire, it would be very desirable. So, peace is a very desirable blessing, but a nation will not give up its liberty and independence for the sake of obtaining it. It would be very desirable if all the world had only one language, but the desires of man cannot overturn the designs of Providence. It is indeed difficult to administer the laws duly, where the parties concerned are of different languages; but is there no way to remove the difficulty, except by the abolition of our fathers' tongue? Could not functionaries be found, who understand both Welsh and English? Or, could not able interpreters be appointed in the courts? for this would remove much of the obstacle. The laws were administered among the English for centuries after the Conquest, in the Norman French; but we never read of any proposal being made to them of changing the vernacular for the language of the law.

Our answers to those who assert that our language ought to be changed, because it is a shackle upon our trade and commerce, shall be given in the words of the late Mr. Walters, "Whether a few mercenary tradesmen, a few tricking drovers &c., may or may not, be something incommoded by the existence of more languages than one at a time in a nation, is an enquiry of too little importance to employ the serious thoughts of the cultivators of languages and literature, for the particular advantage of such individuals is an object not worth the care of the enlarged mind, when it comes in competition with the temporal and spiritual welfare of a numerous people."

It is generally said that our peasantry would have been much better informed if the English had been their language, as the sources of intelligence to be found in it would have been within their reach. To this it may be answered, that a knowledge of the English language alone would not make our people acquainted with the stores of English literature; the state of England itself proves this. We rejoice however to think, that now, from the multiplicity of English schools in every part of the Principality, the poorest of our



children are not without the means of acquiring an acquaintance with English. Still, as if by some uncontrollable destiny, the Welsh continues the language of the cottage and the market. Nor are we at all disposed to deplore this, as long as we find our peasantry as well informed as those of England, who are placed in similar circumstances. In large towns, indeed, where the crowded state of society brings the ignorant so often to an intercourse with the intelligent English, the lower orders may have reached a higher step on the scale of mental improvement than our own. Should, however, a comparison be made between the amount of general information found in the fens of Lincolnshire, and that already spread over the most secluded and desolate spots in the Principality, the writer has grounds for asserting, that the latter would be found by far the most extensive and useful. Through the efforts of every party in establishing day and Sunday Schools, we have now scarcely a cottage without its readers; and we can venture to say, that more of our lower orders are able to read, than can be found among the peasantry of any other country, in proportion to the population, except Scotland.

If we are further urged to allow our vernacular language to fall into decay from the want of cultivation, and adopt the English, on account of its superior advantages, it would be well for us to enquire whether we, like our first parents, might not be purchasing knowledge at too great an expense. The liberty of the press is one of the chief of a country's blessings, but some of the best men in England imagine that liberty has, with them, grown into licentiousness. A conscientious believer cannot pass through the streets of London without having his eyes and heart afflicted by some printed indignities thrown upon the holiest things. If the use of a vernacular tongue debars our people from many of the literary advantages which the English possess; it must be remembered also, that this very barrier excludes from our land the blasphemies of Carline, and the destructive and abominable productions of the English low press in general. Nor indeed is the Welsh cottage library very deficient: we have fifteen monthly periodicals: and no less than nine expositions upon the whole, and upon portions of the Bible are now being published. Our humble native press is hitherto pure, and long may it continue so. Immorality and infidelity have not hitherto acquired our language. In England there is no lack of writers who delight to trifle with the temporal and eternal welfare of their readers—men who drink of the cup of licentiousness, and

“dissolve the pearl of their salvation in the draught,”—men who put on the sacred mantle of liberty, and conceal a dagger within its folds. These wicked and desperate men have scarcely left any portion of the empire uninjured, except Wales. What has prevented scepticism and sedition from diffusing their poisonous influences on the banks of the Dee and the Severn? Beyond a doubt our language has been the chief cause of this remarkable preservation. The infidel and the disaffected were ignorant of our mountain tongue, and could not disturb us. In days of tumult the Principality remained faithful. From the day the Cymry saw a Prince of the race of their own Princes ascending the British throne, contentment and a love of peace have formed the character of the nation. In the time of privation and distress, when the inhabitants of other portions of the kingdom complained loudly of the burdens that pressed upon them, the Welsh farmer sang along his furrow, leaving his care upon Him who governed the seasons. What preserved the foundations of civil society unmoved in Wales, when often in England, Scotland, and Ireland, they trembled almost to an overthrow? We sincerely believe that much of this is to be ascribed to the prevalence of a vernacular language. This has proved our bulwark against the attacks of those who delight in commotion. The few of us who had heard of such men, and of their principles, had too much of the fear of our God, and too much love of the social order, to become the instruments of civil strife.

In saying all this, we are far from wishing to check the ardour of any of our youths in acquiring a knowledge of English. The treasures of wisdom to be found in it are invaluable. Our humble attempt is to show that much of our happiness as a people is wound up with the preservation and cultivation of our language, and that less would be gained than lost by its abolition. We are no advocates of ignorance of any kind: our conduct proves the contrary. In every portion of the Principality, it is invariably found that the advocates and conservators of our vernacular tongue, are also the most zealous for the advancement of those around them in all useful information.

After all, in looking on the present state of things, we do not see the most distant prospect, we confess, of that annihilation of the Welsh, which our opponents seem to wish for so ardently. It is now, and it is likely to be the language of the Sunday school and the ministry. True it is, that more English is spoken in the Principality now, than there was a century ago; that, however, is no



decided proof of there being less Welsh : the population has doubled, means of instruction have increased much during that period ; and much also of this knowledge of English is to be attributed to the infinitely greater intercourse which has taken place between us and our fellow-subjects of late years, than ever existed before. Still we know but of two districts, and those near the ancient boundaries of England, where the Welsh has lately lost much ground ; in some places it has gained. A Welsh chapel was built a few years ago on the English side of Offa's Dyke, and within nine miles of Chester. Fifteen years back a colony of Cornish miners, to the number of two hundred, settled at the Flintshire mines ; most of these persons now speak Welsh, and their children scarcely speak any other language. Thus, it appears to us, that our fathers' venerable tongue, "*Quam vetat musa mori*, wants but few efforts to ensure its preservation. Consecrated as it has been, by the genius of our bards, and surviving as it does the shock of ages, and the wreck of other tongues, it may be almost left for its future existence to its own energies."\* It has already proved that there are no materials of death in its composition ; and the manner in which it has supported itself in the face of opposition, has shown that there is

“*Lle i ddirnad nad oes lladd arni.*”

Other languages may have been brought up with History, and grown old in her company ; but the *Cymraeg* was an ancient greyheaded dame, and her Bards were bald and blind with age, before History borrowed the pen of learning, or had been cradled in the lap of time ; and the language which thus, hath not only its youth, but its old age, beyond the research of man, and the recollection of centuries, must possess some qualities which the revolution of years cannot affect : it must be immortal.

The transition is easy from nationality in language to nationality in costume. Of the mode of dress among our people in olden times, we have now but little information. Sir S. R. Meyrick collected all that lay within his reach, into the History of Cardiganshire ; and to him we are indebted for some of the first of the following observations. The Laws of Hywel Dda throw some light upon the costume of the tenth century : the principal garments seem to be the *Bryccan*,—a kind of an upper covering ; *Pais*,—a coat, and *Llodrau*,—a trowsers. In one MSS. copy of the Laws is a drawing of a Court of Justice. “In this the King is habited in a cloak, with long loose sleeves, both

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\* Introductory Address in the *Cambro Briton*, Vol. i.

of which are highly ornamented. The cloak is open from the sleeves downward on each side. He has a cap upon his head, studded with precious stones, and surmounted with a cross. The elders are in loose cloaks, with loose sleeves reaching to the elbows, through which the arms are seen, covered with tight sleeves. The judges wear a loose robe, which is made tight round the neck, with slashes in it to admit the arms through. Their heads are covered with small caps. The counsellors are habited like the judges, except the cap."

Giraldus Cambrensis, speaking of the costume of the Welsh in his days, says, "they either walk barefooted, or make use of high shoes, roughly constructed of untanned leather. Their dress is not different at night, from what it is by day, for at all seasons they defend themselves from the cold only by a thin cloak and waistcoat. The men and women cut their hair close to the ears and eyes. The women, after the manner of the Parthians, cover their heads with a large white veil, folded together in the form of a crown. The men shave all their beard, except the whiskers."

D. ab Gwilym, in his poems, describes his own dress, which we may imagine to be that of a gentleman of fashion, in the thirteenth century. He wore, he says, long trousers, a close jacket, tied round with a sash, to which was suspended a sword of considerable length; and over the whole a loose flowing gown, trimmed with fur, and a round cap on his head.

This is almost all we can gather of the Welsh costume in the middle ages. From the days when peace and intercourse took place between Wales and England, our gentry, in general, adopted the English fashion. Still, some peculiarities remain among us, even now; especially in Gwent and Dyfed, which appear native and old. The male dress differs less from the English, generally, than the female. The difference in the former is more in the material of the dress, than in the form. The Welsh peasantry delight in having a whole suit of blue, home spun, half fulled cloth,—with blue stockings, or perchance of the native colour of a black sheep; and this made a boy on the borders exclaim, in seeing an Arvonian approach, "blue, blue, all blue." The Radnorshire cloth is of the same material, but there the sable grey is preferred. In Meirion the *surcyn* (jerkin) is most frequently seen; and even there, now, it is but seldom worn on Sunday. At work, it is found convenient, on account of its want of skirts.

One of the first things that attracts the notice of a stranger in the Principality, is the general custom among the females of wearing

hats. In some districts, sufficient distinction is not observed between the male and female hat. The women of Anglesea and Dyfed, however, shew a superior taste in this matter. In Dyfed, the brim of the female hat is rather broad, and the body of it inclines to a cone as it approaches the crown. In Anglesea and Meirion, smaller hats are worn by the women than the men, and these look extremely well. Although some have observed in our hearing, more than once, that the English bonnet suits the retiring modesty of the sex, much better than the open faced hat, we should feel much reluctance in giving up this characteristic part of our national costume; for nothing could be contrived so well calculated to set off the rosy beauties of our hills as this.

The next article in the female dress is the 'mob cap.' With all our predilection for every thing national, we feel a difficulty in speaking well of this. In vain has nature given a neck of symmetry to the fair part of our population, while the broad lappets of the mob cap conceal all, and frequently a part of the face also. Were the lappets narrower, they would look better.

What is called in Dyfed '*pais a gŷn bach*,' a petticoat and bedgown, forms a peculiarity in the Welsh female dress. In Flintshire and the parts of Wales bordering upon England, these garments are made entirely of a mixture of flax or cotton and wool, called linsey woolsey. But as we ascend the mountains, something warmer is necessary to defend against the cold of winter and the sudden rains of summer. The material here is a thick flannel, nearly as thick as cloth, and striped alternately dark and dark red. In the upper parts of Cardiganshire, and in all the most mountainous districts, the skirts of the gown are made to descend almost to the ankle. In Dyfed, they are cut in an oval form, and very short, so as to appear like a man's jacket. The skirt of the petticoat is generally hemmed with scarlet tape, which in the vale of the Teifi is called '*cadys coch*.' The sleeves are turned up above the elbow, and from the elbow to the wrist, loose sleeves of cotton, with a running string at each end, are generally worn. Aprons of linsey woolsey, or of check, are used, as the gown is open before. Over the shoulders, an oblong piece of flannel is thrown, in Dyfed and other places. On week days, white flannels are generally seen, but on Sunday all appear in their home-spun shawls, of beautiful and brilliant crimson. These red coverings made the French who landed in Pembrokeshire during the late war, think that the immense multitude which they saw lining the cliffs, were all soldiers.

The female mantle is generally made of blue cloth; and so suddenly do the mountains attract a shower from the passing cloud, that on the hottest day, a Welshwoman scarcely moves from home without her cloak.

The young women wear on the head only a narrow ribbon to tie the hair, and a cap; but in some parts, immediately after marriage, a handkerchief is added. This is made into a triangle by being doubled, is thrown over the head, folded under the chin, and the long ends are tied in a knot on the back of the neck. If the climate does not make such a head-dress indispensable, we would not defend its use, for nothing has so much tendency to produce pain in the head as too much tightness and warmth.

On work days, wooden shoes are worn by the peasantry, in many places; though few are without leathern shoes on the Sunday. The clattering of these on the pavement of our small towns, on a market day, would make the stranger think that a troop of horse was approaching. We have often thought that this practice of wearing heavy and unpliant shoes, has given to many of our younger people an awkwardness of gait which nature never intended for them. Yet perhaps the marshy character of much of our country, makes the warmest covering for the feet necessary.

There is one more peculiarity in the Welsh mode of dress which must be noticed,—the almost universal use of flannel in cases where the English prefer linen. The shirts of the lower order are generally of flannel: they almost invariably sleep in blankets. In most of the Welsh districts, a pair of sheets is rarely found in a cottage. As the use of linen is much more conducive to cleanliness, the writer of this endeavoured a short time back, to induce the cottagers of his neighbourhood to use linen for the purposes mentioned above; but all efforts were abortive. After all, perhaps they are right, as no slight covering would avail to defend them from the effects of their ever changeable weather. The cotton of Manchester, however multiplied, would be but a poor defence in one of our mountain storms.

From these very imperfect remarks, it may be seen that one advantage which the Principality derives from the preservation of its national costume, consists in the materials being the produce of its own hills. The Welsh mountain farmer can generally find on his own farm almost all he wants for the clothing of his family, and frequently all are manufactured under his own roof.

It is evident that the nature of the climate compelled our ancestors, centuries ago, to adopt the warm mode of dress which we now call

national. Are there not the same reasons for its preservation as there were for its adoption? Nor should we gain anything by a change. Simplicity in dress is frequently a proof of, and conducive to, a simplicity in the social and moral habits. The preservation of the old costume destroys that restless hankering after new fashions, which has been the cause of so many domestic broils. Among the English there is no national mode of dress. The higher ranks follow the fashions of Paris, and all below them endeavour to follow their example. Those who profit by this propensity, take care to foster it by changing the fashion perpetually. This restless anxiety after something new, however, does not disturb the thoughts of our fair mountaineer. She may put on the dress of her great grandmother and walk out among her friends, without differing in her appearance from them. And why should she change it? What national costume is there among any other people that appears so neat, and is so well adapted to the climate, as the Welsh one? Let our country women look on the dress of the Bavarian girls, who sell small brooms from door to door, would they exchange with them?

Nothing cherishes a desire for fine clothes so much as a continual change in the manner of making them; and how often has this pride of dress been a stumbling block to virtue. Let our peasantry, therefore, preserve their ancient costume, especially as simplicity in dress serves to uphold, in its degree, national simplicity and worth. Let it not be said, that because we are desirous of saving from oblivion our language and our other characteristics as a people, that we are insensible to the necessity of infusing into our peasantry sentiments of friendship towards our fellow-subjects: no, we look upon the English as our brethren; and we know them to be too magnanimous to desire us to sacrifice any national peculiarity, as long as the preservation of it does no injury to the general weal. With regard to our union with England, we can adopt the language of old Vaughan of Caergai: "we have suffered a loss to our gain,—we have been ruined to our advantage."

Under a common king, and common laws, our land has enjoyed the sunshine of peace, after a long night of anarchy. We cultivate the arts of peace,—*'Gorsedd Morganwg'* is restored to its pristine superiority,—the Harp is tuned again on the grave of Iolo Morganwg,—and the love of country is rekindled under the turrets of Cardiff Castle.



Elythyan

A

Gahbiaethan.



## AT Y DARLLENYDD.

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GELLIR gwneyd yr un sylw gyda golwg ar y Llythyrau Cymreig ag a wnaed yn barod mewn perthynas i'r rhai Seisnig, sef na chyhoeddir hwynt ar gyfrif yr un rhagoroldeb sydd ynddynt megis cyfansoddiadau. Ysgrifenydd y rhan fwyaf o honynt pan oedd yr Awdwr yn ieuange; ac mae yn hawdd ini ganfod, pan oedd yn ysgrifenu at ei gyfeillion mynwesol, mewn dull cyffredin, nad oedd yn meddwl y byddai i'w lythyrau gael byth eu gwneyd yn gyhoeddus. Ond maent yn deilwng o sylw, am eu bod yn egluro llawer o bethau yn y Bywgraffiad blaenorol, ac yn rhoddi i'r darlennydd well darluniad o deimladau a phrofiad yr Ysgrifenydd, dan wahanol amgylchiadau, nag a ellir gael yn un man arall,—ei ymlyniad wrth gyfeillion boreu ei oes,—ei bryder a'i ofal parhaus am ei rieni oedranus a'i berthynasau. Maent hefyd, weithiau, yn dangos ini ei deimladau crefyddol, a'i olygiadau ar bethau ysbrydol, yn llawer gwell nag y dichon i arall eu darlunio.

Gall dynion ieuainge o athrylith, hefyd, ganfod ynddynt lawer o bethau teilwng o'u sylw; yn enwedig pan yn ymdrechu gyda thyngghedfen wrthwynebol, ac yn ymladd eu ffordd drwy anhawsderau, i sylw ac anrhydedd. Nid hawdd canfod neb yn gallu cyfodi ei ben dan fwy o anfanteision na Mr. Blackwell: ei ddiwydrwydd a'i ymdrech diffino am wybodaeth a fuont yn foddion i ennill sylw noddwyr haelionus, y rhai a estynasant iddo law o gymmorth i hyrwyddo'r ffordd o'i flaen i gael derbyniad i'r Eglwys fel gweinidog. Yr holl amgylchiadau hyn ydynt wedi cael eu hadrodd yn lled fanwl yn y Bywgraffiad, at yr hwn y cyfeirir y darlennydd.

# LLYTHYRAU.

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RHIF I.

AT MR. E. PARRY, CAERLLEON.

*Wyddgrug, Mehefin 7fed, 1823.*

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Yr ydwyf yn ddiau yn gofidio fod amgylchiadau nas gallwn eu rheoli, wedi fy rhwystro i ysgrifenu attoch yn gynt; ond sicrhaf mai nid eich ebargofi chwi, na'm haddewid innau, a wnaethum. Gwn yn dda y cydymdeimlech a'm hannibendod pe gwypech am yr hwbwb anorphen sydd arnaf gyda thrafferthion byd. Na chyhuddwch fi o weniaith pan y gwiriaf i chwi mai darllen eich llythyrau call a char-edig chwi sydd yn gwneuthur rhan fawr o bleser fy nyddiau. Ond digon o hyn,—nid gwiw ysgrifenu y llyfr i gyd yn rhagymadrodd.

Mynech wybod hanes Eisteddfod Caerwys.—Synais na buasai rhywun wedi cyhoeddi hyny yn rhai o Newyddiaduron Caerlleon cyn hyn; os byddwch cystal ag ad-ysgrifenu hwn, a'i anfon mewn pryd i'w argraffu yn y *Chronicle* y Gwener nesaf, byddwn ddiolchgar iawn i chwi. Rhag eich gyru i'r drafferth i'w gyfieithu, ymdrechaf ei ysgrifenu yn Saesonaeg.

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Wyf, anwyl Gyfaill, yr eiddoch fyth,

J. BLACKWELL.

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RHIF II.

AT YR UN.

*Wyddgrug, Awst 16eg, 1823.*

Goroian! goroian! Mr. Parry anwyl. Bydd Callestr yn enwocaf o'r enwogion eto. Yr ydwyf newydd ddychwelyd o ystafell y dirprwy-wyr yn y *Leeswood Arms*, lle y cydsyniodd y gwladgarol Syr Edward Llwyd i gymeryd y gadair yn ein Heisteddfod; a rhoddodd £5 at ddwyn y draul. Gosododd y mater o flaen yr uchel-reithwyr (*grand jury*) am y Sîr, a thansgrifiodd pob un o honynt bunt, gydag addaw ei nodd. Taffodd yr Uchel-sirydd ei deir-punt at y draul, gan addunedu, er mai Sais oedd, y byddai iddo nodd athrylith gwlad ei henafiaid hyd angeu. Dyma ddechreu yn iawn onide! Bellach, fy nghyfaill, ni raid i chwi wrido wrth sôn am eich Sîr gynhenid. Mae tân yn y gallestr, ac wedi ei tharaw o ddê, hi a wna holl Gymru "yn brydferth goelcerth i gyd." Gosododd Callestr yr engraifft i holl Siroedd eraill Cymru, trwy gymeryd y peth yn orchwyl y Sîr, yn y cyfarfod uchaf sydd ganddi.

Nid oeddym ar y cyntaf yn meddwl ond am un bunt yn wobrau am y cyfansoddiadau goreu; maent yn awr wedi eu codi i bump, a disgwylir pan y cyferfydd y dirprwywyr nesaf y gellir eu hychwanegu eto. Dyna'r pryd y llwyr benderfynir ar y testunau, yr amser, y barnwyr, a'r gwobrau; a byddaf yn sicr o anfon rhai o'r hysbysiadau argraffedig yn gyntaf oll i fy nghyfaill caredig a gwresog o Gaer, heb ddymuno mwy na'i weled yn ymgeisiwr llwyddianus.

Mi a glywais fod Mrs. Parry a'i mab yn iach galonog.—Dyma i chwi ychydig rigwm a gysodais wythnos neu ddwy yn ol, ar destun a mesur cân ragorach y doniol ERFYL. Chwi a welwch wrthi mai amcan at annerch y "gwr ieuange dieithr" ydyw, fel pe buaswn wyddfodol.\*

Yr ydwyf yn gyru eich llyfrau yn ol, gyda'r diolchgarwch gwresocaf am eu benthg. Yn y sypyn, hefyd, cewch hen ysgrif-lyfr, haws ei ddeall na'r llall: mynwn gyfeirio eich sylw at y "Cywydd i law merch," yn tu dalen 92, ac ni chewch eich siomi. Mae beirniaid da wedi meddwl mai llaw ysgrifen SION TUDUR ei hun ydyw y llyfr hwn, ond prin y gallaf goelio hyny. Yn Rhuthyn y prynais I ef, am 1s. 6c. 'Digon o newid arno,' meddwch chwithau. Pe meddyl-iwn na byddai yn bechod anfaddeuol, gormeswn ar eich tiriondeb y'mhellach, a gofynwn am fenthg *Transactions of the Cymmrodorion*, yn ol gyda'r dygiedydd. Yr ydwyf, ar ddymuniad gwr Eglwysig, yn bwriadu cyfieithu "Hanes y Cymry, o farwolaeth Llewelyn hyd eu hundeb â Lloegr."

Maddeuwch fusgrellni fy llythyr,—yn wir mae gorfoledd am lwyddiant ein Heisteddfod wedi fy nghymysgu yn llwyr, fel na wn pa beth a ysgrifenaais.

Ydwyf, anwyl Gyfaill, yr eiddoch fyth,  
J. BLACKWELL.

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RHIF III.

AT YR UN.

*Wyddgrug, Ion. 28, 1824.*

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Dyma'r mynydd mewn gwewyr yn myned i esgor ar lygoden. Yn lle y llythyr mawr a addewais i chwi, rhaid iddo am y tro yma eto fod yn bwt, a thrafferth mawr ei gael felly. Mae'r awr, un o'r gloch y boreu, yn rhoi arnaf wrth ddechreu fy mhregeth; a llythyr neu ddau oddiwrth y gwely sydd yn peri i mi ddylyfu gŕen yn awr ac ailwaith. Pa fodd bynag, heb ychwaneg o ferw, dyma i chwi y llyfrau yn eu cyfrif, a bendith i chwi am eu benthg.

Ai Solomon ydyw y gwr parchedig o Leominster? mae yn gwybod y cwbl, a mwy o'r hanner na hyny; ac yn edrych mor dalgryf a phe buasai wedi dodwy y byd.

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\* Gwel y Llinellau y cyfeirir attynt yn mysg y Barddoniaeth, t. d. 182.

Yr ydwyf yn bwriadu cyraedd Aber-rhiw nos dreynydd, a Maesgarmon ar fy nghefn, os gallwch yru y baich gyda'r cludydd heno; hefyd chwi a wyddoch a oes genych ychwaneg o'm ceriach I ai peidio.

Mae genyf ysgrif-lyfr rhagorol i'w yru i chwi yn fuan,—cewch wledd fras yn hwnw. Y'nghanol ystraffaldiach yn nenawr Broncoed y cefais ef, wrth chwilio am hen bethau.

Pe byddai genych ond cyhyd â bawd o lythyr erbyn dydd Sadwrn, byddai dda genyf ei dderbyn, cewch chwithau lythyr yn ol, yn cynnwys hanes fy nhaith.

Mae'r cludydd yn myned heibio,—rhaid i mi dewi gyda dweyd fy mod yn ewyllysiwr da o galon i Mrs. Parry a Iorwerth bach, ac i chwithau yn ufudd was, tra yn

JOHN BLACKWELL.

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RHIF IV.

AT YR UN.

*Berriew, Chwef. 10, 1824.*

ANWYL GYFAILL,

Mae ymdeithydd yn myned heibio i Le'rpwl, a rhesymol i mi achub y cyfleustra i ysgrifenu at un a brofodd ei gyfeillgarwch drwy amryfal dirionderau. Chwi a welwch wrth ddyddiad y llythyr fy mod yn mhell o fangre fy mam. Daethum yma y 30ain o'r mis diweddaf, a chefais Mr. Richards a'r holl deulu yn foneddigaidd, tirion, a charedig. Mae yma dri o wyr ieuainge yn cael eu parotoi i'r Brif Ysgol,—ni welais dri erioed mor wahanol eu hansawdd a'u tymherau i'w gilydd; ond trefnodd y Rhagluniaeth y cefais fy mwrw arni o'r bru, a'r hon a drefnodd fy ngherddediad hyd yma, iddynt fy nerbyn i gyfeillgarwch agos yr wythnos gyntaf o'm hanfodiad yn eu plith. Fel hyn, y mae'r coelbren wedi syrthio i mi mewn lle hyfryd o ran teulu i gyfaneddu yn eu plith, ac am gyfeillgarwch sydd fel olew i olwynion fy natur, gallaf ddywedyd "dyma etifeddiaeth deg." Pe byddai lle yn y byd a barai i mi anghofio yr aelwyd y dysgais ymgropian hydddi gyntaf—y llanerchau a fuont olygfeydd fy chwareuyddiaethau plentynaidd,—neu i laesu fy hiraeth am gyfeillion lliosog a hawddgar,—ac yn benaf oll am fy nhirionaf dad a mam, dyma'r fan debycaf oll. Ond nid hawdd dattod rhwymau a gydiwyd gan serch, ac a gyssegrwyd gan ffyddlondeb. Felly rhaid addef yr hyn y byddai yn ffolineb ei wadu—fod fy meddwl yn ehedfan yn fynych ar adenydd dychymyg o lannau Hafren i ochrau Alyn, Clwyd, Dyfrdwy, a Mersey, lle y profais gyfeillgarwch oedd yn fêl i'm genau ac yn iechyd i'm hesgyrn. Os gwelwch chwi neb o'r hen fechgyn a ymfrostiant fod eu henwau y'ng hoflyfr Gwalia,—dywedwch fy mod yn cosio attynt ac yn dymuno yn dda iddynt.

Am danaf fi, er yn rhy isel mewn sefyllfa i allu gorchymyn, ac yn rhy wael mewn dawn i allu teilyngu sylw, eto fy ymdrech penaf hyd angeu (ni'm cyhuddir o ymfrost wrth wneuthur y broffes) fy ym-

drech, yn nesaf i foddioni fy Nghreawdwr, a meithrin cydwybod dawel, a fydd trefnu fy ngherddediad fel na wnelo fy ngwlad wrido o'm harddel.

Pa fodd mae Cymreigyddion Caer i gyd? a oes anadl ynddynt? a gawsoch Dr. Rowlands yn Llywydd?

Cofiwch fi yn garedig at Mrs. Parry a Iorwerth bach, Jones, Roberts, Erfyl, a'r hybarch ac enwog Llwyd.

Disgwyliaf lythyr oddiwrthych y cyfle cyntaf, a chredwch fy mod bob amser

Yr eiddoch, gyda'r dymuniadau goreu,

JOHN BLACKWELL.

EHIF V.

AT MR. ISAAC LLOYD, WYDDGRUG.\*

*Berriew, Mawrth 1af, 1824.*

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Yr oedd genyf fwriad cryf i ysgrifenu i chwi goflaid o lythyr gyda Mr. Mathews; ond y mae'r *câr* ar y sawdl, a rhaid i chwithau foddioni ar lon'd dwrn. Tebygaf mai i chwi yr wyf yn ddyledus mewn rhan am lythyr mor synwrol a hyawdl oddiwrth fy rhieni. Dymunais iddynt eich cyssegru yn y swydd cyn cychwyn oddicartref. Cefais lawer o bleser neithiwr yn darllen eich araeth ardderchog o'r *Gwyliedydd*, y'nghlyw llawer o foneddigion a boneddigesau. Derbyniwyd hi gyda mwy o floeddiadau nag oddiar gyng-horfwrd y Wyddgrug. Y mae yma gryn ymholi am ei hawdwr, a thybiau tra uchel am dano pan y dywedais am ei oed a'i amgylchiadau. Mae Mr. Richards yn gosidïo nad allasai eich cael yn olygydd yr ysgol râd yma. Cawsech lawer o gyfleusderau i ddysgu yr ieithoedd dysgedig; ond nid yw, gyda'r cyfleusderau hyny, yn caniatáu dim cyflog heblaw cynnalïaeth. Ewch yn mlaen: os nad oes dyddïau gwell yn eich aros nac a addawodd boreu eich oes—ac os na chodir chwi yn golofn i'ch teulu, ac yn enwogrwydd i'ch gwlad, nid ydwyf fi yn brophwyd. Yr oedd cael ymddangos yn gyntaf ar leni y *Gwyliedydd* yn fwy anrhydedd na pheidio. Pa fodd y mae Pont-ar-wyl a'ch gorchwylion yn cytuno a'ch meddwl? Yr wyf yn sier eich bod yn cael Mr. Clough yn oreu o ddynion. Ymegniwch i'w foddio.

\* Yr oedd Mr. Lloyd yn un o gyfeillion boreuaf Mr. Blackwell, a chafodd ei osod ganddo yn y swydd o ysgrifenydd i'w rieni, ac i ddarllen ac ateb ei lythyrau ar ol ei ymadawïad â'i gartref. Yr oedd yr amser hwnw yn Ysgol-feistr yn y Wyddgrug, ac arferai ysgrifenu i amryw o gyhoeddiadau y Dywysogaeth, yn enwedig i'r *Gwyliedydd*, dan y ffug-enw CYNDELW. Ond er galar i bawb o'i gydnabod, ymadawodd â Chymru yn fuan, ac ymsefydlodd yn Lloegr. Mae Cyhoeddwr y gwaith hwn yn rhwymedig neillduol iddo am ei gynnorthwy; ond ni oddefa ei wylder ini ond prin grybwyll ei enw. Gellir yn hawdd ddirnad mai efe a anfonodd y rhan fwyaf o'r defnyddïau at wneyd i fynu gyfran helaeth o'r Bywgraffiad blaenorol.



Os boddiwch chwi ef, chwi a foddiwch bawb. Na wnewch ddim heb ofyn ei gyngor. Cyflawnwch eich swydd bresenol gyda phob diwydrwydd, gostyngeddrwydd, a boddlondeb. Nid ydych eto ond ieuane. Disgwyliwch yn amyneddgar wrth Ragluniaeth—daw ei cherbyd heibio yn ei dro, ac a'ch cyfyd i fynu. Ond os collwch eich troed yn y lle yr ydych yn awr, ffarwel iddi mwy. I egluro hyn cewch hanes ——— o G—r, yn fy llythyr nesaf. Ysgrifenwch lythyr maith gyda Mr. Mathews yn ol, yn cynnwys hanes cylchwyl Rhuthyn yn llawn. Gobeithiaf weled ariandlws am eich gwddf y cyfarfod nesaf. Darperwch lythyr arall erbyn y daw Mr. Richards o Gaerwys yma yr ail wythnos. Gwyddoch eu bod yn fwy derbyniol, o ran eu hathrylith a'u grym, na llythyrau bron neb o'm gohebwyd. Gyrais at W. Foulkes, yn lle llythyr, bennillion y byddai burion genyf i chwi eu gweled er mwyn eu darllen i'm rhieni.

Cyfieithwyd llythyr cylchynol y Gymdeithas er diddymu caethiwd, sydd yn niwedd *Gwyliedydd* Chwefror, gan eich ufudd was. Gan ddymuno arnoch er dim beidio esgeuluso un cyfle i ysgrifenu ataf, y gorphwysaf.

Yr eiddoch mewn serchogrwydd pur,

J. BLACKWELL.

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RHIF VI.

AT MR. E. PARRY, CAERLLEON.

*Berriew, Mawrth 10ed, 1824.*

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Nid oes genyf ond prin amser i ddatgan fy niolchgarwch i chwi am y sypyn a dderbyniais trwy law y dygiedydd, a'r papurau newyddion a anfonasoch o dro bwygilydd, ac hefyd eich llythyr.

Da genyf weled eich ymdrechion deffrôs a theilwng o blaid eich gwlad, ei hiaith, a'i Seintiau.\* Peidiwch a digaloni yn eich brwydrau â theirw y Vatican, na dychrynu gan ofn eu hanathema. Pob cynnorthwy a allwn ni gyfranu i chwi, chwi a'i cewch. Deliwch afael yn eich arfau: ymwrolwch, a chrogwch y lladron. Os na allwn ni drwy ein musgrellni sefyll yn daclus yn y gadres, na thrin bwa a saeth gyda medrusrwydd; eto, os gwna torri ambell i fryncyn o flaen y gatrawd, a chludo eich arfau, neu lanhau eich hesgidiau, unrhyw lês, gallwch orchymyn ein gwasanaeth. Y mae genyf led obaith y bydd i'r gwron Gwallter Mechain rododi i chwi gymorth os bydd raid; ac felly, dyna'r rhyfel drosodd,—pwy a gyfyd yn ei erbyn.

Byddai yn dda iawn genyf pe troech eich sylw at achos y Llydawiaid. Gellwch briodoli llythyr B, yn y *Gwyliedydd*, i'ch ufudd was,

J. BLACKWELL.

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\* Cyfeirir yma at ddadl a gymmerodd le rhwng y diweddar Mr. Richard Evans, o Gaerlleon, ag Offeiriad Pabaidd o Puddington, yn yr un swydd, mewn perthynas i Dewi Sant. Haerai yr Offeiriad mai perthyn i'r Eglwys Babaidd yr oedd Dewi; ond Mr. Evans a'i gyfeillion Cymreig a brofent mai perthyn i'r hen Eglwys Brydeinaidd, cyn ei hymuniad â Rhufain, yr oedd.



RHIF VII.

AT YR UN.

*Berriew, Ebrill 23ain, 1824.*

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Y mae arnaf ofn eich bod wedi esbonio fy hir ddistawrwydd y'nghylch DEWI i ryw beth anghytunol â fy serch tuag at fy ngwlad, ac â fy nghyfeillgarwch tuag atoch chwithau fel un o'i goreuon. Ond gwiriaf i chwi fod fy meddwl mewn cymmaint cythryfwl yn ei gylch â phe buaswn fy hun y'nghanol y frwydr. Defnyddiais yr holl fynudau a ganiateid i mi gan orchwylion mwy pwysig, i loywi arf erbyn yr ymladdfa. Echdoe, aethum a'r holl ddadl gyda mi i Fanafon i gardotta cynnorthwy; ond nid oedd Gwallter erioed wedi gwneuthur y pwnc yn astudiaeth: ac wedi darllen llythyrau Mr. Evans, dywedodd na allasai DEWI ddymuno gwell amddiffynydd. Y mae Ifor Ceri mewn cymmaint ffwmdwr a neb, yn darllen yr ohebiaeth—ac mi ddaliwn ffyrlling ei fod yn dymuno y fuddugoliaeth i'r Cymro bob nos yn ei bader. Fy Athraw hefyd sydd oll yn dân y'nghylch yr ymgyrch. Berwodd ddwy bytaten (chwedl chwithau) i'w taflu i gêg y Saïs, ond erbyn y deuai y Newyddiadur yma, gwelem fod Mr. Evans wedi eu planu yn nghil bôch mab y butain (Rufeinaidd) yn barod: yna teflid pytatws y Berriew i ystwc y môch. Y mae mwy o hwbwb yma y'nghylch yr ornest hon nac a dybiech, ac oll yn rhyfeddu grym, harddwch, a medrusrwydd y Brython ienange

————— yn trin  
Anhoff astalch a ffestin;

Tra maent oll yn gweled nad oes gan y cachgi o Dre'r-pwding (*Puddington*), ond gwaywffon o bytwymbren,—baner o falcin,—bwledi o solcoes,—a tharian o gauad pobty.

Yr ydwyf wedi llenwi pump a hanner o dudalenau unplyg o ryw fath o anathema ar dyb a dichell y Pabydd, gan feddwl ei anfon heno; ond wedi derbyn eich llythyr, a darllen llythyr rhagorol Mr. Evans yn y Newyddiadur heddyw, gwelaf y cyflawnaf eich dymuniad yn well, ac yr ymddygaf yn gallach trwy gadw fy ngherdd nes y cano y mynach ei ysturmant eto.

Yr ydwyf yn synu fod Mr. Evans yn meddwl gadael y maes pan y mae yn amlwg i bawb fod ei wrthwynebwr a'i gwt ar ei arrau; ond hwyrach nad yw hwn ond cynnygiad ystrywgar, fel y gallo ymddangos y dydd nesaf mewn gwisg ffugiol, a newid dyrnod a'i elyn o dan yr un fantais ag yntau. Ni byddai hyn, hwyrach, anghallineb: o leiaf yr wyf yn hyderu na wna Mr. E. encilio yn llwyr. Cadwed ei ddwrn galluog i fynu, fel y gallo milwyr mwy anfedrus ergydio ambell i saeth o dan ei noddod. Pa fodd bynag, caiff Mr. Evans orphwyso gyda'r cysur o fod wedi sefyll yn wron o blaid ei genedl a'i Heglwys, gyda threfn a dewrder a fu yn anrhydedd iddo ei hun ac i'w gyd-wladwyr.

Yr wyf wedi bod o dan lawer o anfantais i gasglu yr ychydig resymau sydd genyf ar y ddadl.—Nid oes nemawr o hanes Eglwysig

yn llyfr-gell fy Athraw, nac un gair am Eglwys y Cymry. Nid oedd genyf ond hela rhesymau oddiar brofion Mr. E., ac erbyn y codwn un rheswm, gwelwn ei fod ef wedi ei grafangu eisoes. Y mae arnaf ofn y bydd fy llythyr I yn edrych yn chwith a salw wrth ddyfod ar ol ysgrifau mor gynhwysfawr ac athrylithgar â rhai Mr. Evans; ac yr wyf yn teimlo peth arswyd rhag y bydd gorfod arnaf gilio o'r twmpath yn archolledig; ond pa golled marw yn achos ein gwlad a'i henw. Ystyriaethau fel hyn a barant i mi anturio yn mlaen, o dan addewid o'ch cynnorthwy chwi a'ch cyfeillion. Gyraf y darnau i chwi,—cewch edrych drostynt ac argraffu yr hyn y byddoch yn ei gymeradwyo.

Bwriad hyn o lythyr ydyw i'ch hargyhoeddi nad ydwyf yn segur, ac i ddymuno arnoch yru y *Guardian* y byddo ysgrif y cyfaill seis'nig ynddo yma nos Fercher, fel y gallwyf anfon fy rhigwm mewn pryd i chwi.

Cyflwynwch fy nymuniadau goreu i bawb o'r Cymreigyddion a'm cyfeillion eraill. Mae fy Athraw yn ewyllysio cael ei gofio attoch yn ddiledrith, er nad yw yn eich adwaen chwi.

Ydwyf, anwyl Gyfaill, a byddaf byth, yr eiddoch yn wir,

J. BLACKWELL.

RHIF VIII.

AT YR UN.

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Yr ydwyf yn hynod o ddioleghgar i chwi am y papur newydd a yrasoch.—Mae arnaf ofn gosod gormod o dreth ar eich caredigrwydd, onide dymunwn weled un neu ddau eto a gynnwysai yr hanes goreu o'ch cylchwyl anrhydeddus chwi, a chymdeithasau eraill.

Dyna eich Traethawd ardderchog:—cymerais ef gyda mi i'w ddangos i Mr. Richards, Mr. Jenkins, a Mr. Walter Davies,—y maent oll wedi ei ddarllen, ac oll yn canmol y dull cyson a'r yspryd gwladgarol sydd yn weledig yn ei gyfansoddiad.

Nid wyf yn derbyn mwy o bleser wrth ddarllen llythyllau neb o'm gohebwy'r nac eiddo Iorwerth Goch. Anfonwch i mi yr adysgrifen o'ch Traethawd a wnaeth R. W. i mi; oherwydd yr wyf yn mawr ddymuno, yn gystal o ran parch diledryw i'ch cysodiad, a rhwymau cyfeillgarwch at ei Awdur, gael hyn i gofio am danoch.

Mae yn dda iawn genyf weled cymmaint o ddeffroad yn nhrigolion Caer, ond gwn yn dda pwy a chwythodd yr udgorn i beri yr adgyfodiad hwn,—ewch y'mlaen. Y mae i chwi gyfeillion gwresog yn mhlith boneddigion Trefaldwyn, er ys pan ddywedais wrthynt am eich ymdrechadau o blaid eich gwlad.

Mae Miss Stephens a Miss Vaughan o Lundain yn dyfod i gymmysgu eu lleisiau angylaid â cheingciau'r delyn yn Eisteddfod y Trallwng.

Cofiwch fi at fy holl gyfeillion caredig fel o'r blaen, a chredwch fy mod, yr eiddoch yn ddiledryw,

J. BLACKWELL.

## RHIF IX.

AT YR UN.

*Berriew, Hyd. 6ed, 1824.*

ANWYL IORWERTH,

Ni ellwch ddywedyd mai arswyd y *fricsen* sydd yn peri i mi ysgrifenu y llythyr hwn, am fod amser ei bygythiad wedi myned heibio,—ond nid ydyw y rhwymau cyfeillgar sydd arnaf i'ch cyfarch wedi colli eu grym. Nid oes yma newydd na hanes gwerth ei goffa. Y mae agwedd y gymydogaeith hon, wedi yr Eisteddfod, fel y môr ar ol rhyferthwy,—yn dawel a disôn.

Blinwyd fy meddwl lawer gwaith gan ofn na ellais roddi profion o fy serch i chwi yn yr Eisteddfod,—fel y gwelsoch yr oedd y ffwndwr a thrafferth wedi fy ngwneuthur i anghofio fy hun agos.

Yr ydwyf yn gadael y lle hwn y'mhen pymthengnos, felly y llythyr nesaf a dderbyniwch a fydd o Rydychain. Bydd genyf ddefnydd i'w roddi yn y nesaf,—daw mynediad i gelloedd *Alma Mater* a choflaid o newyddion i mi.—Cewch eu gweled pa un bynag ai da ai drwg. Byddai yn dda genyf pe cawn lythyr oddiwrthych yr wythnos nesaf, cyn fy ymadawiad. Na phryderwch am gyfleusdra i'w hebrwng,—garw os na thal llythyr oddiwrth Iorwerth Goch y draul o'i gludo.—Rhoddwch ef yn y llythyr-gôd, a phe byddai “hyd yn haner fy nheyrnas,” ni chwynaf y gost.

Y mae genyf Englyn neu ddau i chwi wedi eu dechreu, ond nid oes genyf gyfle i'w gorphen yn awr,—“cânt ymddangos yn y rhifyn nesaf.”

Ydwyf, a byddaf byth, yr eiddoch yn wir.

J. BLACKWELL.

## RHIF X.

AT MR. ISAAC LLOYD, WYDDGRUG.

*Athrofa'r Iesu, Rhydychen, Rhag. 19, 1824.*

YR ydwyf wedi hir bryderu dan ba enw eich annerchwn. Y mae “anwyl gyfaill” yn rhy oer am ei fod yn rhy gyffredin. Tybiais unwaith roddi “anwyl fab;” ond cofiais mai angenrhaid bod yn yr hwn a ffugio enw tad, oedran parchus, deall i gyfarwyddo, a dawn i gynghori. Ni feddaf y cyntaf, ac yn y ddau olaf y mae y mab yn digwydd bod yn rhagorach. Er hyny, os ydyw pryder drosoch hyd yn oed i wewyr, yn rhoddi un hawl i'r enwad, ni buasai i mi ei arddelwi yn gwbl drais. Gwiriaf i chwi, fy Nghynddelw, nad ydwyf yn gweled dydd heb weled eich llaw-ysgrifen, un ai wrth ad-ddarllen un o'ch llythyrau, neu eich llyfr côch, (llyfr gwerthfawrocach genyf fi na'r coch hwnw o Hergest,) ac nid ydyw'r côf am danoch byth yn eistedd ar fy meddwl heb fyrdd o ddymuniadau am eich lles yn ei ddilyn.

Dyma sut y rheda'm serch  
Yn llinyn—yn lle annerch.

Y mae eich coflaid o destunau erbyn Eisteddfod Rhuthyn yn ormod.—Ni ellwch roddi grym eich dawn ar y cyfan. Cewch lawer o gyd-ymdrechwyr ar “Ddewrder Caradog:” ond os dechreuasoch, ewch y’mlaen. Po mwyaf y rhwystr mwyaf y gamp. Darllenwch yr hanes mewn hen lyfr, yn nhŷ fy nliad, a elwir *Owens’ Ancient Britons*. Bydded eich awdl yn fer a chynnwysfawr; eich iaith a’ch cyngghanedd yn gadarn ac ystwyth; areithiau eich milwyr yn gyffrous, rhyfelgar, naturiol, a byrion; eich trefn, eich dychymyg, cydmariaethau, &c., yn gryfion, eglur, a chyson. Na adroddwch yr un meddwl na’r un ymadrodd ddwywaith; ac na chrwydrwch oddiwrth y testun. Na ddechreuwch yn foreuach na Julius Cæsar,—llawer gwell tarawo at Caradog ei hun. Darluniwch ef yn benaf drwy yr awdl. Cedwch olwg arno o hyd fel milwr dewr, gwladgarol. Gellwch ffugio ambell i flaenor ac amgylchiad, er mwyn gwneuthur eich ystori yn fwy nodedig a chyffrous. Taflwch eich dychymyg i mewn, lle y mae’r hanes yn dywyll. Er dim, peidiwch a ffugio un peth yn groes i’r hanes ysgrifenedig. Daliwch eich sylw ar arferion gwladol a chrefyddol Brythoniaid yr oes hono, eu harfau, a’u dull o frwydro. Cofiwch yn benaf ar fod eich ystori yn eglur—pob rhan yn gyson—ac oll yn diweddu yn dda. \* \* \*

Yr ydych yn ddiogel o ddau destun y Gymdeithas; ond wrth feddwl, onid ydyw’n rheol berthynol i gylchwyllion Rhuthyn i beidio rhoddi ond un wobr i’r un ymgeisydd? Hwyrach y bydd y glod yr un—dyna eich amcan chwi—“Hwy pery clod na golud.”

Ar “Greulondeb ac anghyfiawnder Llong-ysbeiliad,” nid gwiw eich gwrthwynebu. Soniwch am ddoethineb Rhagluniaeth yn trefnu un yn arglwydd ac arall yn was, y naill i fyw ar feddianau, a’r llall ar clusen; mai ffolineb *Utopiaidd* ydyw sôn am wneuthur meddiant yn gyffredin, fel y breuddwydia y cyfartalwyr. Ni pharhâai y cyd-raddoldeb ddiwrnod: gwnai’r cybydd ychwanegu at ei dda, trwy i’r afradlon ei wasgaru. Dywedwch fel y mac ymddibyniad y naill radd ar y llall am ei chynaliaeth yn rhwymo cymdeithas; ac fel y mae cyfreithiau dwyfol a dynol yn ddefnyddiol i gadw’r undeb hwn i fynu, trwy drefnu i’r pendefig gael ei gynnal wrth lafur yr amaethydd a’r celfyddwr, ac iddynt hwy gael eu bara trwy chwys eu gwyneb. Fod y neb a doro y “cymalau cynhaliaeth” hyn trwy drais, fel pan yn ysbeilio ei gyd-greadur, yn gwneuthur a allo i dori rhwymyn gwregys y byd,—yn tynu ei gymydog o’r sefyllfa y gosodwyd ef gan Ragluniaeth, ac yn ei dderchafu ei hun trwy lwybr gwaharddedig, heblaw ei fod yn gwneuthur ail lech deddf ei Greawdwr yn sarn i’w ryfyg. Y mae y trosedd hwn ar ordinhadau Rhagluniaeth a chysuron y byd yn ddigon erehyll: ond weithiau, pan y mae llygredd dynol yn ymddangos yn ei hagrwech eithaf, ac yn profi dyfnder y codwm, ychwanegir creulondeb at anghyfiawnder. Gwylliaid a lychwinant y nôs â galanas. Syrthiant ar yr ymdeithydd dinodedd, ac hwyrach y cochant ei eiddo ysbeiliedig â gwaed ei galon. O bob erehyllerau o’r natur hyn, nid oes un sydd gymaint trais ar dynnerwch a rhwymau anian a moes, ag ydyw ysbeilio y Llongdrylliawg. Yma soniwch am bryder y morwr wrth frwydro yn erbyn y dôn gynddeiriog; ac

wedi cael ei dafu ar dir, yn drallodus, eiddil, ac unig, cysurir ei galon wrth weled goleu mewn bwthyn,—ei ymlusgiad tuag atto,—ond, yn lle cael noddod, yn clywed gororian y dyhirod a'u cydgethern fod “llong wedi traethio,” ac hwyrach y perchenog yn cael ei lawruddio er mwyn rhwyddhau y ffordd at yr ysbail! ac os arbedir ei einioes, am na thybir hi yn werth ei chymeryd, pwy a all ddarlunio ei gyflwr! —yr ychydig ddillad a'i cuddia yn dyferu gan ewyn y dôn—braidd yn trengu gan newyn, anwyd, lludded, ac ing,—yn gwibio ei lygaid gwlybion ar hyd y traeth am ei gyfoedion a olchwyd oddiar y bwrdd yn yr ystorm, hwyrach am

Wraig a phlant,—cawsant eu cau  
Yn eigion y gwanegau.

Yna yn troi ei olwg ar ddrylliau ei long wedi soddi yn y tywod, ac anghenfilod, a audybiodd yn ddynion, yn ei ymddifadu o'r unig weddillion a adawyd iddo gan drugaredd grintachlyd y rhyferthwy! Nid ydwyf ond nodi yr amlinellau,—eich llaw gywreinwch chwi sydd i lenwi y darluniad. Cymmysgwch ymresymiad gyda dychymyg. Bydded eich iaith bob amser yn gadarn, ac weithiau yn doddedig. Bydded y cwbl yn gyson a naturiol. Gwnewch y darluniad mor gynhyrfiol tua'r diwedd, fel y gellir dywedyd,

“Edrych yn y drych hwn dro  
Gyr galon graig i wlo.”

Nid oes achos sôn nemawr am yr anghyfiawnder,—y mae pob ysbail yn anghyfiawn. Soniwch am yr arferiad erchyll o grogi goleuni ar y traeth, er mwyn twyllo y morwyr, a'u gyru ar greigiau. Cwynweh nad ydyw y Cymry mor bur oddiwrth y bai ag y gellid tybied oddiwrth eu rhinweddau eraill. Deuwch a lladron Crigyll i brofi, (Diddanweh Teuluaid, t. d. 260,) a Horace hefyd os mynwch chwi. Medd efe am ein cyn-dadau, “*Britannos hospitibus feros*,”—*Britons cruel to strangers*. (Hor. Car. Lib. III. 4.) Difynweh o waith Llywelyn Ddu, yn y Diddanweh Teuluaid, ac i'r un perwyl dyma i chwi Gerdd ar y testun, gan Gwallter Mechain; gallweh loffa ambell i feddyl-ddrych o hon hefyd. Syniadau fel hyn a neidiasant i fy meddwl pan glywais am y testun. Gwnewch â hwynt fel y tybioch yn oreu. Oni buasai eich bod chwi yn ymgeisiwr, yn ddiau treuliaswn orig neu ddwy yn ysgrifenu,—ond dymunaf i chwi bob llwyddiant.

Gobeithio eich bod yn myned y'mlaen gyda Lladin. Ni wyddoch pa beth a all esgor. Gallaf addaw y cewch fwy o bleser na thrafferth yn dysgu; a gwn na byddai yn boen i'ch meddwl llym chwi dreiddio iddi ar amnaid. Mi a ddadguddiaf i chwi fy amcan wrth eich cyngori fel hyn.—Os gallweh, trwy eich llafur eich hun, ymhyfforddi yn yr ieithoedd dysgedig,—os addunedweh beidio croesi trothwy tafarn yn y Wyddgrug,—os peidiweh a chyfeillachu â neb ond dynion parchus, a phrin â rhai'ny,—os byddweh ddyfal yn eich sefyllfa,—os gyrweh ambell i ddernyn i'r Eisteddfodau, er mwyn tynu sylw,—os ymddygwch bob amser yn syml, cyson, a gostyngedig,—ac os, gyda hyn oll, y llwyddweh i dynu cyfeillgarweh y goreu o ddynion, Mr. Clough—meddyliwn na byddai yn anhawdd nac yn dreulfawr i chwi



gael trwydded yma. Y mae eich synwyr yn ormod i adeiladu dim ar hyn, nac i yngan gair yn ei gyleh i gyfaill eich mynwes. Pa beth a all cardottyn fel fi ei addaw? Er hyny, torwn fy nghalon pe byddai i'ch ymddygiad neu eich annysgeidiaeth attal eich derchafiad, os byddai i ddôr agoryd.....Byddai yn dda genyf pe rhoddech ddiofryd cadarn na sangech ar lawr unrhyw dafarn dy yn y Wyddgrug byth. Y mae fy mynwes I yn gwaedu heddyw gan y clwyfau a dderbyniais ynddynt. Ni welais gyfaill da o fewn eu muriau erioed, ac ni welais un niweidiol iawn y tu allan iddynt. Peidiwch fyth a sefyllian yn yr heol, yn enwedig ar y Sul, i ymddiddan â neb. Yr ydych bob amser yn brydlon gyda'r plant. Gochelwch gyfeillachu â gwyr ieuainge y dref,—cofiwch eich bod yn athraw. Y mae boneddigion yn nodi eich ymddygiad. Derbyniais lythyr rai dyddiau yn ol oddiwrth un o wyr mwyaf eich plwyf: dywedai eich bod yn ymddangos yn wr ieuanc sobr. Sybiau grawnwin Escol oedd hyn i mi: gobeithiaf mai y dechreu yw o newyddion godidog am danoch. Ar ol y cwbl, pe byddai i'ch disgwyliaid chwi a minnau esgor ar wynt, gwnai dysgeidiaeth eich cymmwyso at gadw ysgol uwch.....Bydd raid i chwi wrth amynedd am un mis, yna daw yn chwareu. Ni wna ymddygiad isel a buchedd rinweddus a duwiol eich amddifadu o unrhyw bleser teilwng o'r enw: yn hytrach, gwna i'ch cwpan redeg trosodd—addurna chwi ger bron eich gwlad—a thywysa chwi at ffynnon a arllwys ei dwfr pan y bydd Alyn, a Helicon hefyd, wedi sychu. Hyderaf na ddigiwch am yr hyfder a gymerais. Gwiriaf i chwi iddynt ddylifo oddiar deimlad mor bur ag a gurodd erioed yn mynwes tad. Gwn eich bod yn agored i lawer o demtasiynau, y rhai a gynnnyddant po mwyaf y deloch i sylw y byd. Gwn, hefyd, fod eich cysur amserol a thragwyddol yn ymddibynu ar eu gorechfygu. Gwyddoch chwithau fod rhan fawr o fy nghysur innau y'nglyn wrthyf fel cyfaill fy ieuencyd. Bellach, ai gormod im' am unwaith ddringo Ebal? Do, fy nghyfaill, cefais I wybod trwy brofiad trist fod deniadau cyfeddach yn llymach na saethau cawr, ac yn chwerwach na marwor meryw. Mi syrthiais I y'mhlith y lladdedigion. Tybiodd fy nghyfeillion ddarfod am danaf byth, a gadawsent fi i'm tynged. Ond, trwy y moddion rhyfeddaf, dywedodd y Gwr y rhyfelais yn ei erbyn wrthyf, "yn dy waed bydd fyw." Cefais yn barod lawer prawf o'i diriondeb; ac nid ydwyf yn cwbl anobeithio cael, o radd i radd, fy nerbyn i'w fyddin ac i gludo ei faner. Hyd yn hyn, y mae fy mriwiau yn rhwystro imi gydio mewn arf; ac yr ydwyf yn treulio fy oes gan y mwyaf wrth odreu mynydd Sion; ac weithiau, wrth godi'm llaw at ddail y pren sydd yn iachau'r cenhedloedd, dymunwn amneidio â'r llall at fy nghyfeillion, i beri iddynt ochel y llanereh lle y derbyniais I y saeth a lynnodd yn fy nghalon.

Bellach, y mae dwsin o bethau yn galw arnaf i ddiweddu, ac hwyrach fod eich amynedd chwithau yn drydedd-ar-ddeg. A gaf fi ofyn un gymwynas i chwi? sef i edrych a ydyw Ruth\* yn dysgu darllen ac ysgrifenu. Nid ydyw ei hamser ond byr. Dymunwn iddi allu

\* Un o nithoedd Mr. B., at ba rai yr ymddygai gyda'r tynerwch mwyaf, gan



deall ei Bibl yn y ddwy iaith cyn gadael ei hysgol. Cofiwch fi at R. Llwyd \* a Ricardus.† Nid oes genyf ond dymuno arnoch ysgrifenu attaf yn ddioed. Bydd yn dda i mi wrth lythyr oddiwrthych yn awr, am fod yr Athrofa yn lled unig oherwydd ymadawiad y nifer amlaf o'r astudwyr am y Gwyliau. Bydded eich llythyr cystal a'r un olaf, a chofiwch gallaf ddywedyd yn awr—cyhyd â'm un innau. Byddaf eich cyfaill diffuant hyd anghyng, ac hyd yr 28ain o'r mis hwn eich cyfaill amyneddgar,

J. BLACKWELL.

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RHIF XI.

AT MR. E. PARRY, CAERLLEON.

*Athrofa'r Iesu, Chwefror 25ain, 1825.*

FY ANWYL GYFAILL,

Y mae rhyw anffawd yn perthyn i fy llythyrau y rhaid i bob un o honynt ddechreu gydag esgus dros ohiriad. Weithiau byddaf yn gallu dywedyd yn ddihoed mai amgylchiadau a'm rhwystrent; dro arall, rhaid i mi addef, byddaf yn son am astudrwydd gyda llyfrau a helaethder gohebiaeth, pan mewn gwirionedd, esgeulusdod, ac esgeulusdod yn unig fydd yr achos o'r oediad.

Ond peidiwch a meddwl, fy nghyfaill, fy mod fel hyn yn gwneuthur cyffes o fy ngwendid er mwyn cynhyrfu eich tosturi, ac felly faddeu i mi. Na, pa faint bynnag yw fy nhuedd i adael pob gorchwyl o bwys "hyd drannoeth," y mae eich cyfeillgarwch a'ch gohebiaeth yn ddigon i'm gwneuthur yn astud. Rhaid ynte mai rhyw reswm arall a barodd i mi oedi mis yn ateb eich llythyr a dyma efe. Gan fy mod yn gobeithio cael cynnal gohebiaeth â chwi "hyd oni wahano anghyng," ni fynwn i'r llythyru rhyngom fod fel clindarddach tân drain tân y crochan,—yn treulio ei gryfder mewn amneidyn, eithr yn bwylllog a chadarn, yn gyson, gymedrol, a pharhaus. Gwelwch bellach mai nid oerni a barodd i mi oedi, ac nid osn y *friscen*‡ a wnaeth i mi ysgrifenu,—dyben gwell ac uwch nac un o'r ddau. Hyderaf y gyrwch atebion i'm llythyrau y'nghorff mis, a dilynaf fineu yr un drefn.

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ofalu yn wastadol am eu llwyddiant tymhorol ac ysprydol. \* Yr oedd y cyfaill hwn y pryd hyny yn byw yn Rhuthyn, ac wedi ennill sylw fel bardd ac areithydd. Mewn llythyr at y Cyhoeddwr, wrth son am Mr. B., y mae y sylw canlynol,—“Un hynod am ei diriondeb a'i hynawsedd ydoedd Mr. Blackwell, at bawb y deuai i'w cyfeillach; ac yr oedd ynddo ryw ffordd i fyn'd i gyfeillach rhai nad oedd, am a wn, gan neb arall. Wrth ffarwelio ag ef, ar ei gychwyniad i'r Athrofa, dywedais fel hyn wrtho,—‘Ffarwel, Blackwell, mae'n debyg mai dyma y tro olaf y cawn ysgwyd dwylaw; byddwch wedi ymuno â dosparth arall o bobl, ac ni fydd ond ychydig o flas o'r hen.’ Yna gafaelai yn fy llaw, ac a'm cyfarchai fel hyn,—‘Llwyd bach, mae'n wir fy mod yn myned i droi mewn cylch uwch, os gwel y Goruchaf yn dda fy ngadael ar y ddæar; ond mi obeithiaf na chaf byth fy ngollwng i anghosio neb o'm hen gyfeillion, ac na chaf chwaith arghosio y graig y'm naddwyd, na cheudod y ffôs y'm cloddiwyd o honi.’” † Ffug-enw un o'i gyfeillion awenyddol. ‡ Yr oedd cytundeb rhyngddynt y byddai i'r hwn a esgeulusai ysgrifenu dderbyn priddfaen trwy y llythyrdy.

Y mae yn ddywenydd mawr genyf ddeall fod eich Cymdeithas yn gwellhau yn ei hamecanion fel y mae ei gallu yn cynnyddu. Hwyrach na lwyddwch i gael cyd-ymdrechiad y Boneddion a enwasoch;—rhaid o herwydd eu hoerfel at yr achos Cymreig,—a llawer am fod rhanau eraill o'r wlad yn galw am eu gwasanaeth yn fwy na Chaer, un ai o herwydd cymydogaeth, neu feddianau. Er hyny, pe na ennillech ddim ond ymegniad gwresog ac unfryd trigolion eich tref eich hunain, byddai yn werth eich trafferth, a gallwch wneuthur gwyrthiau.

Y mae yr Iaith Gymraeg yn deilwng o'i choleddu, ac eneidiau Cymry yn werth eu cadw. Chwi a gewch fy nymuniadau goreu I, os ydynt werth rhywbeth, a phe byddai genyf well, chwi a'i caech.

Buoch yn ddedwydd iawn gael Mr. Richards yn Gapelwr,—y mae'r gwr hwnw yn addurn i bob Cymdeithas lle byddo. Yr ydwyf agos yn eiddigeddu y pleser a gewch ar eich Cylchwyl, ac er hyny yn ewyllysio i chwi fil mwy. Rhaid i mi gadw gwyliau Homer ddall yn lle Dewi Sant, ac aros fel Mynach yn fy nghell yn lle troedio'r heolydd i ddangos fy "nghenin," a gadael i'm henaid lesmeirio wrth gynghan y delyn. Ond rhaid boddloni, ac yr ydwyf yn foddlon ac yn ddiolchgar.

Yr oeddych yn ymholi pa fodd yr ydwyf yn byw yma?—Credwch fi,—mor syml a diniwed â Meudwy, a mor ddedwydd â Thywysog. Côf am gartref a hên gyfeillion sydd weithiau yn cynhyrfu hiraeth ynof am wlad fy ngenedigaeith, a dyna'r unig ddefnyn chwerw sydd yn fy nghwpan. Y mae penaethiaid yr Athrofa yn dirion i'r eithaf, a chyd-astudwyr mor gyfeillgar ag y gallwn ddymuno.

Yr oeddwn wedi bwriadu Englynion i chwi a math o Awdl i'ch Cymdeithas; ond hawdd i chwi feddwl nad oes gan un a ymunodd â'r Brif-ysgol y'mhen pum' mis wedi cydio gyntaf mewn Ieithiadur nemawr amser i gysodi dim. Pa fodd bynnag, dyma ryw bethau yn llûn Englynion "Ar y ffolineb o wadu Iaith gynhenid," a ddy-munwn gyflwyno i'ch Cymdeithas, a chwithau i aros gwell.

A wirionwyd ar unwaith—yr adyn  
Pan redai i estroniaith,  
I wadu'i wlad, gyda lediaith,  
Gwawdio hon, a gwadu ei hiaith?

A yw'n gywilydd gan ei galon—iaith serch  
Iaith sù ei fam radlon?  
Ddyddiau hir, mor dda oedd hon  
I ynganu angenion.

Ai gwr yw a gâr awen—heb arddel  
Iaith beirddion disgywen?  
Ai un am lês hanes hên  
Wrthoda chwaer iaith Eden?

Iaith oedd araeth i ddewrion,—wroniaid  
Drwy enwog ymdrechion,  
Tân eu heirf bloeddient yn hon  
"Trowch i'r Gât! tr'ewch ergydion!"

Ac onis dewis y dyn—y gyngan  
 Sydd rhwng cangau'r dyffryn?  
 A gwin i'w fant? ac ni fyn  
 Iaith hudoliaeth y delyn?

Onid yw iaith fyw mor fâd—yn deilwng  
 O'n dilyth arddeliad?  
 Neb ond un gwrthun a'i gwâd  
 Neu a ludd ei choleddiad.

Y mae doethaf gymdeithion—Cymrōaidd,  
 Ac amryw o'r Saeson—  
 Y'Ngwalia mae angylion\*  
 Gyda'u heirf am gadw hon.

A cheir yn pleidio ei choron—euraidd  
 Iorwerth† a'i gyfeillion,  
 A gwr mawr o gyrrau Môn‡  
 Yn Llywydd yn Nghaerlleon.

Mwy addas i was isel—a'i osgedd  
 Am esgyn yn uchel,  
 Garu ei iaith, a'r gwr wêl  
 Werth ei hurdd wrth ei harddel.

O'i gwrthod, gwawd ac erthwch,—a'i dilyn  
 Hyd elor drwy dristwch;  
 Ni cha lîn goruwch ei lweh,  
 O glod goreu gwladgarwch.

Boed gan Gymro ym mhob bröydd—o'i brif-iaith  
 Bur fôst yn lle c'wilydd,  
 Fel na ddel, tra y del dydd,  
 Lediaith ar ein haelwydydd.

## RHIF XII.

AT MR. ISAAC LLOYD, WYDDGRUG.

*Athrofa'r Iesu, Rhydychen, Mai 10, 1825.*

FY ANWYL ISAAC,

Yr ydwyf yn eich dyled—dyled ormod i'w thalu ar hyn o dro; ond gallaf ddywedyd gyda llawer gwael-ddyn arall, “y mae genyf galon onest, a bwriad i gyflawni pob gofyniad pan y delo ar fy llaw.” Byddwch ymarhous wrthyf, ac ni chewch sail i'm cyhuddo. Diolch yn fawr i chwi am fod yn ysgrifenydd mor dda i fy rhieni. Yn enw pwy bynag yr ysgrifenoeh, y mae melusder eich ymadroddion bob amser yn bleser i mi.

Yr ydwyf eto heb weled cydnabyddiaeth o dderbyniad eich Llinellau ar “Ofid,” ar amlen y Gwyliedydd. Pa beth ydyw'r achos, nis gwn. Gyrais hwy gyda chyfaill at Mr. Williams, Meifod, un o'r

\* Ladies. † Iorwerth Gôch. ‡ Dr. Rowlands.

golygwyr: hwyrach mai yno y maent yn aros. Os iach fyddaf, ymwelaf â Meifod cyn chwech wythnos, a mynaf wybod yn mha le yr attaliwyd hwynt, a'u llwybreiddio i'r wasg. Cymerais gennad i gyfnewid ychydig yma ac acw yn y llinellau, cystal ag yn y dull o'u gosod.\* I ddechreu, yr wyf yn gwneuthur i'ch cyfeillion eich holi am achos cyfnewidiad eich gwedd a'ch tymher, fel hyn :—

“Paham y ffrydia dagrau dros dy rudd  
Nes llwydo'r rhosyn chwaddai yno gynt ?  
Pa'm tyrdda'th fron ag ocheneidiau fyrdd  
O hwyr i foreu, ac o foreu i hwyr ?  
Paham, wrth rodio glân dy afon hoff,  
Lle gynt cymmysgit gân â si y ffrwd,  
Lle gwisga anian bob rhyw dlws a fedd,  
Na byddit hoenus ac na chenit gerdd ?  
Gynt, nid oedd un o'r holl gerddorion gwyh  
A droedient ddôlydd Ystrad Alyn werdd,  
Mor llon ei garol ac mor bêr ei dant.”

Fel hyn ymhola fy nghyfeillion hoff,  
A llais crynedig ac â llygaid llawn ;  
Ni allant wybod beth yw'r gofid cudd  
Sy'n ysu 'nghalon friw-doll ddydd a nos :  
Hawdd gallant hwy roi cyngan ym mhob tant  
O'r delyn chwêg, a'i dilyn gyda cherdd ;  
Yn hawdd y gallant ddawnsio hyd y ddôl,  
A llenwi'r twmpath glas â champ a chlod ;  
Eu gruddiau gwridog brofant iechyd bron,  
A bod danteithion pleser at eu blas.  
Ond mi wyf adyn i fy hun yn llwyth,  
Yn llusgo blin a gorthrymedig oes :  
Ni phara cwmni imi wisgo gwên,  
A chwerwon ydyw moethau goreu byd.

Dyna i chwi dudalen er cynllun. Nid oes nemawr gyfnewidiad yn y gweddill. Dywedwch imi a ydyw yn eich boddio,—os nad ydyw, caiff ei attal. Y mae “yr Haf” wedi ei roddi yn destun Eisteddfod Caerfyrddin. Da chwi, anturiwch ef. Darllenwch Thompson, ac

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\* Yr oedd gan Mr. B. ysgrif-lyfr o eiddo ei gyfaill, yn cynnwys Barddoniaeth, &c., o ba un y detholodd amryw ddarnau a ymddangosasant yn y Gwyliedydd. Wrth sôn am ei waith yn diwygio Llinellau ei gyfaill ieuange, fely byddent gymwys i'r wasg, y mae Mr. Lloyd yn sylwi fel hyn :—“*Of Mr. Blackwell it might be repeated with much truth—‘Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.’ The most clumsily executed picture, when touched by his master hand, became, by a sort of mysterious talismanic process, a miracle of artistic perfection. The most ‘rude and undigested mass’ of ideal conception, when submitted to the alembic of his genius, became, under the influence of a species of magical transmutation, a glorious creation, instinct with life and radiant with beauty. The truth of this will be evident to every one who minutely scans the merits of his paraphrases and translations. The above is a paraphrastic version of a few lines of very ordinary meditative Poetry, which were, most probably, never intended for publication.*”

ymorolwch. Ni wyddwn pa fodd i ddangos fy serch i chwi yn well na thrwy y llyfryn hwn. Gwn y cewch lawer o ddywenydd yn ei ddarllen. Y mae rhywbeth ynoch yn debyg i wendid corph a chryfder meddwl Kirke White: bydded i'r tebygolrwydd cyntaf leihau, a'r olaf gynyddu. Astudiwch efer eich mwyn eich hun, a chadwch efer fy mwyn I.

Esgusodwch fyrdra a musgrellni y llythyr hwn,—ni bu'm yn fy ngwely er ys dwy noson, a phrin yr ydwyf yn medru cadw fy llygaid yn agored. Yr ydwyf i adael yma y 15ed o'r mis nesaf, (rhaid cael llythyr cyn hyny,) a phenderfynir i mi dreulio y tri mis hyd Hydref yn y Berriew. Galwaf yn y Wyddgrug am wythnos ar fy ffordd i Rydychain yn ol.

## RHIF XIII.

## AT YR UN.

*Berriew, Awst 25ain, 1825.*

Nid anheimladrwydd o'ch gofid a barodd imi adael llythyr neu ddau o'r eiddoch heb eu hatteb. Fy anwybodaeth o achos ac ansawdd eich prudd-der a'm rhwystrai i gynyng i chwi feddyginiaeth briodol. Fy serch tuag attoch a berai i mi ystyried yn boen drin eich clwyf nes y gallwn ei wella. Ni waeth i mi ei ddywedyd na'i feddwl—yr oedd arswyd ynof o hyd fod rhywbeth fel hyn yn eich cwyn, "O na bawn fel yn y misoedd o'r blaen, pan y cadwai Duw fi." Yr oedd arnaf ofn fod hudoliaethau byd wedi eich tynu i bwl, a bod cydwybod wedi hyny yn edliw i chwi eich aflendid. Na ddigiwch wrthyf, fy anwyl gyfaill, am ddrwg-dybiau fel hyn,—nid oeddynt ond *ofnau*, a fy mhleser penaf oedd gallu gobeithio yn eu herbyn. Mi wn pa beth yw'r byd,—mi wn pa beth ydwyf fy hun,—ac mi wn pa beth ydych chwithau. Gwn fod gwyr o'ch deutu a ymlonent yn gosod temasiynau o'ch blaen. Gwn fod llithiad yn yr ymosodiad,—a gwn fod anian yn eich mynwes a fradycha eich ymroddiadau goreu. Yn gwybod hyn oll, a oedd rhyfedd i mi weithiau roddi fy llaw dan fy mhen, ac, yn eithaf tynerwch fy nheimladau, ddywedyd, "O! fy mrawd, a chyfaill fy ieuenctyd," pan oedd ofn, agos rhy naturiol i fod yn ddychymyg, yn sail i'm hochenaid. Fy anwyl Isaac, nid wyf yn anghofio y dibyn yr oeddwn fy hun yn hongian arno, pan ddaeth caredigrwydd dynion, a gras y Nef i fy nala. O! oriau gwerthfawr a weriais mewn cyfeddach! Gymaint o ing mynwes ac o ddagrau heilltion a arbedasid imi pe treuliaswn chwi gyda fy nyledswydd! Dro arall, ofnwn fod teleidrwydd menywaidd wedi eich denu i fagl. Yr ydych yn yr oed y mae nwydau gryfaf, ac yn yr amser y mae lleiaf o ddyfais i'w ffrwyno.

Llonyddwyd fy ofnau hyn ac eraill gan Mr. James, yr hwn a fynegodd imi fod eich ymarweddiad yn ddiargyhoedd,—fod eich astudrwydd yn amlwg yn mhob man,—a bod y meddyliau cyfeillgar rhyngoch a'r daionus Mr. Clough, hyd yn oed yn eich ymadawiad, yn ddi-dor. Erioed ni bu newydd gwell na mwy cymeradwy.

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## RHIF XIV.

## AT EI RIENI.

*Athrofa'r Iesu, Rhydychain, Chwef. 11, 1826.*

## ANWYL RIENI,

Yn lle esgus dros fod yn ddistaw cyhyd, rhoddaf i chwi hanes byr o'r modd yr ydwyf yn byw. Wrth ymdrechu dyfod i fynu gyda y rhai a gawsant bob mantais ysgolheigaidd ym moreu eu hoes, yr wyf yn gorfod bod yn ddiwyd iawn wrth fy llyfrau. Nid ydyw treiddio i mewn i ieithoedd ond gorchwyl sych a diffwrth, ac i un yn fy sefyllfa I, o ran gwall cyfleusderau boreuol, y mae yn waith digon caled. Am y tro cyntaf yn fy mywyd, yr wyf yn cael fod "darllen llawer yn flinder i'r enawd." Nid ydyw caethiwo fy hun i fysyrddod wedi cael un effaith ddrwg ar fy iechyd eto. Aeth cyfaill i mi, a ddarllenasai lawer llai na mi, adref ddoe wedi ei nychu gan ormod o waith. Y mae fy nghorph yn gadarn wrth natur, ond yr wyf yn gorfod cerdded allan rywfaint bob dydd, er mwyn ei gadw mewn trefn.

Bu holiad cyffredin yn ddiweddar ar holl aelodau ein Coleg ni. Aethum drwyddo yn well nag yr oeddwn I na'm hathrawon yn disgwyl. O hyn i wyl Mihangel nesaf, rhaid imi fyned drwy ffwrn boethach nag a brofais eto,—cael fy holi ar gyhoedd o flaen yr holl Brif-ysgol, am fy ngwybodaeth o'r Lladin a'r Roeg, a Rhesymaeg. Rhaid i mi hefyd ddysgu ysgrifenu Lladin mor rhwydd â Chymraeg. Yr wyf yn fynych yn crynu wrth feddwl am y frawdle, yn enwedig wrth weled cynnifer a gawsant eu dwyn i fynu yn yr ysgolion goreu o'u mebyd, yn colli'r dydd. Y mae fy mhws yn benaf ar y Rhagluniaeth oruchel a fu mor dyner tuag ataf hyd yn hyn. Y'mhellach, yr wyf yn ystyried mai fy nyledswydd ataf fy hun—at fy nghynnalwyr—ac at y plwyfolion a gaf ryw dro, hwyrach, o dan fy ngofal—ydyw lloffa cymmaint ag a allaf o wybodaeth am bob dysg a chelfyddyd. Gwelodd y caredig Mr. Clough a Mr. Phillips\* fy awyddfryd am bob hyfforddiad, a chymerasant fi gyda hwynt i wrando y darlithoedd a draddodir gan ein prif ddysgedigion ar y celfyddydau breiniol. Y diweddaf a glywais oedd yr enwog Ddoctor Buckland, areithydd ar natur y ddaear, ei chreigydd a'i meteloedd. Pan ddeuaf adref gallaf roddi i chwi rai newyddion am weithiau glô a phlwm. Hawdd i chwi weled fod y gofalon a'r gorchwylion hyn yn difa fy holl amser, ac nid hyn yw y cwbl. Wrth anneddu yn Nhrefaldwyn a Rhydychain, ffurfiais gydnabyddiaeth â llawer o foneddigion,—rhai o honynt, o ran dysg a dawn, ym mhlith y gwyr enwocaf yn y deyrnas. Nid oes boreu braidd yn myned heibio nad wyf yn derbyn llythyr o ryw gwr neu gilydd i'r wlad. Nid oes genyf, gyda chwareu teg, amser i ateb un o honynt; ac os bydd un gohebwr y gallaf hyderu ar ei gyfeillgarwch i beidio digio wrthyf, yr wyf yn gadael iddo aros nes elo fy helbul yn yr athrofa heibio. Fy mwriad yn myned dros yr

\* Y Parch. G. Phillips, Llanfachreth, cyfaill mynwesol i Mr. B., i'r hwn yr ydym yn rhwymedig am lawer o gynnwysiad y gyfrol hon.



holl bethau hyn ydyw, i ddangos i chwi a'm hanwyl gyfeillion, Mr. Thomas Jones\* ac Isaac, yr unig achos na ysgrifenis atoch oll lawer cyn hyn. Os gwelwch ddim yn yr hyn a ddywedais, yn mynegu yr anrhydedd annisgwyladwy a ddaeth i'm rhan, gwybyddwch mai nid er mwyn cynhyrfu ymffrost ynoch yr adroddais ef; ond yn lytrach er eich annog i uno gyda mi mewn diolchgarwch i'r Duw a fu mor dirion wrthyf. Bydd yn dda genych glywed fy mod I ac oddeutu hanner dwsin o'm cyd-ysgolheigion, wedi llwyddo i gael Cymdeithas Genadawl fechan yn ein hathrofa. Yr ydym hefyd yn ymgysfurfod yn ystafelloedd ein gilydd, yn olynol, ar nosau Sul, i ddarllen y Bibl a gweddio. Nos Sul diweddaf yr oeddynt oll yn fy ystafell I: a phan byddo dadwrdd cyfeddach yn taro ar ein clustiau o ystafelloedd eraill, gallwn ddywedyd, "Rhoddais fwy llawenydd yn ein calon nag yr amser yr amlhaodd eu hŷd a'u gwin hwynt."

Hyfryd iawn oedd genyf glywed am ymwared fy anwyl chwaer. Cofiwch fi ati yn garedig, at fy mrawd, yr holl blant, ac yn enwedig at y ferch ddieithr. Buasai dda genyf allu anfon anrheg iddi hi a'i mam, ond mae hyn yn bresenol o fy nghyraedd. Gadewch iddo—mae'r galon yn llawn, os yw'r pwrs yn wag. Byddwch gystal a rhoddi y Pennillion canlynol iddi yn lle *Valentine*:—

Henffych ferch! i fydd o ofid,  
Byd y dagrau byd y groes;  
Agoraist lygad ar yr adfyd,  
Ti gei flinder os cei oes.  
Mae gwlad well tu draw i'r afon,—  
Nes cael glân ar oror iach,  
Rhag pob drwg, y Duw sy'n Sion,  
Fo'n dy noddi, Marged bach.

Mae'm dychymyg fel yn gwranddo  
P'un a glywaf mo dy sain,—  
Gan holi'r avel sy'n myn'd heibio,  
A yw'th wyneb fel dy nain?  
A oes eurwallt ar dy goryn?  
A oes rhosyn ar dy rudd?  
A pha dybiau sydd yn dirwyn  
Drwy'th freuddwydion nos a dydd?

Pe bawn yna, anwyl faban,  
Mi'th gosleidiwn gyda serch;  
Ceit fy mendith am dy gusan,  
Mi'th gyfrifwn fel fy merch:  
Ac os try Rhagluniaeth olwyn  
Fyth i'm dwyn i dir fy ngwlad,  
Ti gei weled y gall rhywun  
Garu ei nithoedd megis tad.

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\* Mr. T. G. Jones, yn bresenol o Fostyn, un o gyfeillion ffyddlonaf ein hawdwr. Yr oedd ganddo yn ei feddiant lawer o lythyrâu oddiwrth Mr. B., ond methwyd a chael gafael yn y rhai hyn fel y gellid gwneyd defnydd o honynt.

Yr wyf yn gyru — i Ruth: mae yn rhy fychan, ond y gwir yw hyn,—hyd wyl Mihangel nesaf byddaf yn llwm iawn o arian; wedi hynny, caf dderbyn swm ychwanegol yn y flwyddyn. Yna mi ofalaf am dalu eich rhent, eich tir pytatws, a phesgi'r mochyn. Rhoddwch ddillad da am Ruth..... Unwaith eto, yr wyf yn eich tynghedu, na oddefwch eisiau dim. Gyda bendith, nid oes perygl na allaf ei dalu yn ol ar ei ganfed. Pa beth ydyw gwaith fy nhad? A ydyw'n esmwyth? Cofiwch fi yn garedig at deulu Broncoed, a rhoddwch fy serch at fy hen gyfeillion oll..... Mae amser a phapur wedi pallu—y gloch yn taro pedwar yn y borau—a'r ganwyll yn llosgi i'r ganwyllbren—ni chaf ond dywedyd fy mod yn aros,

Eich dyledog fab,

J. BLACKWELL.

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RHIF XV.

AT EI FAM, PAN OEDD WEDDW.

*Athrofa'r Iesu, Rhydychain, Hyd. 19, 1827.*

FY ANWYL FAM,

Fy nyledswydd ydyw hysbysu i chwi, gyda phob brys, fy mod wedi cyraedd pen fy nhaith yn gysurus, a chael pob peth wrth fy modd. Y mae y cyflwr unig y gadewais chwi ynddo, yn peri i mi hiraethu mwy am danoch y tro hwn nag un tro o'r blaen. Buasai yn dda gan fy nghalon gael aros yn agos atoch nes i angu ein gwahanu. Ond nid felly y mae Rhagluniaeth yn trefnu: rhaid i ninnau ymostwng. O ddiwrnod i ddiwrnod daw y flwyddyn i fynu, pan y caf eich gweled, gobeithio, mewn gwell iechyd ac ysbrydoedd nag y gadewais chwi. Yn y cyfamser erfyniaf arnoch, er dim, i gadw eich meddwl mor dawel ag y galloch: ar hyn y mae eich cysur chwi a minnau yn ymddibynu. Ni wna tristhau ac ymosfidio ddim ond gwaethygu eich llygad dolurus, a chlwyfo meddwl y rhai a'ch carant. Digon gwir cawsom golled fawr,—collasom y cyfaill ffyddlonaf a thirionaf a welsom erioed; eto “na thristawn fel rhai heb obaith.” Oni adawodd dystiolaeth ar ei ol ei fod wedi myned i ddedwyddwch—i wlad well na daear, “lle y gorphwys y rhai lluddedig, ac ni chlywant lais y gorthrymydd.” Ac os dilynwn ei lwybrau, ni a gawn ei gyfarfod eto mewn ardal nad oes na phechod; na phoen, nag ymadawiad o'i mewn. “Gwir ddymuniad fy nghalon, a'm gweddi ar Dduw sydd erddoch.” Y mae yn llawer o gysur i'm meddwl, fy mod yn gallu eich gadael dan ofal gwr boneddig a fu am gynnifer o flynyddoedd yn gynnorthwy penaf i'n teulu isel. Taled yr Hollalluog iddo am ei garedigrwydd. \* \* \*

☞ Yr ydym wedi gadael allan bethau o natur gyfrinachol, hyd y gallem, yn y llythyrau. Darllenasom amrai o'i lythyrau at ei berthynasau, y rhai ydynt yn arddangos ei haelfrydedd a'i ofal tirion am danynt; ond gadewir y rhai hyn allan er mwyn cael lle i bethau eraill mwy adeiladol i ddarllenwyr yn gyffredinol.

# GOHEBIAETHAU.

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## HANES BYWYD MEDDWYN.

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*At Olygydd y Gwyliedydd,*

FEL yr oeddwn, ar ddiwrnod tēg ym mis Mai, yn ymdeithio ar draws cefn o dir unig, ac agos yn annhrigianol, mi a ganfyddais fwthyn tlawd mewn cilfach dan ael bryn. O herwydd bod yr hin yn wresog, a minnau wedi teithio gryn lawer o filltiroedd dros wastadedd a bryniau, y diwrnod hwnw, nid ychydig o syched oedd arnaf, pan ddaethum at y llety dywededig. Pan droais at y drws, i ddeisyf ychydig ddwfr i ddiwallu fy angen, mi a welais wraig yn eistedd ar ddernyn o bren ar y trothwy, ei llygaid yn chwyddedig gan wylofain, a'i hwyneb yn dangos fod newyn a galar wedi bod yn gymdeithion annymunol iddi am hir amser. Wrth ganfod hon yn y fath sefyllfa anhyfryd, mi a anghofiais fy angen fy hun, ac a frysiais i ofyn iddi, Pa beth oedd yr achos ei bod yn wlo mor erwin? Pan glywodd hi fy llais, a gweled un dieithr ger ei bron, hi a aeth yn ddychrynedig, ac a geisiodd gau y drws yn fy wyneb. Yn wir, drws nid oedd yno, ond darnau tyllog o ystyllod; y rhai'n, cyn gynted ag y codai hi un neu ddwy, a syrthient bendramwnwgl ar draws eu gilydd. Pan welodd hi na's gallai, o herwydd ei braw, eu gosod yn drefnus, hi a ddywedodd, gyd âg uchenaid drom a llais crynedig, a'i llygaid ar yr un pryd yn llefaru yn fwy galluog, "Yr wyf yn gobeithio, Syr, nad y'ch yn bwriadu dim drwg i'n herbyn. Yr ydym yn agos heb ddim ymborth—y mae fy ngwr ym mron marw—yr wyf fy hun yn barod i syrthio gan newyn, gofid, ac anhunedd." Mi a frysiais i'w didwyllo mor fuan ag y gadawodd fy nheimladau cyffroedig i mi. Dywedais wrthi, "nad oedd achos iddi fy ofni I mewn un modd—mai teithio yr oeddwn y ffordd hono—ac mai eisiau ychydig o ddwfr yn unig a'm tueddodd i droi o'm llwybr at ei bwthyn." Y mae yn rhaid im' addef, i fath o gryndod oerfelog ymaffyd yn fy holl gorph, wrth weled gwedd y wraig, a chlywed ei hymadrodd. Yr oedd math o fraw nas gallaf ei ddarlunio wedi fy amgylchu, wrth ystyried sefyllfa y lle, a chyflwr y trigolion, fel braiddd nas gallwn gael calon i fyned ym mlaen i ymweled â'r dyn ar drangcedigaeth. Wrth gammu dros y trothwy, nid oedd dim i'w weled, ond tloidi a thrueni o'r fath ddyfnaf: un pen i'r tŷ oedd yn agored oll; gwynt a churwlaw yn gallu dyfod i mewn yn ddidrugaredd; ac nid oedd gan y trigolion druain ddim i'w hamddiffyn eu hunain rhag yr ymweliadau anhyfryd hyn, ond hir-bolion wedi eu gwrthio i'r ddaear ar draws yr hanner goreu o'r annedd, ac eithin wedi eu cylymu y'nglyd, wedi eu gosod ar eu pwys. Yn y pen goreu hwn y canfyddais y claf yn gorweddi, yn wael ei ddrych, ar fath o wely a wnaethpwyd o wellt, ac ystyllod rhyddion oddiam-

gylch, i gadw y cwbl y'nghyd. Ac arno nid oedd dim ond ewrlid gwael, a hen fantell garpiog. Gobeithio na welaf yn fy myw y cyfryw olwg annymunol a thôr-calonus. Pan sefais uwch ei ben, efe a edrychodd arnaf, a gwylltneb yn ei wedd, a throdd ei wyneb oddiwrthyf; ond deisyfais arno beidio brawychu. "Pwy bynag ydych," ebe fi, "a pha beth bynag a wnaethoch, nid oes achos i chwi gymeryd dychryn o herwydd fy ymweliad I; ac os oes un peth a allaf ei wneuthur drosoch, myfi a'i gwnaf gyd â'r parodrwydd mwyaf." Pan glybu fi yn llefaru yn dirion wrtho, efe a drodd tuag ataf, gyd â'r fath wedd angeuol ag a gofias tra byddwyf ar y ddaear: "Chwi a welwch adyn (eb efe) ag a ddistrywiodd ei hun, gorph ac enaid, trwy *Feddwdod*! O! pe gwybuasech pa bethau a ddigwyddasant i mi, trwy ddilyn cymdeithion drwg, a diod gadarn!" Methodd yma fyned ym mlaen. Daeth cryndod at ei gorph, cyfododd peswch arno, a daeth rhwngc yn ei wddf, fel y meddyliais fod ei enaid yn cymeryd ei ehediad tua byd yr yspryoedd. Ym mhen ychydig, llonyddodd drachefn. Edrychodd yn syn arnaf, a dywedodd, "Fel y byddo hanes bywyd dyn annuwiol, yr hwn a wasgarodd ei gyfoeth, a ddygodd afiechyd arno ei hun, ac a dynodd felldith Duw arno, fod o lês i'r genedl sydd yn codi, adroddaf wrthych pa mor annuwiol y treuliais fy mywyd."

"Er gwaeled fy nrych y gwelwch fi yn bresenol, Syr, bu amser pan oeddwn mor iach a heinif â chwithau; yn gallu tramwy o le i le, a digon o arian genyf i dalu pob gofyn, ac i fyw yn gysurus yn nghanol fy mherthynasau, heb ddwyn trymder arnaf fy hun, na neb o'm cydnabod. Cefais fy nwyn i fynu yn dyner ac yn ofalus gan fy rhieni tirion; ac nid oedd dim yn rhoi mwy o ddiddanwch iddynt na gweled eu plant yn cynnyddu mewn harddwch corph, bywiogrwydd yspryd, a chryfder synwyr. Derbyniodd fy chwaer a minnau (canys nid oedd ond nyni) bob cynnorthwy i'n gwneuthur yn fwy gwybodus pa fodd i ymddwyn yn addas yn ein sefyllfa; ac, yn wir, nid oedd hono yn un isel; canys trigai fy rhieni ar eu tir eu hunain, am yr hwn y cawsent yn llawn gan amryw dyddynwyr cyfrifol lawn ddeucant o bunnau yn y flwyddyn. Fy chwaer, er yn ieuange, oedd o dueddiad difrif ac ystyriol; yr oedd ei henaid yn cryfhau yn raddol mewn duwioldeb, fel yr oedd ei chorph yn tyfu mewn maintioli. Oddeutu un-ar-bymtheg oed, pan oedd hi yn dyfod adref yn y Gwyliau o ysgol Caer, pa mor hynaws yr ymddygai tuag ataf! pa mor dawel a siriol yr ymddangosai, pan y byddai hi yn rhoi cyngor dwys i mi i gofio fy Ngreawdwr yn nyddiau fy ieuengctyd, ac i fyw yn ufudd i'm rhieni, fel y byddai bendith pawb i'm dilyn! O, fel y mae fy nghalon yr awrhon yn gwaedu wrth gofio fy nrygioni, a'm dibrisdod o bob cynghor."

Dywedodd y gwr claf y geiriau diweddaff hyn, Mr. Gwyliedydd, gyda phwyslais neillduol: a chanfyddais ei wyneb glaswyn yn llawn gwrid am funyd; ond dychwelodd yr un wedd angeuol arno ag o'r blaen, llanwodd dagrau hyd ymyl ei lygaid, y rhai oedd wedi soddi ym mhell yn eu tyllau; ond tynodd gefn ei fÿs, dan grynu, ar eu traws, ac aeth ym mlaen â'i hanes.

"Am fod fy nhad a'm mam yn byw mor gysurus, nis nacceid dim imi a ofynwn am dano: yr oedd genyf geffyl tew a bywiog bob amser



at fy ngwasanaeth, a digon o arian at bob peth a chwenychwn. Nid oedd ffair na marchnad, o fewn fy ngyraedd, nad oeddwn yn cyrchu iddynt: yno y cyfarfyddwn â chymdeithion difyr, y rhai a'm denent â chwedlau ac hanesion hyfryd i bobl ieuainge anystyriol. Po fynychaf y cyrchwn i gyfarfod fy nghyfeillion, mwyaf unig ac annifyr i mi yr ymddangosai trigfa dawel fy rhieni oedranus. Er fod cyflawnder o bob cysuron, a ddeisyfai un dyn yn ei synwrau, yn wastadol i'w cael yn Nglan y W——, eto nid oedd yno bethau o dyniad digon galluog i'm cadw gartref; yr oedd rhyw chwant hiraethlon ynof am gymdeithas lawen-ffol, am ddadwrdd a difyrwech. Y pryd hyn nid oedd genyf ddim cariad at ddiod gadarn; yn hytrach yr oedd yn well genyf beidio yfed dim o honi; ond buan y canfyddai fy nghyd-loddestwyr fi yn gwthio y llestr heibio cyn llenwi fy ngwydryn. Fel cosb am fy nhrosedd, gwnaent i mi yfed dau neu dri llonaid gwydryn yn ddiatreg ar ol eu gilydd.

“Fel hyn y treuliais fy amser pan oeddwn oddeutu un a'r hugain oed. Yr oeddwn yn gwneuthur llawer o orchwylion dros fy nhad, yr hwn oedd, y pryd hwn wedi myned yn rhy fethianllyd i'w cyflawni ei hunan. Yr oedd dwy neu dair o drefydd heb fod yn neppell oddiwrth Glan y W——, i'r rhai y gorfyddai i mi gyrchu yn fynych i gyfarfod â phrynwyr, gwerthwyr, a'r cyffelyb. Er fy ngofid yr wyf yn cyfaddef, mai ansynych iawn y deawn adref o'r cyfryw leoedd heb fod yn llawn o ddiod; ac os ar fy ffordd y canfyddwn ddyn neu anifail, neu un peth byw neu farw, mi a'i rhegwn ac a'i melldithiwn ef yn y fath fodd arswydus ag sydd yn peri yn bresenol i'm cnawd grynu wrth adgofio fy ymddygiad.” Ebe y claf, mewn math o hunan-ymddiddan yn y fan hon, gan blethu ei ddwyllaw, a'i lygaid yn edrych tua nen y tŷ, “Yr wyf yn gobeithio, er mwyn yr Iawn a dalodd Crist, y trugarha yr Arglwydd wrth fy enaid, ac y rhydd efe faddeuant im' er anheilynged wyf.” A chan droi ataf fi, “Rhag i mi eich blino,” eb efe, “mae yn rhaid i mi brysuro ym mlaen.”

Wrth weled golwg o'r fath yma, Mr. Gwyliedydd, nis dichon y galon galetaf beidio toddi. Yr oedd ei wraig dlawd garpiog yn sefyll wrth ei ben, ac yn cymhwyso y dillad, a'r dagrau yn dilyn eu gilydd ar frys ar draws ei gruddiau, ac yn wir, yr oeddwn fy hun wedi myned yn glaf, rhwng dagrau a gofid calon fod un o'm cyd-greaduriaid wedi dwyn ei hunan i'r fath gyflwr annedwydd trwy ei gam-ymddygiad.

“Cof yw genyf, Syr, (meddai y claf, gan fyned rhagddo) fy mod yn dyfod adref, ar un noswaith dywyll, o un o'r trefydd y cyfeiriais atynt, yn dra meddw; yr oeddwn wrth gychwyn yn gallu eistedd ar fy ngheffyl yn o dda; ond pan aethum i'r gwynt, ac wedi gyru fy anifail ar ei bedwar carn, fel pob dyn meddw ynfyd, mi a syrthiais bendramwnwgl. Nid oedd yr aflwydd a ddigwyddodd i mi ar ol fy nghodwm y noswaith hono, ond megis breuddwyd dychrynlyd ac aflonydd, cyffelyb i eiddo un weithiau mewn trwm glefyd. Am dri diwrnod bu'm yn gorwedd gartref mewn math o farw-gwsg, yn llwyr anwybodus o'r hyn a ddigwyddodd. Ar foreu y pedwerydd dydd, mi agorais fy llygaid, megis i'm tyb y pryd hyny, ar ol hir freuddwyd poenus; fy mhen oedd a gwŷn ynddo, ac yn sïo yn ddiaros; fy

ngolygon yn rhy weiniaid i allu craffu ar un gwrthddrych; fy nghorff drosto megis wedi ei guro a'i faeddu yn greulon bob modfedd o hono. Ceisiais droi fy wyneb tua'r ffenestr, a chanfyddais fy chwaer dirion yn eistedd yn athrist wrth erchwyn fy ngwely; gofynais iddi yn egwan, pa beth a ddigwyddodd i mi? Hithau, a'i llygaidd yn llenwi o ddagrau gan lawenydd fy ngwely yn bywiocau, a amneidiodd arnaf â'i llaw, gan ddeisyfu arnaf i fod yn llonydd, ac a ddywedodd y cawswn wybod pan fyddai i mi fod yn fwy galluog i wrando. Ym mhen diwrnod neu ddau, hi a fynegodd—i mi, wrth ddyfod o'r dref, gael codwm erchyll oddiar fy ngheffyl, ac i un troed imi aros yn yr wrthaf, a thrwy hynny gael fy llusgo yn arswydus am oddeutu cant o latheni (ond trwy drugaredd, ar hyd le heb ddim cerrig) hyd onis torodd y cenglau, a'm rhyddhau o'm sefyllfa beryglus.

“Yr adroddiad yma o'm hagosrwydd i'r byd tragwyddol, a minnau mewn cyflwr mor ofnadwy i ymddangos ger bron fy Marnwr, a ddygodd gryndod dros fy holl gorph; teimlai fy nghalon megis yn farw o'm mewn, ac nis gallwn lai na chuddio fy ngwyneb â'r gwrthban, a thywallt dagrau yn llif. Cynghorodd fy chwaer fi ym mhob modd i adael y fath yrfa gywilyddus, a phenderfynu i droi at Dduw, yn enw Crist, a byw yn sobr; fel y byddai i mi fod yn anwyl gan yr Arglwydd, yn barchus yn fy nghymydogaeith, ac yn gysur im' fy hun, fy rhieni, a phawb o'm perthynasau. Tra bu'm ar fy ngwely, yr hyn a barhaodd am gryn ddau fis, mi addunais na wnawn byth gyrchu at fy hen arferion. Parheais ar ol hyn am oddeutu hanner blwyddyn i gadw fy adduned; ac os dywedaf y gwir, ofnwn ddigio fy chwaer yn fwy na neb arall; ac yr oedd gofid yn fy nghalon pan welwn ei gwedd yn athrist o herwydd fy nrwg fuchedd. O, pa mor siriol a charedig oedd hi, tra parhaodd yr hanner blwyddyn o'm diwygiad! Yr oedd pob peth yn blodeuo ac yn gwenu, a phob gwir gyfaill i'n teulu yn fawr eu llawenydd am y cyfnewidiad. Ond nis gadawodd y cythraul i lawenydd neb o'm plegid I fod o hir barhad. Ym mhen chwe' mis, fy anwyl chwaer a briododd Mr. A. o Ddol—, lle yn agos i gân milldir o Glan y W—.

“Ar ddiwrnod y briodas, cyfarfu amryw o'm cyfeillion, da a drwg; ac, ar ol ciniaw, yfodd pawb yn helaeth; a dyma y tro cyntaf yr aethym dros y terfynau. Pan welodd fy nghyfeillion, neu yn hytrach fy ngelynion anghymedrol, fi wedi dychwelyd atynt, ac yn ymdrybaeddu yn yr hen byllau, yr oedd eu llawenydd yn anrhaethol: rhai oeddynt yn curo y byrddau, nes oedd pob llestr a phibell yn ddrylliau tan draed; eraill yn croch-alw am lestri o'r newydd, yn llawn o ddiod, i gael yfed hir oes ac iechyd i Mr. F—. Ceisiodd pawb sefyll i fynu i yfed fy iechyd; rhai ar bwys eu gilydd, eraill ar bwys y byrddau; a bloeddiasant am deirgwaith tair, fel cynnifer o ynyfdion. Wedi i mi unwaith yn ychwaneg dori tros y cyffiniau, mi a aethum, fel cenllif gorwyllt yn llamu tros argae, yn llawer mwy diatal nag o'r blaen. Derbyniais lawer llythyr a chyngor hawddgar a difrifol o Ddol—; ac ni roddais un o'r annerchion caredig hyn o'm llaw heb i'm calon gael ei dwys-bigo, oherwydd fy ymarweddiad anfoesol, ac ac heb wneuthur math o adduned wan i fyw yn weddeiddiach rhag-



llaw. Dyma fel yr ymddygais am fisoedd, yn addunedu ar ol cael rhybudd, ond yn anghofio y cwbl yn wyneb profedigaeth, ac yn wylu dranoeth i'r diwrnod a dreuliaswn mewn anghymedroldeb, pan oedd fy mhen ar hollti, a'm genau ar fyned ar dân; ond yn boddï pob meddwl ystyriol, a llais cydwybod, wrth ganfod y cwpan hudol, a chymdeithion llawen ynfyd. Cyn pen y flwyddyn ar ol i'm chwaer briodi, cafodd ei galw o'r byd. Y mae llawer o flynyddoedd oddiar hyn hyd yr awrhon; ond y mae ei geiriau diweddaſ wrthyf yn treiddio i'm calon yn bresenol fel blaen-lymion saethau. Dywedodd wrthyf, â'i llygaid yn gorlenwi o ddagrau, 'Fod cyfeddach a meddwod yn arwain i bob math o ddrygau; ac mai terfyn yr yrfa ddinystriol hon yw trueni tragywyddol.'

"Yn y flwyddyn ganlynol, collais fy rhieni oedranus; ac erbyn hyn yr oeddwn wedi cael meddiant i'm fy hun o Glan y W—. Nid oedd dim dyled ar y lle pan gefais ef; am hyn y'r oedd genyf ddeucant o bunnau yn y flwyddyn, heblaw yr anifeiliaid, a phethau eraill perthynol i'r tyddyn. Wedi dyfod yn feddianol o bob peth a berthynai i'm rhieni oediog, ac wedi fy ngadael mewn sefyllfa hyfryd, chwythwyd fi i fynu gan falchder melldigedig i'r fath radd nes oeddwn yn methu ymddiddan â'm cyd-hen-loddestwyr, heb ymchwyllo ger eu bron, ac edrych arnynt gyda golwg dirmygedig. Meddyliais ei fod islaw fy mawredd a'm sefyllfa I fod yn cyd-ddiota cwrw, a'r cyffelyb, gyda dynionach mewn tafarndai gwaelion: am hyn ymwithais i gymdeithasu â'r cyfryw ag oeddynt yn yfed gwin a gwirodau. Yma y boddlonwyd fi yn fawr. Yr oedd y bottel yn myned oddi-amgylch megis ar bedwar carn. Yr oedd un yn gofyn am ganiatâd i yfed iechyd hwn—a'r llall, un arall—a phawb â'u gwydrau'n llawn. Ar ol hyn caem gân ynfyd halogedig; a chyn y diweddid hi yn iawn, erfynid am ei chlywed drosti o'r newydd. Cyfodai un arall i fynu i ddawnsio, ac anfynech iawn yr eisteddai heb dori amryw o'r llestri yfed.

Oddeutu yr amser yma, bu i mi briodi. Oherwydd bod fy muchedd anfoesol mor adnabyddus i bawb yn fy nghymydogiaeth, nis gallwn yno, er maint fy ymgais, gael merch ieuange, o gymeriad da, yn foddlon i ddyfod yn wraig i mi; am hyn bu angenrheidrwydd arnaf i fyned oddi cartref i chwilio am dani. Nid hir y bu'm cyn y cyfarfum â fy anwyl M. Ac oni buasai fod ei chalon wedi ei thymheru â gras, buasai wedi tori er's llawer dydd, a hithau wedi syrthio i lwch y bedd. Yr oedd ganddi gant a hanner o bunnau yn y flwyddyn, ac yr oedd o dylwyth cymeradwy; ond am na wyddai am fy nwrwg ymddygiad, nis treuliwyd hir amser cyn iddi hi gymeryd ei denu i ddyfod yn wraig i mi, yr adyn annuwiol. Buan yr agorwyd ei llygaid i ganfod pa fath fywyd yr arferwn dreulio. Nid oeddwn un noswaith yn myned i orphwys heb fod yn drwm feddw. A'r cwbl a allai fy ngwraig wneuthur, oedd fy rhwystro i yfed tra byddai hi yn wydd-fodol; ond y munyd y troai hi ei chefn, mi a ruthrwn i'm hen gynniweirfa, fel creadur rheibus at ysglyfaeth. Mor ddwfn a chadarn oedd yr arferiad yma wedi greddlu ynof, fel yr oedd wedi tyfu o'r diwedd yn fath o ail natur. Gwahoddwn, unwaith neu ddwy bob

wythnos, rai o'm hanrheithwyr drwg eu buchedd i giniawa gyda mi. Os oeddynt hwy yn ddrwg o'r blaen, mi a'u gwnawn hwynt yn saith mwy anfucheddol a diras. Yr oeddwn erbyn hyn wedi dyfod yn adnabyddus o arferiad gwyr mawrion : nis mwynhawn fy nghiniaw heb i'r gwin gael ei osod ar y bwrdd. A phan y byddai genyf gyfeillion yn cyd-eistedd, amneidiwn arnynt oll yn eu cylch, ac yfwn atynt, â'm gwydryn bob tro yn llawn : felly, rhwng yfed ac ymddiddan i'w difyru hwynt, mi a fyddwn agos yn feddw cyn i'r lliain gael ei symud. A phan ymadawai fy ngwraig o'r ystafell, yr oeddwn yn ysgafnhau, ac yn cael y fath ymwared, yn fy nhyb felddigedig y pryd hyny, a phe buaswn yn cael fy rhyddhau o garchar, a'r llyfetheiriau yn cael eu taflu ymaith. Trown at fy nghymdeithion, gyda golwg gorfoleddus, gan arwyddocau iddynt fod y lle yn rhydd, a bod genym hamdden yr awrhon i fwynhau ein tueddiadau yn ddirwysr. Ar un tro, mewn cyfeddach o'r fath yma, yr wyf yn cofio, megis pe buasai ddoe, er ei fod wedi digwydd o gylch pymtheg mlynedd yn ol, ddarfod i mi ymgynhenu âg un o'r rhai oedd bresenol, y'nghyleh peth o ddim pwys ; ond pan yr oeddym wedi yfed llawer, a'r gwaed yn dwym, neu yn hytrach yn ferwedig, ychydig iawn o groes-ddadleu a berai anghydfod : felly, pan oeddwn I yn haeru mai gwir oedd y peth a ddywedais, safodd un i fynu, ag oedd yn eistedd gyferbyn â mi wrth y bwrdd, a llefodd nad oedd un gair a ddywedais ar y pwngc mewn dadl yn wir. Yr haerriad yma a barodd y fath gyffro ynof, fel y cyfododd fy ngwaed i fy wyneb fel tônau cynddeiriog y môr. Gofynais iddo gyda gwedd anghenfilaid, a'm llygaid yn melltenu, a oedd efe yn barod i brofi ac amddiffyn yr hyn a ddywedodd yn fy erbyn ? Dywedodd yntau ei fod. Ar hyn, gyda gwylltineb perthynol i ddynion wedi boddi eu synhwyrâu trwy yfed i ormodedd, mi a sefais i fynu, ac a ymaflais mewn llestr a dwfr oedd ar y bwrdd, ac a deflais y cwbl yn ei wyneb gyda'r fath nerth nes oedd y gwydr yn ddrylliau. Y bwrdd, a'r cwbl oedd arno, a ddadymchwelwyd ; ac nid oedd dim heb ei wasgaru a'i wneyd yn ddiwerth. O herwydd y twrf aruthrol a glywid yn ein hystafell, fy ngwraig anwylgu a neidiodd i mewn ; a thrwy ei herfyndiadau taerion, ni a wahanwyd. Am i'm daro fy ngwrthwynebwyr, gorfu arnaf dalu, mewn cyfraith, agos i gant o bunnau. Yr oeddwn yn haeddu fy nghosbi yn drwm ; canys aeth darn o'r gwydr i'w lygad, a bu yn debyg i'w golli. Nid oedd fy ngwraig druan yn gwneuthur dim ond myned o'r neilldu i wylo, o herwydd y llwybr annuwiol a ddilynwn. Ond yr oedd pob annogaeth, cyngor, a bygythiad, yn llwyr ddieffraith. Yr un peth oedd dywedyd wrthyf am ymgroesi, â deisyf arnaf fyned ym mlaen yn ddigyffro ; canys fy nhuedd anifeilaid a ganlynwn. Mor ffyddlon yr oedd y diafol wedi fy ngwneyd yn was iddo ! Fel hyn yr oeddwn yn rhedeg ym mlaen, fel march i'r frwydr, i yfed, ymdrybaeddu, a threulio'm da, am rai blynyddoedd, heb edrych a allaswn gynnal fy sefyllfa yn y cyffelyb fodd, trwy fy ardreth fy hun. Buan y canfyddais lawer o ofynion yn fy erbyn, nas gallaswn eu hateb. Nid oedd dim i'w wneuthur ond benthycio arian yn ddirgelaid i'w talu, a chadw pob ymddangosiad fy mod yn llwyddo yn y byd. Nid oeddwn yn alluog i gynnal yn y modd yma yn hir.

Yr oedd sibrwd wedi myned am danaf trwy y gymydogaeath, fod y gwr a'r gwr wedi rhoddi cymaint ar fy nhir, a'r llall wedi rhoddi cymaint. Pan unwaith yr ymdaenodd hyn, tramwyodd fel tân gwyllt; ac ni bu'm wythnos yn hŵy heb gael fy annerch gan fwy nag ugain o ofynwyr, a phawb yn barod i fwgwrth cyfraith, oni's talwn yr hyn oedd ddyledus arnaf. Gorfu arnaf y pryd hwn werthu fy nhir, ac nid oedd yr hyn a gefais am dano yn agos ddigon i'm gwneuthur yn ddi-ddyled. Bu'm fyw ar nifer bychan o weinidogion; a gorfu arnaf foddloni heb fwynhau cymdeithas fy hen frodyr ffyddlon mewn meddwdod ac afradlondeb. Y rhai hyny ag oeddynt o'r blaen, tra parheais mewn hawddfyd, yn haeru na's gadawsent mo'nof byth—pan welsant fy ngorthrymder, a'r cymmylau yn duo yn fy erbyn, a droisant bawb eu cefnau, ac nid ymddiddanent â mi pan y'm cyfarfyddent. Felly, gwelwch, Syr, pa beth yw cyfeillach mewn drygioni! Yr oeddwn yn dal i fynu win a gwirodau trwy godi arian ar dir fy ngwraig, i un o dyddynod yr hon yr oeddwn wedi mudo. Fy ngwraig dda, â chalon dyner, ar ol i ni drefnu pethau yn ein sefyllfa newydd, a'i dagrau yn brys-ddilyn eu gilydd ar draws ei gwyneb, a erfyniodd arnaf, er mwyn yr Arglwydd, i adael fy ngyrfa bechadurus, ac i ddeisyf yn enw Iesu, am nerth i orchfygu pob profedigaeth. Mi a addewais wneuthur hyny; ond nid oedd fy mhenderfyniad yn hŵy ei barhad nag hyd amser y brofedigaeth, ac yna âi'r cwbl heibio fel pylor dryll ar dân. Trwy drugaredd, ni chawsom blant i etifeddu gwarth a thrueni ar ein hol. Yn wir, yr wyf yn teimlo fy nghalon y munyd presenol megis yn rhwygo o'm mewn wrth adfyfyrio ar y gorthrymder a'r adfyd digyffelyb i ba rai y teflais fy anwyl wraig. Ni pharheais fwy na dwy flynedd yn y Werddglodd-lâs. Daeth pedwar o geisbyliaid ataf, ag awdurdod ganddynt i gymeryd meddiant o fy lle, a chwbl oedd yn perthyn iddo. Digwyddodd hyn pan oeddwn yn lled feddw: yn lle ymddiddan â hwynt, fel dyn yn ei synwyr, mi a'u rhegais, ac a ddywedais y lladdwn hwynt os cyffyrddent â dim o'm heiddo: yna rhedais i nol fy nryll oedd yn llwythog; ac wrth ymgyndynu, aeth yr ergyd allan, a chlwyfwyd un o honynt, ond nid yn farwol. O achos hyn, taflwyd fi i garchar. Fy eiddo a werthwyd i dalu i'm gofynwyr. Cefais dair blynedd o garchariad yn gosb am fy ngwylltineb. Y mae yn wir nad oedd modd genyf i fwynhau fy nhueddiadau mewn perthynas i yfed tra yr oeddwn yn garcharor; canys yr oedd pob ceiniogwerth o'm heiddo fy hun a'm gwraig wedi diflanu; eto, wrth gymdeithasu â dynion diras a didduw, mewn meddwl a gweithredodd, aeth fy nghalon, yr hon oedd o'r blaen yn galed dros ben, yn awr fel yr adamant. A phan y'm rhyddhawyd, yr oeddwn yn addfed i bob drwg. Heb gyfoeth, heb letty, heb gyfeillion, ond pob peth yn edrych yn ddu yn fy erbyn; heb allu troi fy wyneb euog tuag at fy hen sefyllfaoedd—dieithriaid oedd yno yn llywodraethu—nid oedd genyf ddim i'w wneuthur, ond troi ymaith yn grwydryn carpiog tua rhyw gymydogaeath lle nad oedd neb yn fy adnabod. Treuliais rai blynnyddoedd yn tramwyo o fan i fan, gan ddeisyf elusen yr haelionus, trwy ddywedyd i mi gael colled ddirfawr gan dân. A phan ai y papury'n oeddwn wedi ei ffugio, yn rhy hen,

ymadawn â'r cwr hyny o'r wlad, ac ysgrifenwn un newydd, gan ddyfeisio anffawd gwahanol i'r un cyntaf. Arferwn gyrchu i ffeiriau, a byddwn yn wastadol ar fy ngwyliadwriaeth i feddianu yn ddirgelaid y hyn a fyddai o les i mi, pa un bynag ai arian ai eiddo. Oddeutu mis yn ol, pan oeddwn yn ymadael o ffair yn o hwyr, wedi i mi deithio oddeutu tair milldir o'r dref, canfum ddyn yn gorwedd wrth ochr y ffordd; wedi gweled ei fod yn drwm-feddw, ac yn hanner cysgu, mi a edrychais o amgylch a oedd neb yn y golwg; ac wedi boddloni fy hun nad oedd neb yn agos, chwiliais ef, a chefais yn ei logell ddeg punt; a phan ymuniawnais, wele ddyn yn dyfod ar ei hynt tuag ataf, ac yn croch-alw ar fy ol; ar hyn, trwy anhawsdra, mi a ddiengais i goedwig oedd gerllaw; ac o herwydd fy ofn i fyned i geisio lletty, mi a ddewisais yn hytrach gysgu allan y noson hono. Yr oedd fy iechyd wedi ei amharu yn fawr o'r blaen trwy fy anghymedroldeb; ond am i mi gael anwyd, trwy iddi wlawio arnaf pan oeddwn yn cysgu tan lwyn, mi a syrthiais i'r clefyd hwn, ym mha un y gwelwch fi yn bresenol. Wedi i mi fyned yn ddirgelaid i geisio fy ngwraig, yr hon a adawsw'n mewn tŷ cymydog, a thramwyo yn groes i'r wlad am lawer iawn o filltiroedd, mi a gyrhaeddais yr ardal anghyfaneddol hon. O herwydd mai papurau perthynol i dref — yw y rhai a ladratais, ac am fod ofn arnaf y gwyddys eu rhifedi, ni's anturiais wneuthur defnydd o honynt; o herwydd hyny, y mae fy ngwraig, yr wyf yn sier, bron a marw o newyn; ac am danaf fy hun, nid oes genyf obaith y codaf byth i rodio daear. Yr wyf yn arswydo myned i'r farn yn y cyflwr ofnadwy hwn! O fel y mae fy nghydwybod yn croch-lefain yn fy erbyn! Trugaredd! trugaredd! O! y mae drws trugaredd, yr wyf yn ofni, wedi ei gau am byth i'm herbyn! O! pa obaith sydd i mi, yr hwn a ddibrisiais bob moddion gras i gael madd-euant! Yr wyf yn deisyf arnoch, Syr, (eb efe, gan fy annerch,) cym-erwch ohwi yr arian, a dyfeisiwch ryw ffordd i'w dychwelyd i'w perchenog, heb eich peryglu eich hun. Yr wyf yn credu y byddaf farw cyn pen hir. Ac, O! dragywyddoldeb, pa fodd y'th dreuliaf! O! Farnwr cyfiawn, pa fodd yr edrychaf yn dy wyneb! O na byddai fy llais fel taran, i ddychrynu y cyfryw sydd yn prysuro i ddistryw!"

Distawodd yn ddisymwth: ei lygaid a ymddangosasant fel eiddo un marw, a meddyliais fod y cyssylltiad rhwng y corph a'r enaid wedi ei ddatod; ei wefusau yn unig, yn awr ac eilwaith, oeddynt yn symud. Ei wraig dlawd oedd wrth ei ymyl yn wylo ac yn igian; ac i ddywedyd y gwir, ni bu'm erioed yn dyst o olwg mor dŵr-calonus. Pan welais ef yn bywiocau, mi a ofynais am yr arian; ac wedi rhoddi cyngor byr iddo, perthynol i'w sefyllfa, ac ychydig sylltau i'w wraig i brynu lluniaeth, mi a'u gadewais, gyd ag addewid i ymwled â hwynt ar frys drachefn, wedi dysgu y fath wers ag, yr wyf yn gob-eithio, nad anghosiaf tra byddaf ar dir y rhai byw.



## TRANC Y FLWYDDYN 1830.

NEITHIWR pan oedd “llwyd gyflychwyr wedi tuddo yn ei liw cynefin bob rhyw beth,” cauais fy llygaid ; a pha un ai yn nghwsg ai yn effro, ai ynte rhwng y ddau yr oeddwn, nis gwn yn iawn, ond dychymygais weled a chlywed fel y canlyn. Yr oedd hynaf wraig yn gorwedd ar wely o ddail crinion—ei gwallt oedd wyn gan y barug—ei llais oedd grug a garw—ei llun oedd agos mor grin a’r dail y gorweddai arnynt, a’i hunig gwrlid oedd mantell o eira un-nos. Deallid wrth ddistawrwydd ei chalon, a byrdra ei hanadl, fod ei hawr olaf yn agosáu.

Gwyddwn, heb ofyn i neb, mai y Flwyddyn 1830 oedd yr hen wraig a welwn ; a chan fod pawb o fy narllenwyr yn ei chofio yn feinir hoyw, a’i grudd yn goch a’i throed yn ysgafn, hwyrach na bydd yn ddrwg ganddynt glywed rhai o’i hymadroddion diweddaf. Yr oedd ei merch *Rhagfyr*, yr olaf o’i deuddeg plentyn, yn paráu i gynnal pen ei mam yn ei llesgedd ; ond nid yw hithau debyg i fyw yn hir. Tybia y meddygon goreu y bydd y fam a’r ferch farw ar unwaith. Dyma rai o’r ymadroddion a gesglais oddiar dafod bloesg yr hynaf wraig :—“Merch ydwyf fi, (ebe hi) i *Amser*, a myfi ydyw y ddiweddaf o’i eppil liosog. Bu i fy nhad bum mil, wyth gant, a deg ar hugain o honom, ond ni bu ganddo erioed ychwaneg nag un ar unwaith ; y mae yn rhaid i un o’i blant farw yn wastad cyn i un arall gael ei eni. Meddylia rhai fod yr hen wr ei hun yn dechreu adfeilio bellach, ac y bydd iddo, gwedi genedigaeth ychydig ganoedd o honom yn ychwaneg, weled ei deulu yn gyflawn, a marw ei hunan.”

Yna galwodd yr Hen Flwyddyn am ei llyfr cyfrif, ac edrychodd dros ei ddalenau gyda llygad llawn. Ymddengys ei bod wedi cadw cyfrif manwl o’r holl funydau, oriau, dyddiau, a misoedd, a roddasai allan ; ac hefyd wedi cofnodi yma a thraw pa fodd y treuliasid hwynt. Rhy faith fyddai ysgrifenu yma y cwbl a ddywedodd yr hen wraig ar y pen hwn ; gofyned pob darlennydd i’w gydwybod ei hun, pa achwyniadau allasai hi ddwyn i’w erbyn ef. Ond rhaid sylwi ar un amgylchiad. Wrth edrych ar un tu dalen o’i llyfr, gwelwn y dagrau yn llifo dros ei gruddiau llwydion. Ni allwn lai na gofyn yr achos. “Yma, (ebe hi,) y mae cofrestr o ddeg Sabbath a deugain fy mywyd y rhai hyn oeddynt fy rhoddion penaf, ac eto, y rhai hyn a ddirmygwyd ac a wastraffwyd fwyaf gan blant dynion. Nid oedd genyf ond deuddeg a deugain o honynt i’w rhoddi. O ! leied o sylw sobr a defnyddiol a dalwyd iddynt. Yn fy mabandod, yr wyf yn cofio clywed myrddiynau yn addaw yn uchel y cyssegrent bob dydd i wasanaeth y nef, os caent eu harbed i fyw yn fy nghwmni hyd ddiwedd fy ystod. Eiriolodd un ar eu rhan ‘gad y flwyddyn hon eto,’ a llwyddodd. Wrth eu cyfarch bob boreu, fy nyledswydd oedd gofyn iddynt, dros fy Ngreawdwr, ‘Pa le y mae yr adduned ? yr ydych chiwi a minneu heddyw yn nes i farw nag erioed ; nid oes nac edifeirwch na maddeuant yn y bedd,—pa le y mae yr adduned ?’ Fel

hyn y byddwn yn gofyn ; ond gwawd a chrechwen a gefais yn dâl am fy ngofal gan lawer iawn. Y mae eu hadduned heb gael ei thalu eto ; ac y mae yn debyg y bydd raid i mi eu gadael yn ddyfnach mewn bai, ac yn galetach mewn yspryd nag erioed. Ond yr wyf yn teimlo mwy o dosturi nag o ddigter tuag at y trueiniaid hyn : y maent yn elynion llawer mwy creulon iddynt eu hunain nag ydynt i mi. Arferasant lawer dull i fy anmharchu, ond iddynt hwy y mae y dirmyg. Cyflogasant fintai o garn-ladron i fy ysbeilio, ond iddynt hwy eu hunain y gwnaethant y gollod. Y gwaethaf yn y fintai oedd un a alwent Mr. *Oedi* : hen elyn a wnaeth lawer o gam i fy nhad a'i holl hiliogaeth. Yr oedd gan hwn dri o gyfeillion o'r un reddf a dyben drwg ag yntef, *Cwsg*, *Diogi*, a *Phleser*. Ni wŷr neb pa faint a oddefais oddiwrth y dyhirod hyn. Ond y mae diwrnod wedi ei ordeinio, pan y gelwir holl drigolion y byd i roddi cyfrif am y modd yr ymddygasant tuag ataf : dielir am fy anmharch ar bawb a fernir yn euog.

“Am danaf fi, rhaid i bawb gyfaddef i mi wneuthur fy nyledswydd tuag at elynion a chyfeillion. Cynnorthwywyd fy ymdrechïadau gan fy neuddeg plentyn, bob un yn ei dro. Yr oedd eu gwedd a'u tymherau, yn wir, yn amrywiol, ond daioni a darddodd yn y diwedd oddiwrthynt oll. Gwedd led arw a wisgodd fy nghyntafanedigion, eto, ni wnaeth eu teimlad oer, a'u hanadl lem, ond teneuo eppil pryfaid niweidiol, a phuro yr awyr oddiwrth ddefnyddïau afiechyd ac anghysur. Ond meiriolwyd llyffetheiriaid y ddaear gan anadl olaf *Chweffror* ; a chyn hir daeth fy mhlant yn Alban Eilir i hulio y berllan lom â dail ac â blagur ; ac i ddwyn eu hanrhegion o flodau cynar a pheraroglaidd. Bachgen brochus anfoneddigaidd oedd *Mawrth* ; ond o dan ei holl ymddygiad ystormus yr oedd yn cuddio calon dda. Daeth *Mai* a *Mehefin* yn olynol yn mlaen, gwedi eu coronï â'r haul, a rhos yn eu dwylaw. Hoffder y naill fel y llall oedd dawnsio ar y twmpath glas, gerllaw y llyn mynyddig, i chwibaniad lleddf yr awel foreu. Geneth lariaidd, dyner-galon, oedd *Gorphenaf* : wylodd lawer o herwydd claddu ei chwaer *Mehefin*. Gwelodd Brydain yn wylo hefyd am i angeu ddringo i mewn i'w phalasau—taro ei bicell yn nghalon ei Brenin tirion, a throi gorsedd a gwisg freniniol yn arch ac yn amdo. Gwelodd Ddyngarwch yn wylo uwch ben Ffrainc, wrth weled heolydd ei phrif ddinas yn gochion gan waed ei phlant : ofer oedd sibwrdd fod y Chwyldroad yn angenrheidiol ; ni wnai hyny ond peri i Ddyngarwch wylo mwy. Gwyddai mai dechreuad gofidïau oedd hyn oll ; a phwy a wŷr yn mha le y diwedda ? Gwelodd fy mhlant diweddarach fwy o wrthryfel a chelanedd yn yr Iseldiroedd, a gwlad y Pwyl. Gwelsant hefyd heddwch yn cael ei adferu i Ffrainc ; a gwelsant orsedd Prydain yn cael ei llenwi gan ei gwir etifedd—y mwyaf gwladgarol a thirion yn mhlith breninoedd. Bu *Medi* farw yn nghanol pelydr yr haul ; ac yn yr hwyr cenais ei farwnad, clywais glogwyni Cymru yn diaspedain gan y “Fedel fawr.” Hir, hir y cofir am fy mab *Hydref* : yn ei oes ef y dygodd trigolion deheudir Lloegr warth eu rhandir—brithasant dywyllwch eu nosweithïau trwy wneuthur coelcerthi o dai ac ydlananau eu cymydogion. Nid oes prin un ardal lle y gallaf gael llonyddwch i dynu fy anadl olaf heblaw Cymru.



O! pe medrai fy hen aelodau fy nghludo i gopa yr Eryri, i weled yr haul yn machludo arnaf y tro diweddaf, tebygwn y byddwn farw wrth fy modd."

Daeth rhyw grynfa dros yr hen wraig y pryd hyn: gwnaeth ei merch *Rhagfyr* gymmaint ag a allai erddi; nid oedd ei gallu ond byr—nid oedd ei llaw ond oer. Gwedi adfywio ychydig aeth yr Hen Flwyddyn yn mlaen mewn llais dwysach:—"Nid oes achos i neb gymeryd yn chwith fod un a gafodd driniaeth mor anheilwng â mi, yn gorfod sôn peth am dano; ond os oes neb, wrth glywed fy ngalarnad, yn teimlo edifeirwch am ymddwyn tuag ataf mor anhirion, dymunwn ddywedyd, fod ganddynt hamdden eto i ddangos eu parch i mi am yr ychydig ddyddiau sydd yn aros i mi yn ol. Bydded iddynt dystio gwirionedd eu hedifeirwch trwy ddangos eu cariad at *Ragfyr*, fy mhlentyn unig ac olaf. Er ei bod bellach wedi cyrhaedd hamer ei dyddiau, y mae ganddi lawer o drysorau anmhrisiadwy eto i'w cyfranu. Y mae ganddi ddau Sabbath gwerthfawr, a Gwyl arbenig, yn llawn o freintiau goruchel: byddai yn gysur i fy munydau olaf pe gwyddwn fod y rhai hyny gwedi cael eu defnyddio a'u gwerthfawrogi yn well na'r rhai a aethant heibio. Gwedi i mi farw, y mae yn debyg y bydd llawer yn gofidio na buasai eu hymddygiad tuag ataf yn well: iddynt hwy dymunwn adael hyn fel fy ngorchymyn diweddaf, i beidio treulio eu hamser mewn tristwch dilês. Ni wna eu holl edifeirwch a'u dymuniadau byth fy ngalw I drachefn i fywyd. Ni ddychwelaf byth, byth mwy. Ped wylent eu henaid yn ddagrau heilltion, ni allant byth alw un awr, un munyd, un ffraint, un cyfleusdra, a roddais iddynt i'w meddiant yn ol. Y maent oll yn nhragwyddoldeb; a byddaf finneu yno yn mhen ychydig ddiwrnodau, ac yno yr arosaf i ddwyn tystiolaeth yn erbyn y rhai a ddinystriasant fy llais, ac a ddibrisiasant fy anrhegion. Eto, na ddigaloned fy nirmygwyr penaf: cant faddeuant llawn os ymddygant yn deilwng tuag at fy chwaer ieuanc sydd i ymddangos yn eu plith cyn b'o hir. Y mae yn anmhosibl i mi gael ei gweled; bydd raid i mi drengu cyn y gall hi ennill hanfodiad. Gobeithiaf y caiff hi dderbyniad croesawgar; gobeithiaf y caiff ei rhoddion eu defnyddio yn well nag y defnyddiwyd fy rhoddion I; ac yn lle addunedau teg, ac addewidion twyllodrus, y caiff hi weled cyflawniadau difell, ac ymdrechladau effro a diysgog yn yr hyn sydd dda."

Gwedi dywedyd hyn, syrthiodd yr Hen Flwyddyn yn ol ar ei gorweddle: agorais inneu fy llygaid, ac ysgrifenis yr hyn a aethai drwy fy mryd. Yn awr, goddefed darllenwyr y Gwyliedydd i mi alw arnynt, fel Cymry, ac fel Cristionogion, i dalu eu diolch i'r Goruchaf am drugareddau y flwyddyn sydd yn myned heibio,—i edifarâu am eu cam arfer, ac, mewn ymorphwysiad ar nerth Ysbryd y Gras, i ymroddi byw drwy weddill eu hoes fel y gweddai i rai sydd i breswyllo tragywyddoldeb.

## ENWOGRWYDD YN GYRHAEDDADWY YN MHOB SEFYLLFA.

NID oes unrhyw gyfeiliornad yn fwy cyffredin, drwy yr hwn y twylla dynion eu hunain, nag ystyried eu sefyllfaoedd yn y byd mor anaddas i'w galluoedd, fel nad yw yn werth iddynt ymdrechu defnyddio eu talentau i'r eithaf.

Fel y mae pethau yn cael eu dwyn yn mlaen yn y byd, nis gall fod llawer iawn o sefyllfaoedd a ofynant am ddoniau tra godidog, a galluoedd anghyffredin er eu cyflawni. Y rhan fwyaf o drigolion pob gwlad ydynt ddynion llafurus a thrafferthus, yn myned yn mlaen yn gyson ac amyneddgar gyda eu gwahanol orchwylion. Er hyny, pan gyfarfyddir â dynion, mewn sefyllfa isel, wedi eu cynnysgaeddu â galluoedd rhagorol iawn, y mae y lles cyffredin yn gofyn am fod i'r rhai hyn gael eu dyrchafu i swyddau o bwys, a sefyllfaoedd goruchel. Y mae Ynys Brydain yn llawn esiamplau o ddynion enwog, wedi eu codi o'r sefyllfaoedd iselaf; ac y mae yr addysg helaeth a roddir i blant y tlodion, mewn ysgolion rhad, yn sier o hosogi yr esiamplau hyn. Ond hyd nes y byddo dysgeidiaeth wedi dyfod yn beth cyffredinol, bydd llaweroedd i'w cael yn barhaus, yn esgeuluso dyledswyddau yr alwedigaeth y byddant ynddi, gan ddisgwyl am ryw beth uwch na llafurwaith crefftwr, neu drafferthion masnachydd. Gall amser a phrofiad, y mae yn wir, drwy roddi cyfle i'r dyn gymharu ei alluoedd ei hun âg eiddo dynion eraill, ddiffoddi y disgwyliadau disail a ffurfiasai, yn ei anwybodaeth o werth ei dalentau. Ond y mae yr wybodaeth hon yn dyfod weithiau pan fyddo yn rhy ddiweddar. Daw y dyn i ddeall fod gwrthddrych ei ymgais yn eithaf pell o'i gyrhaedd, a threulia weddill ei oes mewn diogi, a difaterweh am ei alwedigaeth; bydd ei yspryd wedi ei iselu, a'i dymher wedi ei chwerwi, nes y byddo yn cashau pawb ac yn dibrisio ei hun; ac y mae ei holl fywyd yn daith drafferthus, drwy ganol lliaws o ofidiau a siomedigaethau. Dylai dynion ieuainc gymmeryd rhybudd oddiwrth esiamplau fel hyn. O'r holl wyr enwog a gyfodasant i barch ac uchafiaeth o sefyllfaoedd isel, nid ydym yn cofio am un nad oedd yn dilyn ei alwedigaeth gyntaf yn ddyfal ac yn llwyddianus, hyd nes y cafodd gyfleusdra i ddangos gryn a rhagoroldeb ei gynneddfau. Yr oedd Benjamin Franklin mor werthfawr i'w feistr, pan yn gweithio fel argraffydd, ag yr oedd i'w wlad ar ol hyny fel llywodraethwr a negeswr, neu i'r byd yn gyffredinol fel anianydd. Pe na buasai felly, y mae lle i feddwl na ddaethai byth i fod yn gydradd â seneddwyr ac anianyddion penaf ei oes. Un o'r ffyrdd sicraf i ddyn ymgyfodi o sefyllfa isel, yw bod yn barod i gymmeryd gafael yn y cyfleusderau a ymgynnygiant iddo i ddangos ei alluoedd; a diau, os bydd ganddo ddoniau, y caiff gyfle i'w dangos ryw dro neu gilydd. Dywed yr Ysgrythyr, "Y mae amser i bob amcan;" a gellir cymharu amgylechiadau dyn i'r môr yn llanw ac yn treio; felly, os bydd y dyn yn barod i gychwyn, ar amser llawn llanw

gall gyrhaedd y cefnfor mawr, a hwylio drwy fordaith bywyd mewn esmwythder, anrhydedd, a dedwyddwch. Ond dylem gofio, os na bydd y dyn yn barod i hwylio pan fyddo y llanw i mewn, y mae yn eithaf tebyg na chaiff yr un cyfle byth drachefn; ac nid oes dim yn debycach o fod yn rhwystr i ddyn, ar y fath achlysur, na'r dyrysweh yn ei amgylchiadau a dardda drwy ei fod yn esgeuluso ei alwedigaeth.

Cylchgrawn, Ebrill, 1834.

## SIOMIADAU BYWYD.

NID ydyw ein bywyd, ar y cyfan, ond casgliad o siomiadau. Anaml iawn y mae bywyd neb yn digwydd fel yr amcanasai iddo fod. Mor fynych y methwn ddilyn yr alwedigaeth oedd yn gyntaf yn ein golwg. Yr hwn a fwriadai fyned yn dyddynwr yn troi'n grefftwr; y llongwr yn fasnachydd; y neb a feddylia astudio y gyfraith yn troi yn feddyg. Y mae man ein preswylfod trwy fywyd yn fynych yn wahanol, ac yn mhell iawn oddiwrth y lle a luniasom unwaith fel yn gartref. Ond y mae y llwydd sydd yn dilyn ein hymdrechiadau yn amrywio llawer mwy. Bwriad pawb wrth ddechreu eu gyrfa, ydyw dyfod i fynu mewn cyfoeth ac anrhydedd, a mwynhau esmwythyd a phleser. Ond mor lleied ydyw nifer y rhai sydd yn cael yr amcanion hyn i ben! Lle y byddo iechyd a gorchwyl, nid oes achos i neb oddef eisieu yn ein gwlad ni; ond nid oes un sefyllfa heb ei chroes,—un rhosyn heb ei ddraenen,—un orsaf heb ei siom a'i gofid. Yn Mhrydain nid oes un atalfa lywodraethol yn rhwystro neb i ennill golud a pharch; eto, gyda'r diwydrwydd dyfalaf, yr ymddygiad goreu, y talentau dyscleiriaf, leied o'r rhedegwyr sydd yn dwyn y gamp. Cerddda llawer eu gyrfa yn araf, a digalon, rhai a gychwynasant gyda hyder cryf am gyfranogi yn holl enwogrwydd eu cyfoedion. Ond fel y dywed bardd enwog Pant-y-celyn:—

“— Hi, Ragluniaeth ddryrs, sydd yn gwau  
Ac fel pe byddai am gymmysgu'n llwyr  
Y drefn hono a ddyfeisio dyn  
Wna oll yn groes.”

Y mae felly yn mhob sefyllfa. Metha cnwd y maesydd, a derfydd am fwriadau y tyddynwr; trenga ei dda; gwaethyga y farchnad; caiff ei dwyllo gan y neb a brynodd ei nwyddau,—un a siomodd ei hyder, ac a aeth ymaith gyda'i eiddo. Gall y meddyg roddi ei ddyddiau a'i nosweithiau i adnabod ac i symud clefydau, ac eto yn gorfod cerdded heb neb i edrych arno, tra y gwelo grachfeddyg, heb wybod dim am ei gelfyddyd, yn myned heibio yn ei gerbyd.

Gall y cyfreithiwr edrych yn mlaen at glod ac uchafiaeth, a thrwsio ei areithiau gydag olew myfyrdod dwys: gall breuddwydion am eistedd yn seddau y barnwyr fyned drwy ei feddwl, a gall penderfyniad

gwresocaf i gael y blaen ar bawb yn yr orchest, ddal ei ysbryd i fynu yn ei ludded; ond mor fynych y cafodd ymgeisydd fel hyn ei synu a'i glwyfo, wrth weled noddod a pharch yn myned heibio ei ddrws, ac yn cartrefu gyda rhyw un, yn ei dyb ef, yn llawer llai ei ddawn a'i gyrhaeddiadau nag efe.

Gwel y masnachwr yn fynych ei longau yn suddo yn yr eigion, ei ddyledwyr yn methu talu, ei nwyddau yn ddiwerth, a'i obaith ef a'i deulu gwedi diffodd yn llwyr; tra y byddo ei gymmydog, gyda llawer llai o gallineb, yn derbyn golud ar gefn pob awel, ac ar frig pob tòn.

Fel hyn y mae amcanion hoffaf a gobaith gwresocaf dyn yn cael ei siomi gan amser. Tra y byddo callineb yn llunio, amynedd yn gofalu, a llafur yn codi yr adeilad, siomedigaeth a chwardda am y babell a wnaeth y dyn; gwedi ei haddurno ag amrywiol liwiau, a phan y meddylio yr adeiladydd druan, fod y maen uchaf gwedi ei roddi i mewn yn ddiogel, ysguba siomedigaeth y cyfan ymaith fel tŷ y pryf copyn, heb adael dim ar ol.

Cylchgrawn, Chwef., 1835.

## PRYDNAWN SABBATH YN MAI.

NID oes un tymor o'r dydd na'r flwyddyn yn rhoddi i mi gymaint o bleser pur, â phrydnawn Sabbath yn nechreu haf, pan y byddo y galon wedi ei boddhau a'r yspryd wedi ei lònï gan ddyledswyddau y dydd; a phan y byddo math o dawelwch santaidd yn gorphwys dros fryn a chwm, coedwig ac aber, fel pe byddai anian ei hun yn gwybod bod y dydd yn ddydd cyssegredig. Y neb a sylwo ar dreigladau natur, gyda theimlad a duwiolder, a gaiff ddigon i lenwi ei fyfyrdod, ac i ddifyru ei galon. Y Gwanwyn blaendarddol a egyr ddrws gobaith o'i flaen; yr Haf blodeuog a ddyhidla arno lawenydd. Dail gwywedig Hydref a sibrdant yn ei glust bod yn rhaid iddo yntef wywo, ar ol cyflawni dyledswyddau ei dymor. Sonia y Gauaf am ei ymddattodiad, pan y disgyn ei gorph i'r pridd, fel holl harddwch y flwyddyn; ac yr eheda ei yspryd, (fel yr adar symudol y rhai a wibiant am hinsoddau tynerach,) i wlad well. Ond prydawn Sabbath yn nechreu Haf sydd yn gwisgo mwyaf o wedd Parawys. Dyna'r pryd y mae rhywbeth tebyg i gymundeb rhwng nef a daear; dyna yr amser y mae terfynau y ddeufyd fel yn ymgyfarfod â'u gilydd, a theimlwn fel pe gallwn ag un cam fyned o'r naill i'r llall.

Ar un prydawn Sabbath hawddgar yn mis Mai, rhodiwn unwaith ar hyd llwybr cul, oedd yn arwain drwy lwyn o goed, yn agos i'm trigfan, er mwyn cael gwell hamdden i fyfyrïo ar fawrion bethau Duw. Yr oedd yr haul newydd fachludo; eto arosai cymaint o'i belydr i chwareu ar y gorwelai, fel yr oedd yn debycach i ddydd nag i nos. Llonyddwch oedd yn teyrnasu yn mhob man, oddieithr bod y fronfraith yn tywallt ei hymn osber, ar frigyn uchaf pinwydden, fel pe buasai yn meddwl bod ei gân yn bereiddiach po nesaf y byddai ei glwyd i'r nef.



Ond yn mhen ychydig, fel yr oeddwn yn myned yn mlaen o gam i gam, torwyd ar fy myfyrdodau gan lais cwyntafanus. Wrth edrych o amgylch, canfyddais ddyn a adwaenwn, ar ei liniau, o dan gangenau llydain y ffynnidwydden, yn tywallt ei erfynion at ei Dduw. Ond nid gweddi y Pharisead oedd, yn nghongl yr heol, lle y gallai pob llygad ei ganfod: ni wyddai y dyn hwn bod neb a'i sylw arno heblaw y Creawdwr mawr, at yr hwn yr oedd yn cyfeirio ei eirchion. Ni welais erioed olygfa mwy toddedig. Gwelais y plentyn diniwed yn gogwyddo ei ben ar llin ei fam, gan floesgi allan ei bader hwyr,—gwelais dad yn penlinio ar ei aelwyd, yn nghanol ei blant, i ofyn bendith y Goruchaf arnynt hwy ac arno ei hun,—gwelais y feinir hawddgar, yn ngwanwyn oedran a harddwch, yn sisial yr atebion yn yr addoliad cyhoedd,—a gwelais yr hynaf-wraig, yn hwyr ei hoes, yn ceisio codi ei llef yn y Salm a'r Anthem,—gwelais hyn i gyd, a theimlodd fy enaid lawenydd yn yr olwg; ond erioed ni theimlais yn gyffelyb ag wrth syllu ar yr addolwr unig hwn. Ei liniau oeddynt wedi eu plygu ar y ddaear werdd, lle yr oedd ei Fibl yn gorwedd un ochr iddo, a'i het yr ochr arall. Ei ddwyllaw oeddynt yn mhleth, a'i wallt du a chwyfiai yn hyny o awel oedd yn chwythu. Ei lygaid oeddynt ddychrafedig tua'r nef, er hyny gwelais, neu tybiais i mi weled, ei fod yn gorfod eu cau yn fynych i wasgu allan y dagrau a ffrydient iddynt o ffynnonell ei ofid.

Aethym heibio heb iddo fy nghanfod; gan faint fy mharch at ei deimladau crefyddol, a fy nghydoddefiad â'i drallod, ni allwn ei aflonyddu. Yr oeddwn yn ei adwaen yn burion; llafurwr oedd o'r pentref gerllaw, ac yn ei sefyllfa yn ddyn o gymeriad parchus a da. Mynych ar hwyr Sabbathau yr haf cyfarfyddaswn ag ef ar yr un llwybr, tra yn dychwelyd o le ei addoliad cynefin, gyda'i wraig a'i blant. Chwareuai y ddau fachgen yn gyffredin o amgylch eu rhieni, tra llechai lodes fach yn mynwes ei mam. Mawr oedd ei serch at ei deulu, ac ystyriwn ef yn un o'r dynion dedwyddaf a adwaenwn. Ymddangosai ei wraig yn deilwng o'r parch a dalai iddi; ac yr oedd eu plant mor hawddgar a gobeithiol ag y dymunai calon tad iddynt fod. Arferwn ymddiddan ag ef yn fynych, a synais lawer gwaith wrth glywed ei atebion rhwydd a diledrith. Darllenasai gryn lawer, yn enwedig ar ei Fibl; ond myfyriasai fwy, yr oedd hyn yn gosod archwaeth neillduol ar y pethau a ddywedai. Yr oedd yn foddllon i'w sefyllfa, er ei bod yn un lafurus: dywedai "y gwyddai er mwyn pwy yr oedd yn goddef lludded,—er mwyn gwraig oedd fel gwinwydden ffrwythlon, a'r plant oeddynt fel planigion olewydd o amgylch ei ford. Nid oedd ofn angu yn ei gythryblu, gwyddai bod Un a fyddai yn dad i'r amddifad, ac yn farnwr y weddw."

Oh! nid ydyw dysg y dysgedig ond oferedd a filoreg wrth yr ymddiried a'r cysur hwn. Dyma'r graig o dan gysgod yr hon y caiff y blinedig orphwys. Y graig sydd a'i chrib yn ddysglaer yn mhelydr Haul cyfiawnder, er bod cymylau a thywyllwch o amgylch ei sail. Glynai fy nghyfaill, y llafurwr, yma yn ei drallod, a thaenai heddwech, na wyddai y byd am dano, ei hadn dyner drosto. Yr oedd twymyn ysgarlad, fel y dymhestl sydd yn deifio blodau Gwanwyn, gwedi dyfod

i mewn i'r pentref; ac wedi ysgubo ymaith, mewn llai na deufis, fwy na'r drydedd ran o'r plant. Nid oedd yno braidd fwthyn heb rifo rhywun bach gyda'r meirw. Dywedir, ond pa un ai gwir ai peidio nis gwn, mai y brofedigaeth fwyaf a ddichon y galon deimlo ydyw colli plentyn; am fod serch y tad at y plentyn yn gryfach nag yw serch y plentyn at y tad. Collasai fy nghyfaill druan ei ddau fachgen, ac nid oedd ond tridiau rhwng angladd y naill a'r llall o honynt; ac ar y prydawn Sabbath hwn, pan y canfum ef yn gweddïo yn y llwyn, yr oedd ei ferech fach—ei unig blentyn yn awr—yn gorwedd ar ymyl marwolaeth.

Gwedi cyrhaedd terfyn y llwybr unig, dychwelais yn ol, a gwelais fy nghymydog gofidus eto ar ei liniau; hwyrach, heb brin wybod, gan faint ei drallod, bod cymaint o amser wedi myned heibio, tra yr oedd yn tywallt ei galon o flaen y Nef. Fel yr oeddwn yn neshau ato, gwelwn lodes yn rhedeg ac yn mynegi iddo bod y plentyn wedi trengu. Cyfododd yn grynedig, a dangosai ei wedd bod ei galon yn llawn o deimladau cymysg. Ond ni bu hyn onid am funyd, daeth ei feddwl eilwaith yn dawel, a chan godi ei lygaid i'r nef, dywedodd gydag yspryd gostyngedig, "Ewyllys yr Arglwydd a wneler." Yr oedd hyn yn ddigon,—effeithiodd fel balm i'w enaid archolledig. Bellach troes ei gamrau yn araf tua'r "tŷ galar," i gydymdeimlo â'r fam ddiblant. Yr oedd calon hon wedi cymysgu ei syniadau tyneraf gyda'r eiddo efer er amser boreu ieuenctyd; a chynnyddasai eu serch at eu gilydd o herwydd y planigion hawddgar a dyfent o'u hamgylch ychydig ddyddiau yn ol—yn awr oll gwedi gwywo. Yn yr awr ystormus hon cafodd y naill gynnalïaeth yn nghymhorth y llall. Eneidiau dedwydd! dedwydd o dan eich holl drallodion. Yr Un a'ch archollodd, Efe hefyd a'ch meddyginiaetha. Ymddiriedwch ynddo. Cafodd yr holl amgylchiad effaith ddwys arnaf; aethym i mewn i dŷ fy nhad gan erfyn ar i minnau, yn mhob profedigaeth a ddichon fod yn fy aros, allu dywedyd gyda'r llafurwr duwiol hwn,—Ewyllys yr Arglwydd a wneler.

Cylchgrawn, Mai, 1835.







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# Marwnad

Y PARCH. JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A., (ALUN.)

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GAN MR. EVAN JONES, CAERDYDD, (*Ieuan Gwynedd.*)

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“Yn arwyl y Bardd â pha odlau cymhwysach  
Dilynir ei elor na'i odlau ei hun?”—ALUN.

\* \* \* Barnwyd y Farwnad hon yn fuddugol yn Eisteddfod Freiniol Rhuddlan, a derbyniodd yr Awdwr y Wobr gynnygiedig gan Gymreigyddion y Wyddgrug.



## MARWNAD ALUN.

---

LLE treigla yr Alyn\* ei ffrydiau grisialaidd,  
Rhwng uchel glogwyni agenawg o galch,  
Gan lithro drwy'r graian â dwndwr murmuraidd  
Yn mhell o rodleoedd yr ynyd a'r balch ;  
Eisteddaf yn bruddaidd ar garreg fwsoglyd,  
Er adrodd ychydig o flinder fy ysbryd ;  
Fy nghalon sydd glwyfus gan alaeth a thristyd,  
A'm henaidd a boethwyd gan ofid fel alch.

Pa le sydd gymhwysach i lunio'i alarnad  
Na'r manau gyssegrwyd gan awen y Bardd ?  
Y lleoedd, lle unwaith yn nyddiau ei gariad,  
Y gwelai bob carreg a thorlan yn hardd ;  
O tyred, fy awen, i'r llwybrau boreuol,  
A rodiai mewn teimlad a thân awenyddol,  
Cyn gwybod o hono am flinder daearol,  
Na'r gofid yn fynych mewn bywyd a dardd.

O ALUN ! dy enw a egyr ffynnonau  
Yn mynwes y Cymro a mynwes y sant ;  
Nid mynych y gellir dy enwi heb dagrau,  
A droant y ddwyrudd yn ail i ddwy nant ;  
Ymblethodd dy enw o amgylch teimladau  
Dyfasant fel blagur dan wllith dy ganiadau,  
Mor rymus, nes rhaid ei drosglwyddo gan dadau  
Fel gair cyssegredig yn eiddo i'w plant.

---

\* Enw afon sy'n rhedeg trwy gymydogaeith y Wyddgrug. Tybir mai oddi-wrth enw yr afon hon y tarddodd ffug-enw yr awdwr.



Er gwywo o honot yn anterth dy fywyd,  
Cyn crymu dy ysgwydd na britho dy ben,  
Ni threngaist nes gwneuthur dy adgof yn hyfryd,  
Trwy wasgar aroglau Efengyl y Nen ;  
Ti weithiaist yn fore yn ngwinllan y Nefoedd,  
A'th lafur a wnaethpwyd yn fendith i luoedd ;  
Ac er i ti ddianc, dy dduwiol weithredoedd  
Sy'n nghadw yn nghalon y Cymry ar len.

I sylw cyfodaist drwy rym dy alluoedd,  
Ni chefaist dy feithrin o'r dechreu mewn gardd ;  
Fel rhosyn yr anial â sawr dy arogledd,  
Ennillaist laweroedd i sylwi mor hardd  
Oedd ffrwythau dy feddwl er tyfu yn unig,  
Heb gyfoeth yn gwenu, na noddod pendefig,  
Nes gwneuthur yn noddwr Offeiriad parchedig\*  
A fedrai fawrygu athrylith y Bardd.

Dadblygodd dy dalent yn nyddiau dy lafur .  
Pan nad oedd dy hamdden na'th fantais yn fawr ;  
Nid ydyw athrylith yn hoffi y segur,  
Ond mynych i'r diwyd y dengys ei wawr ;  
Ac felly y grymus ymwelodd â thithau,  
Pan nad oedd i'th gynnal ond llafur dy freichiau,  
Hi dyner ddiwylliodd dy amryw gynneddfau,  
Nes tyfu o honot a dyfod yn gawr.

Mewn caniad ac araeth dangosaist y mawredd  
Fel plentyn athrylith gyfranwyd i ti ;  
Ar unwaith y gwelid yr hanit o fonedd,  
Hen awen y Tadau, urddasol ei bri ;

---

\* Y Parch. C. B. Clough, Wyddgrug, ydoedd ei noddwr ffyddlonaf.

Ennillaist fwy gwobrwy na “Brwydr Maesgarmon,”\*  
 Pan daniodd dy awen wladgarol adgofion  
 Am hen fuddugoliaeth yr Esgob a’r Brython,  
 Pan wnaent “Aleliwia” yn fyrddn eu cri.

Pan glywyd dy araeth ysblenydd ar “Undeb”\*  
 A hyfryd “Frawdgarwch,” y teimlwyd dy nerth,  
 Dy gadarn resymeg a’th fywiog ffraethineb  
 A gawsant eu barnu yn emau o werth;  
 Dy seren foreuol fel yma danbeidiodd,  
 A’th haul o’r cymmylau yn ddysglaer ymdòrodd,  
 Dy lwybrau ar unwaith a’i belydr oreurodd,  
 Nes gweled o honot nad oeddynt yn serth.

Dan ofal caredig y noddwyr ennillaist,  
 Gadewaist dy gartref am fro Aber-rhiw,†  
 I gyntedd dysgeidiaeth ar unwaith cyflymaist,  
 I ddysgu ymroddaist y Lladin a’r Gryw;  
 Odd’yno symudaist i lysoedd Rhydychain,  
 Er maethu dy feddwl oedd wreiddiol a chywrair;  
 Llaw dyner Ragluniaeth o hyd wnae dy arwain,  
 Dy gwmmwl a’th golofn oedd gofal dy Dduw.

Ar ol dy raddebu fel medrus lônorydd,  
 Yn ol y dychwelaist yn addurn i’th wlad;  
 Dy ddysg a’th dalentau gyflwynast yn ufudd,  
 Yn aberth i’r grefydd dderbyniaist yn rhad;  
 Cymmeraist dy orsaf fel gwyliwr yn Sïon,  
 Dy ddoniau lanwasant hen Eglwys Treffynnon,  
 A thra y gwneit wyllo’n ofalus dros ddynion,  
 Diwellaist angenion dy fam a dy dad.

---

\* Awdl ac Araeth ar y ddau destun hyn, yn Eisteddfod y Wyddgrug, fuont y prif foddion i ddwyn Mr. Blackwell i sylw. † Berriew, Swydd Drefaldwyn, lle y dechreuodd dderbyn addysg er ei gymhwyso i’r weinidogaeth.

Mor hardd ydoedd gweled y mab yn gofalu  
 Am dyner riëni yn noswyl eu hoes !  
 Na chariad mabolaidd pan f' o yn gweithredu,  
 Un nodwedd ar ddyn yn brydferthach nid oes ;  
 Yn hyn y caed ALUN yn dangos y cariad,  
 A dardda o serch, a dyledswydd, a theimlad,  
 Nes ydyw y galon ar ol ei gyflawniad,  
 Yn wir wynfydedig a rhydd o bob gloes.

Caed eglur ddangosiad wrth adael Treffynnon\*  
 Mai gwresog y cerid y Cristion a'r dyn;  
 Y praidd a gyflwynent gariadus arwyddion,  
 Cyn gadael o'r Prophwyd ei ardal ei hun;  
 Yn mhlwyf Maenordeifi ennillodd galonau,  
 Y werin a swynodd â'i rymus bregethau,  
 O flaen ei blwyfolion y bu ei esiamplau,  
 Fel nefol lusernau er arwain pob un.

Er llesiant y Cymry bu helaeth ei lafur,  
 Gwybodaeth ei "Gylchgrawn"† oedd fuddiol a llawn;  
 Ac er na wnaeth llwyddiant goroni ei antur,  
 Ei gynnyg oedd reidiol, a'i ymdrech yn iawn;  
 Yn fedrus a swynol y trefnai ei eiriau,  
 Er gwneuthur yn amlwg ei goethawl syniadau,  
 Nes yn y darlleniad y dygid teimladau  
 I nofio yn hyfryd yn ffrydlif ei ddawn.

Eneiniwyd ei awen âg ysbryd y Nefoedd,  
 Ni lygrwyd ei phurdeb gan fwgdarth y byd;  
 Er dangos yn helaeth ei rymus alluoedd,  
 Ei weithiau aroglent gan rinwedd i gyd;

\* Ar ei ymadawiad, anrhegwyd ef â llestri arian gwerthfawr.

† Cyhoeddiad tra buddiol a olygodd Mr. Blackwell.

Fel dyfroedd adfywiol i'r galon drallodus,  
Y rhedai yr awen yn firwd dros ei wefus;  
Ei gerddi nid oeddynt i'r ofer a'r nwyfus,  
Ond i bererinion nefolaidd eu bryd.

Gan dyner wlith Hermon y cawsai ei maethu,  
Nid awen estronol, baganaidd oedd hi;  
Ei blodau a'i haeron wnae ALUN gyssegru  
Fel aberth ei enaid ar allor ei Ri:  
Os chwythodd ei udgorn ar gopa Baalsephon,  
Gwnaeth hyny i ddangos gogoniant Duw Sïon,  
Yn dymchwel yr Aiphthiaid yn ymchwydd yr eigion,  
Gan wneuthur eu beddau yn mynwes y lli'.

Ac yn ei alarnad bruddglwyfus am HEBER  
Mae maeth i'r siomedig a chysur i'r blin;  
Ceir ynddi ymddiried yn Nuw a'i gyfiawnder,  
Sydd lawer melusach na'r neithdar a'r gwin;  
Ei hoffwaith oedd dangos trugaredd i ddynion  
A'u hanog i bwyso ar sier addewidion  
Y Tad sydd yn barod i dderbyn afradlon;  
Hyn ydoedd melusaf acenion ei fin.

Rhy fore, O ALUN! gadewaist y ddaear,  
Er nad yn rhy gynar i ddyben y Nef;  
Diflenaist pan ydoedd dy lwybrau yn hawddgar,  
Gan adael dy weddw yn athrist ei llef;  
Bèr iawn fu eich ymdaith yn myd y gofidiau,  
Ac er yr addurnwyd eich rhodfan â blodau,  
Disymwth derfynodd yn nglyn cysgod angau!  
I'r weddw rywioglan bu'r dymhestl yn gref.

Yn hafddydd dy gysur disgynaist i'r beddrod,  
I orphwys yn dawel yn nyfnder ei gell;  
O'th ol y gadewaist helbulon a thrallod,  
Dy Dduw a dy ddygodd i ardal oedd well;

Ond eto ni gofiwn dy ddysglaer rinweddau  
 A'th enw a erys o fewn ein mynwesau ;  
 Dy GEINION hawddgaraf drosglwyddant dy dlysau  
 Fel gemau ysblenydd i oesoedd sydd bell.

Ar gofres athrylith dy enw a gerfir,  
 Gwladgarwech a gyfyd gôf-adail fo'n hardd;  
 Uwchben dy oer annedd yn fynych y gwelir  
 Y deigr yn llithro o lygad y Bardd ;  
 Gan lawer Athronydd dadlwythir ochenaid,  
 Y gwladwr llafurus fydd orlawn ei lygaid,  
 Dy wlad a gyfoda i'th alw'n fendigaid,  
 Ac adgof bytholwyrdd o'th feddrod a dardd.

Hen Alyn ei hunan yn unman o'i gyrfa  
 Ymsudda yn ddystaw i eigion y llawr;  
 Ar wyneb y ddaear y collir ei rhedfa,  
 Hi red mewn dyfnderau o olwg y wawr ;  
 Ond eilwaith y gweithia ei hunan i'r golau  
 A mwy o rymusder yn rhediad ei ffrydiau ;  
 Ac felly un diwrnod daw ALUN o'i rwymau,  
 I fyw yn oes oesoedd a'i urddas yn fawr.

Boed iraidd y gwlithyn eneinia'th orweddfan,  
 Boed dyner yr awel wrth laswellt dy fedd ;  
 Boed siriol y blodau addurnant dy drigfan,  
 Na fydded o amgylch ddim athrist ei wedd ;  
 Ymwised y cyfan â mantell llawenydd,  
 Edryched y blodau yn hoenus a dedwydd ;  
 Fel arlun o'th enaid yn ngwyddfod ei Arglwydd,  
 Yn gwisgo coronau gogoniant a hedd.

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